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THE

SPECTATOR.

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

Carefully Revifed and Corrected.

VOLUME EIGHTH.

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TO

William Honeycomb, Esq;

THE seven former volumes of the Spectator having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past atchievements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a Dedication.

I MAY possibly disappoint my readers, and

yourſelf too, if I do not endeavour on this occaſion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I ſhall not compliment you upon your birth, perſon, or fortune; nor any other the like perfections, which you poſſeſs whether you will or no; but ſhall only touch upon thoſe which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one muſt allow you have a real merit.

YOUR janty air and eaſy motion, the volubility of your diſcourſe, the ſuddenneſs of your laugh, the management of your ſnuff-box, with the whiteneſs of your hands and teeth, (which have juſtly gained you the envy of the moſt polite part of the male world, and the love of the greateſt beauties in the female are entirely to be aſcribed to your own perſonal genius and application.

YOU are formed for theſe accompliſhments by a happy turn of nature, and have finiſhed yourſelf in them by the utmoſt improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of theſe qualifications (whatever may be the ſe-

cret ambition of his heart) muſt never hope to make the figure you have done among the faſhionable part of his ſpecies. It is therefore no wonder we ſee ſuch multitudes of aſpiring young men fall ſhort of you in all theſe beauties of your character, notwithſtanding the ſtudy and practice of them is the whole buſineſs of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and diſengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many aukward beaux, as the eaſineſs of your favourite Waller hath made inſipid poets.

At preſent you are content to aim all your charms at your own ſpouſe, without further thought of miſchief to any others of the ſex: I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themſelves philoſophers; and yet, to your honour be it ſpoken, there is not a ſage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the moſt important points of life: I mean in that generous diſregard of popular opinion, which you ſhewed ſome years ago, when you choſe for your wife an obſcure

young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an antient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if ſhe could but reckon up their names.

I MUST own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confeſſed your age, and from eight and forty (where you had ſtuck ſo many years) very ingenuouſly ſtepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has ſince been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, you make a regular appearance every quarter ſeſſions among your brethren of the quorum; and, if things go on as they do, ſtand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time paſſes away as agreeably in the amuſements of a country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the town: and that you now take as much pleaſure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in cutting down of your old ones. In ſhort, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own eſtate.

DEDICATION.

After having ſpoken thus much of my patron, I muſt take the privilege of an author in ſaying ſomething of myſelf. I ſhall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purpoſely omitted ſetting thoſe marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of ſhewing Mrs Honeycomb the ſhrewdneſs of your conjectures, by aſcribing every ſpeculation to its proper author: tho' you know how often many profound critics in ſtile and ſentiments have very judiciouſly erred in this particular, before they were let into the ſecret.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IN the ſix hundred and thirty ſecond Spectator, the reader will find an account of this eighth and laſt volume.

I HAVE not been able to prevail upon the ſeveral gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let me acquaint the world with their names.

PERHAPS it will be unneceſſary to inform the reader, that no other papers, which have appeared under the title of Spectator, ſince the cloſing of this eighth volume, were written by any of thoſe gentlemen who had a hand in this or the former volumes.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

No 556. Friday, June 18. 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitiduſque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis.

VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 471.

So ſhines, renew'd in youth, the creſted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake;
And caſting off his ſlough when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Reſtor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the ſun, and rais'd on ſpires he rides;
High o'er the graſs hiſſing he rolls, along,
And brandiſhes by fits his forky tongue. DRYDEN.

UPON laying down the office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the world with my deſign of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a moſt ſolemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now paſt; but not finding it ſo eaſy

The 8th vol. was compoſed by Mr. Addiſon and Mr. Budgel without the Aſſiſtance of Sir Richard Steele.

as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, 'till I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I SHALL reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Crœsus, after having been many years as much tongue-tyed as myself.

UPON the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech, consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion, made my face ake on both sides, to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I AFTERWARDS made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

WHEN I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better company, than when they are all opening at the same time,

I THEN fancied I might receive great benefit from female converſation, and that I ſhould have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myſelf into an aſſembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

THE coffeehouſes have ever ſince been my chief places of reſort, where I have made the greateſt improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the ſame opinion with the man I converſed with. I was a Tory at Button's, and a Whig at Child's, a friend to the Engliſhman, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it beſt ſerved my turn: ſome fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though, in reality, I only make uſe of him for a help to diſcourſe. In ſhort, I wrangle and diſpute for exerciſe; and have carried this point ſo far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

IN a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

————*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam diſpar ſibi———— Hor. ſat. 3. l. 1. v. 18.
Nothing was ever ſo unlike itſelf.

MY old acquaintance ſcarce know me; nay I was aſked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who uſed to come to that coffeehouſe? But I think I never was better pleaſed in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it acroſs the table with a young templar, his companion gave him a pull by the ſleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

BEING now a very good proficient in diſcourſe, I ſhall appear in the world with this addition to my

character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

THOSE who have been present at public disputes in the university, know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelve-month, not so much for the benefit of my hearers, as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty, I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

THAT this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Tho' I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men, and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

IF in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the secures nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving, by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already work-

ed the nation into a moſt unnatural ferment, I ſhall be ſo far from endeavouring to raiſe it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it ſhall be the chief tendency of my papers to inſpire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by thoſe reproaches which they caſt upon one another. The moſt likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and ſo long as he acts with an eye to theſe principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Engliſhman, and a lover of his country.

As for the perſons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at leaſt of ſuch as deſire it, ſhall be publiſhed hereafter: 'till which time I muſt intreat the curious reader to ſuſpend his curioſity, and rather to conſider what is written, than who they are that write it.

HAVING thus adjuſted all neceſſary preliminaries with my reader, I ſhall not trouble him with any more prefatory diſcourſes, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with ſpeculations on every uſeful ſubject that falls in my way.

No. 557. Monday, June 21.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues.
VIRG. Æn. 1. v. 665.

He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

THERE *is nothing*, ſays Plato, *ſo delightful as the hearing or ſpeaking of truth.* For this reaſon there is no converſation ſo agreeable as that of the man of

integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

AMONG all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour, than the following paſſage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cauſe of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a ſingle witneſs in a point where the law required the teſtimony of two perſons; upon which the advocate inſiſted on the integrity of that perſon whom he had produced: but the prætor told him, that where the law required two witneſſes he would not accept of one, tho' it were Cato himſelf. Such a ſpeech from a perſon who ſat at the head of a court of juſtice, while Cato was ſtill living, ſhews us, more than a thouſand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his ſincerity.

WHEN ſuch an inflexible integrity is a little ſoftened and qualified by the rules of converſation and good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining virtue in the whole catalogue of ſocial duties. A man, however, ought to take great care not to poliſh himſelf out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

THIS ſubject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant ſermon of the great Britiſh preacher. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three ſentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I ſhall make the chief entertainment of this ſpeculation.

'THE old Engliſh plainneſs and ſincerity, that ge-
'nerous integrity of nature, and honeſty of diſpoſiti-
'on, which always argues true greatneſs of mind, and
'is uſually accompanied with undaunted courage and
'reſolution, is in a great meaſure loſt among us.

'THE dialect of converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwell-
'ed with vanity and compliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as
'I may ſay) of expreſſions of kindneſs and reſpect, that

'if a man that lived an age or two ago ſhould return
'into the world again, he would really want a diction-
'ary to help him to underſtand his own language,
'and to know the true intrinſic value of the phraſe in
'faſhion; and would hardly, at firſt, believe, at what
'a low rate the higheſt ſtrains and expreſſions of kind-
'neſs imaginable do commonly paſs in current pay-
'ment: and when he ſhould come to underſtand it,
'it would be a great while before he could bring him-
'ſelf, with a good countenance and a good conſcience,
'to converſe with men upon equal terms, and in their
'own way.'

I HAVE by me a letter which I look upon as a great curioſity, and which may ſerve as an exemplification to the foregoing paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King Charles II's reign by the ambaſſador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

Maſter,

'THE people where I now am, have tongues fur-
'ther from their hearts than from London to
'Bantam, and thou knoweſt the inhabitants of one of
'theſe places do not know what is done in the other.
'They call thee and thy ſubjects barbarians, becauſe
'we ſpeak what we mean; and account themſelves a
'civilized people, becauſe they ſpeak one thing, and
'mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falſhood
'politeneſs. Upon my firſt landing, one who was ſent
'from the king of this place to meet me, told me, *That*
'*he was extremely ſorry for the ſtorm I had met with*
'*juſt before my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him
'grieve and afflict himſelf upon my account; but in
'leſs than a quarter of an hour he ſmiled, and was as
'merry as if nothing had happened. Another who
'came with him, told me, by my interpreter, *He ſhould*
'*be glad to do me any ſervice that lay in his power.*
'Upon which I deſired him to carry one of my port-

'mantuas for me; but inſtead of ſerving me according
'to his promiſe, he laughed, and bid another do it.
'I lodged, the firſt week, at the houſe of one who de-
'ſired me *to think myſelf at home, and to conſider his*
'*houſe as my own*. Accordingly I the next morning
'began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order
'to let in the freſh air, and had packed up ſome of the
'houſhold goods, of which I intended to have made
'thee a preſent; but the falſe varlet no ſooner ſaw me
'falling to work, but he ſent word to deſire me to give
'over, for that he would have no ſuch doings in his
'houſe. I had not been long in this nation, before I
'was told by one, for whom I had aſked a certain fa-
'vour from the chief of the king's ſervants, whom
'they here call the *lord treaſurer*, that I had *eternally*
'*obliged him*. I was ſo ſurpriſed at this gratitude,
'that I could not forbear ſaying, What ſervice is there
'which one man can do for another, that can oblige
'him to all eternity! However, I only aſked him for
'my reward, that he would lend me his eldeſt daugh-
'ter during my ſtay in this country; but I quickly
'found that he was as treacherous as the reſt of his
'countrymen.

'AT my firſt going to court, one of the great men
'almoſt put me out of countenance, by aſking *ten thou-*
'*ſand pardons* of me for only treading by accident up-
'on my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment;
'for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him
'untruths, for which thou wouldſt order any of thy
'officers of ſtate to receive a hundred blows upon his
'foot. I do not know how I ſhall negociate any thing
'with this people, ſince there is ſo little credit to be gi-
'ven to them. When I go to ſee the king's ſcribe, I
'am generally told that he is not at home, though per-
'haps I ſaw him go into his houſe almoſt the very mo-
'ment before. Thou wouldſt fancy that the whole
'nation are phyſicians, for the firſt queſtion they al-
'ways aſk me, is, *How I do*: I have this queſtion put

'to me above a hundred times a-day. Nay, they are
'not only thus inquiſitive after my health, but wiſh it
'in a more ſolemn manner, with a full glaſs in their
'hands, every time I ſit with them at table, though
'at the ſame time they would perſuade me to drink
'their liquors in ſuch quantities as I have found by
'experience will make me ſick. They often pretend
'to pray for thy health alſo in the ſame manner;
'but I have more reaſon to expect it from the good-
'neſs of thy conſtitution, than the ſincerity of their
'wiſhes. May thy ſlave eſcape in ſafety from this dou-
'ble-tongued race of men, and live to lay himſelf once
'more at thy feet in thy royal city of Bantam.'

No. 558. Wedneſday, June 23.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu ſors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diverſa ſequentes?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus auſtris,
Militia eſt potior. Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem eſt,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Siquis Deus, en ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu conſultus modo, ruſticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis diſcedite partibus. Eja,
Quid ſtatis? Nolint. Atque licet eſſe beatis.

HOR. Sat. 1. l. 1. v. 1.

Whence is it, Sir, that none contented lives
With the fair lot, which prudent reason gives,
Or chance presents, yet all with envy view
The schemes, that others variously pursue?
Broken with toils, with ponderous arms oppress,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely blest.
In opposite extreme; when tempests rise,
War is a better choice, the merchant cries;
The battle joins, and in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.
When early clients thunder at his gate,
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate.
While, by subpœnas dragg'd from home, the clown
Thinks the supremely happy dwell in town.
But every various instance to repeat
Would tire even Fabius, of incessant prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the moral aim
Of these examples—Should some God proclaim,
"Your prayers are heard; You, soldier, to your seas;
"You, lawyer, take that envied rustic's ease:
"Each to his several part—What! Ha! not move
"Even to the bliss you wish'd!"—— FRANCIS.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his

griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpoſe. I took my ſtand in the centre of it, and ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure the whole human ſpecies marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that ſeemed to riſe above the clouds.

THERE was a certain lady of a thin airy ſhape, who was very active in this ſolemnity. She carried a magnifying glaſs in one of her hands, and was clothed in a looſe flowing robe, embroidered with ſeveral figures of fiends and ſpectres that diſcovered themſelves in a thouſand chimerical ſhapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her looks. Her name wat *FANCY*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiouſly aſſiſted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his ſhoulders. My heart melted within me to ſee my fellow-creatures groaning under their reſpective burdens, and to conſider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

THERE were however ſeveral perſons who gave me great diverſion upon this occaſion. I obſerved one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I diſcovered to be *Poverty*. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

THERE were multitudes of lovers ſaddled with very whimſical burdens compoſed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they ſighed as if their hearts would break under theſe burdens of calamities, they could not perſuade themſelves to caſt them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, ſhook their heads and marched away, as heavy laden as they came. I ſaw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny ſkin. There

were very great heaps of red noſes, large lips, and ruſty teeth. The truth of it is, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the greateſt part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Obſerving one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he diſpoſed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miſeries. There were likewiſe diſtempers of all ſorts, though I could not but obſerve, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diſeaſes incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what moſt of all ſurpriſed me, was a remark I made, that there was not a ſingle vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much aſtoniſhed, having concluded within myſelf, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his paſſions, prejudices, and frailties.

I TOOK notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not queſtion came loaden with his crimes; but upon ſearching into his bundle, I found that, inſtead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthleſs rogue, who flung away his modeſty inſtead of his ignorance.

WHEN the whole race of mankind had thus caſt their burdens, the phantom which had been ſo buſy on this occaſion, ſeeing me an idle ſpectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſy at her preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying glaſs full before my eyes. I no ſooner ſaw my face in it, but I was ſtartled at the ſhortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a maſk. It happened very lucki-

ly, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful length: I believe the very chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourſelves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for thoſe of another perſon. But as there aroſe many new incidents in the ſequel of my viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the ſubject of my next paper.

No. 559. Friday, June 25.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Quid cauſæ eſt, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?

HOR. Sat. 1. l. 1. v. 20.

——— And ſhall not Jove
With cheeks enflam'd, and angry brow, forſwear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer?

FRANCIS.

IN my laſt paper, I gave my reader a ſight of that mountain of miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral calamities that afflict the minds of men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable pleaſure, the whole ſpecies thus delivered from its ſorrows: though, at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a mortal, in this vaſt multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought pleaſures and bleſſings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confuſion of miſeries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter iſſued out a ſecond proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any ſuch other bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

UPON this, *Fancy* began again to beſtir herſelf, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some obſervations which I made upon the occaſion I ſhall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful ſon, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceleſs youth, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; ſo that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his ſon again, and give back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-ſlave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral exchanges that were made, for ſickneſs againſt poverty, hunger againſt want of appetite, and care againſt pain.

THE female world were very buſy among themſelves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort waiſt for a pair of round ſhoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a loſt reputation: but on all theſe occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame obſervation on every other miſ-

fortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befal us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I COULD not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I MUST not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him

a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

THE heap was at laſt diſtributed among the two ſexes, who made a moſt piteous ſight, as they wandered up and down under the preſſure of their ſeveral burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compaſſion on the poor mortals, ordered them a ſecond time to lay down their loads, with a deſign to give every one his own again. They diſcharged themſelves with a great deal of pleaſure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into ſuch groſs deluſions, was commanded to diſappear. There was ſent in her ſtead a goddeſs of a quite different figure: her motions were ſteady and compoſed, and her aſpect ſerious but chearful. She every now and then caſt her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was *PATIENCE*. She had no ſooner placed herſelf by the mount of ſorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap ſunk to ſuch a degree, that it did not appear a third part ſo big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the moſt commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleaſed that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

BESIDES the ſeveral pieces of morality to be drawn out of this viſion, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happineſs of another, ſince it is impoſſible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's ſufferings; for which reaſon alſo, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the ſorrows of my fellow-creatures with ſentiments of humanity and compaſſion.

No. 560. Monday, June 28.

—Verba intermissa retentat. OVID. Met. l. 1. v. 746.

He tries his tongue, his silence softly breaks.

DRYDEN.

EVERY one has heard of the famous conjurer, who, according to the opinion of the vulgar, has studied himself *dumb;* for which reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his oracles in writing. Be that as it will, the blind Tiresias was not more famous in Greece, than this dumb artist has been for some years last past, in the cities of London and Westminster. Thus much for the profound gentleman who honours me with the following epistle.

SIR, *From my cell, June* 24. 1714.

'BEING informed that you have lately got the use 'of your tongue, I have some thoughts of fol- 'lowing your example, that I may be a *fortune-teller* 'properly speaking. I am grown weary of my taci- 'turnity, and having served my country many years 'under the title of the *dumb doctor*, I shall now pro- 'phesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr Lee says of the 'magpy, who you know was a great fortune-teller a- 'mong the ancients) *chatter* futurity. I have hither- 'to chosen to receive questions and return answers in 'writing, that I might avoid the tediousness and trou- 'ble of debates, my querists being generally of a hu- 'mour to think, that they have never predictions e- 'nough for their money. In short, Sir, my case has been 'something like that of those discreet animals the mon- 'keys, who, as the Indians tell us, can speak if they 'would, but purposely avoid it, that they may not be 'made to work. I have hitherto gained a livelihood

'by holding my tongue, but ſhall now open my mouth
'in order to fill it. If I appear a little word-bound
'in my firſt ſolutions and reſponſes, I hope it will not
'be imputed to any want of foreſight, but to the long
'diſuſe of ſpeech. I doubt not by this invention to
'have all my former cuſtomers over again; for if I
'have promiſed any of them lovers or huſbands, riches
'or good luck, it is my deſign to confirm to them *viva*
'*voce*, what I have already given them under my hand.
'If you will honour me with a viſit, I will compliment
'you with the firſt opening of my mouth, and if you
'pleaſe you may make an entertaining dialogue out of
'the converſation of two dumb men. Excuſe this
'trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been a long
'time

Your ſilent admirer,

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

I HAVE received the following letter, or rather *billet-doux*, from a pert young baggage, who congratulates with me upon the ſame occaſion.

'*Dear Mr* PRATE-A-PACE, *June* 23. 1714.
'I AM a member of a female ſociety who call our-
'ſelves the *chit-chat* club, and am ordered by the
'whole ſiſterhood to congratulate you upon the uſe of
'your tongue. We have all of us a mighty mind to
'hear you talk, and if you will take your place among
'us for an evening, we have unanimouſly agreed to al-
'low you one minute in ten without interruption.

I am SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

S. T.

"*P. S.* You may find us at my lady Betty Clack's,
"who will leave orders with her porter, that if an el-
"derly gentleman, with a ſhort face, inquires for her,
"he ſhall be admitted, and no queſtions aſked."

As this particular paper ſhall conſiſt wholly of what

I have received from my correſpondents, I ſhall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory letters of the ſame nature.

SIR, *Oxford, June* 25. 1714.

'WE are here wonderfully pleaſed with the open-
'ing of your mouth, and very frequently open
'ours in approbation of your deſign; eſpecially ſince
'we find you are reſolved to preſerve your taciturni-
'ty as to all party-matters. We do not queſtion but
'you are as great an orator as Sir Hudibras, of whom
'the poet ſweetly ſings,

——————He could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

'If you will ſend us down the half dozen well-turn-
'ed periods, that produced ſuch diſmal effects in your
'muſcles, we will depoſite them near an old manu-
'ſcript of Tully's orations, among the archieves of the
'univerſity; for we all agree with you, that there is
'not a more remarkable accident recorded in hiſto-
'ry, ſince that which happened to the ſon of Crœſus,
'nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have
'added Balaam's aſs. We are impatient to ſee more
'of your productions, and expect what words will next
'fall from you, with as much attention as thoſe who
'were ſet to watch the ſpeaking head, which frier Ba-
'con formerly erected in this place. We are,

Worthy SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervants,

B. R. T. D. *&c.*

Honeſt SPEC, *Middle-Temple, June* 24.

'I AM very glad to hear that thou beginneſt to prate;
'and find, by thy yeſterday's viſion, thou art
'ſo uſed to it, that thou can'ſt not forbear talking in
'thy ſleep. Let me only adviſe thee to ſpeak like o-
'ther men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer, if

'by holding my tongue, but ſhall now ope
'in order to fill it. If I appear a little
'in my firſt ſolutions and reſponſes, I hop
'be imputed to any want of foreſight, but
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'have all my former cuſtomers over agai
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As this particular paper ſhall conſi

SIR,

'We [illegible]
'ours is appointed [illegible]
'we find you are [illegible]
'ty as to all party [illegible]
'you are as great an [illegible]
'the year twenty-[illegible]

His month [illegible]

'If you will send us [illegible]
'ed periods, that produced [illegible]
'nuffles, we will depute [illegible]
'ſcript of Tully's orations [illegible]
'university; for we [illegible]
'are a mere [illegible]
'ry, from the [illegible]
'any, I desire [illegible]
'added [illegible]
'of your [illegible]
'fall from you, [illegible]
'were [illegible]
'our [illegible]

[illegible]

'[illegible]

'[illegible]
'thy [illegible]
'the [illegible]

communicate to you the myſte-
ale cabal of this order, who call
ew-club. This club conſiſts of
mes, who take their places once
e oval table.
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now determined to take a ſe-
on, that there is as much virtue
th husband as of a ſeventh ſon.
follow.
ho has four jointures, by four
of four different ſhires. She is
int of marriage with a Middle-
o have an ambition of extend-
ough all the counties of Eng-
Trent.
o, after two huſbands and a
to an old gentleman of ſixty.
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ill allowed to ſit as a widow,
her place at the board.
ck, married within a fortnight
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Swallow. She was a widow
ſince buried a ſecond husband

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s deceaſe. In the 55th year of
rried to James Spindle, Eſq; a
enty, who did not outlive the

onqueſt. The caſe of this lady is
ar. She is the relict of Sir Samp-
netime juſtice of the quorum. Sir
ven feet high, and two feet in

'thou doſt not intend to uſe the phraſes in faſhion,
'as thou calleſt them in thy ſecond paper. Haſt thou
'a mind to paſs for a Bantamite, or to make us all
'Quakers? I do aſſure thee, dear Spec, I am not po-
'liſhed out of my veracity, when I ſubſcribe myſelf

Thy conſtant admirer,
and humble ſervant,
FRANK TOWNLY.

No. 561. Wedneſday, June 30.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——————Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos deſuetaque corda.
VIR. Æn. I. v. 724.

But he——————
Works in the pliant boſom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love reſign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind. DRYDEN.

SIR,

'I AM a tall, broad ſhouldered, impudent, black fel-
'low, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a
'rich widow: but, after having tried my fortune for
'above three years together, I have not been able to
'get one ſingle relict in the mind. My firſt attacks
'were generally ſucceſsful, but always broke off as ſoon
'as they came to the word *ſettlement*. Though I have
'not improved my fortune this way, I have my expe-
'rience, and have learnt ſeveral ſecrets which may be
'of uſe to thoſe unhappy gentlemen, who are common-
'ly diſtinguiſhed by the name of *widow-hunters*, and
'who do not know that this tribe of women are, ge-
'nerally ſpeaking, as much upon the catch as them-

'ſelves. I ſhall here communicate to you the myſte-
'ries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call
'themſelves the *widow-club*. This club conſiſts of
'nine experienced dames, who take their places once
'a week round a large oval table.

'I. MRS Preſident is a perſon who has diſpoſed of
'ſix huſbands, and is now determined to take a ſe-
'venth; being of opinion, that there is as much virtue
'in the touch of a ſeventh husband as of a ſeventh ſon.
'Her comrades are as follow.

'II. MRS Snapp, who has four jointures, by four
'different bed-fellows, of four different ſhires. She is
'at preſent upon the point of marriage with a Middle-
'ſex man, and is ſaid to have an ambition of extend-
'ing her poſſeſſions through all the counties of Eng-
'land, on this ſide the Trent.

'III. MRS Medlar, who, after two huſbands and a
'galant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of ſixty.
'Upon her making her report to the club after a week's
'cohabitation, ſhe is ſtill allowed to ſit as a widow,
'and accordingly takes her place at the board.

'IV. THE widow Quick, married within a fortnight
'after the death of her laſt husband. Her weeds have
'ſerved her thrice, and are ſtill as good as new.

'V. LADY Catharine Swallow. She was a widow
'at eighteen; and has ſince buried a ſecond husband
'and two coachmen.

'VI. THE lady Waddle. She was married in the
'15th year of her age to Sir Simon Waddle, Knt. a-
'ged threeſcore and twelve, by whom ſhe had twins
'nine months after his deceaſe. In the 55th year of
'her age ſhe was married to James Spindle, Eſq; a
'youth of one and twenty, who did not outlive the
'honey-moon.

'VII. Deborah Conqueſt. The caſe of this lady is
'ſomething particular. She is the relict of Sir Samp-
'ſon Conqueſt, ſometime juſtice of the quorum. Sir
'Sampſon was ſeven feet high, and two feet in

'breadth from the tip of one ſhoulder to the other. 'He had married three wives, who all of them died 'in child-bed. This terrified the whole ſex, who none 'of them durſt venture on Sir Sampſon. At length 'Mrs Deborah undertook him, and gave ſo good an 'account of him, that in three years time ſhe very fair-'ly laid him out, and meaſured his length upon the 'ground. This exploit has gained her ſo great a re-'putation in the club, that they have added Sir Samp-'ſon's three victories to hers, and give her the merit 'of a fourth widowhood; and ſhe takes her place ac-'cordingly

'VIII. THE widow Wildfire, relict of Mr John 'Wildfire, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a ſix-'bar gate. She took his death ſo much to heart, that 'it was thought it would have put an end to her life, 'had ſhe not diverted her ſorrows by receiving the ad-'dreſſes of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who 'made love to her in the ſecond month of her widow-'hood. This gentleman was diſcarded in a fortnight 'for the ſake of a young templar, who had the poſ-'ſeſſion of her for ſix weeks after, till he was beaten 'out by a broken officer, who likewiſe gave up his place 'to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as ſhort-'lived a favourite as his predeceſſors, but had the plea-'ſure to ſee himſelf ſucceeded by a long ſeries of lo-'vers, who followed the widow Wildfire to the 37th 'year of her age, at which time there enſued a ceſſa-'tion of ten years, when John Felt, haberdaſher, took 'it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought 'will very ſuddenly carry her off.

'IX. THE laſt is pretty Mrs Runnet, who broke 'her firſt husband's heart before ſhe was ſixteen, at 'which time ſhe was entered of the club, but ſoon after 'left it upon account of a ſecond, whom ſhe made ſo 'quick a diſpatch of, that ſhe returned to her ſeat in 'leſs than a twelvemonth. This young matron is 'looked upon as the moſt riſing member of the ſociety,

'and will probably be in the preſident's chair before 'ſhe dies.

'THESE ladies, upon their firſt inſtitution, reſolved 'to give the pictures of their deceaſed husbands, to 'the club-room, but two of them bringing in their 'dead at full length, they covered all the walls; upon 'which they came to a ſecond reſolution, that every 'matron ſhould give her own picture, and ſet it round 'with her husband's in miniature.

'As they have moſt of them the misfortune to be 'troubled with the cholic, they have a noble cellar of 'cordials and ſtrong waters. When they grow maud-'lin, they are very apt to commemorate their former 'partners with a tear. But aſk them which of their 'husbands they condole, they are no table to tell you, 'and diſcover plainly that they do not weep ſo much 'for the loſs of a husband, as for the want of one.

'THE principal rule, by which the whole ſociety 'are to govern themſelves is this, to cry up the plea-'ſures of a ſingle life upon all occaſions, in order to de-'ter the reſt of their ſex from marriage, and engroſs 'the whole male world to themſelves.

'THEY are obliged, when any one makes love to 'a member of the ſociety, to communicate his name, 'at which time the whole aſſembly ſit upon his repu-'tation, perſon, fortune, and good-humour; and if 'they find him qualified for a ſiſter of the club, they 'lay their heads together how to make him ſure. By 'this means they are acquainted with all the widow 'hunters about town, who often afford them great 'diverſion. There is an honeſt Iriſh gentleman, it 'ſeems, who knows nothing of this ſociety, but at dif-'ferent times has made love to the whole club.

'THEIR converſation often turns upon their for-'mer husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them 'relate the ſeveral arts and ſtratagems, with which 'they amuſed the jealous, pacified the choleric, or 'wheedled the good-natured man, 'till at laſt, to uſe

'the club phraſe, They ſent him out of the houſe
'with his heels foremoſt.'

'THE politics, which are moſt cultivated by this
'ſociety of She-Machiavels, relate chiefly to theſe two
'points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a
'husband. As for the firſt ſet of artifices, they are
'too numerous to come within the compaſs of your
'paper, and ſhall therefore be reſerved for a ſecond
'letter.

'THE management of a husband is built upon the
'following doctrines, which are univerſally aſſented
'to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at
'firſt. Not to allow him too great freedoms and fa-
'miliarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw
'girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not
'to leſſen any thing of her former figure. To cele-
'brate the generoſity, or any other virtue, of a de-
'ceaſed husband, which ſhe would recommend to his
'ſucceſſor. To turn away all his old friends and ſer-
'vants, that ſhe may have the dear man to herſelf.
'To make him diſinherit the undutiful children of any
'former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of
'his affection, till he has made over to her all his
'goods and chattles.

'AFTER ſo long a letter, I am without more ceremony.

Your humble ſervant, &c.

No. 562. Friday, July 2.

[By Mr BUDGEL.]

—Præſens, abſens ut ſies. TER. Eun. act. 1. ſc. 2.

Be preſent as if abſent.

'IT is a hard and nice ſubject for a man to ſpeak of
himſelf, ſays Cowley; it grates his own heart to

'ſay any thing of diſparagement, and the reader's 'ears to hear any thing of praiſe from him.' Let the tenor of his diſcourſe be what it will upon this ſubject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An oſtentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an abſurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear perſon.

SOME very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is obſerved of Tully in particular, that his works run very much in the firſt perſon, and that he takes all occaſions of doing himſelf juſtice. 'Does he think, 'ſays Brutus, that his conſulſhip deſerves more ap-'plauſe than my putting Cæſar to death, becauſe I 'am not perpetually talking of the ides of March, as he 'is of the nones of December?' I need not acquaint my learned reader, that in the ides of March, Brutus deſtroyed Cæſar, and that Cicero quaſhed the conſpiracy of Catiline in the calends of December. How ſhocking ſoever this great man's talking of himſelf might have been to his contemporaries, I muſt confeſs I am never better pleaſed than when he is on this ſubject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough inſight into his perſonal character, and illuſtrate ſeveral paſſages in the hiſtory of his life: beſides, that there is ſome little pleaſure in diſcovering the infirmity of a great man, and ſeeing how the opinion he has of himſelf agrees with what the world entertains of him.

THE gentlemen of Port Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in France, baniſhed the way of ſpeaking in the firſt perſon out of all their works, as riſing from vain-glory and ſelf-conceit. To ſhew their particular averſion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an Egotiſm; a figure not to be found among the antient rhetoricians.

THE moſt violent egotiſm which I have met within the courſe of my reading, is that of cardinal Wol-

ſey, *Ego et rex meus*, *I and my king*; as perhaps the moſt eminent egotiſt that ever appeared in the world, was Montagne, the author of the celebrated eſſays. This lively old *Gaſcon* has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works, and after having ſpoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publiſhes to the world how it ſtands with himſelf in that particular. Had he kept his own counſel, he might have paſſed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been ſo diverting an author. The title of an eſſay promiſes perhaps a diſcourſe upon Virgil or Julius Cæſar; but when you look into it, you are ſure to meet with more upon Monſieur Montagne, than of either of them. The young Scaliger, who ſeems to have been no great friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father ſold herrings, adds theſe words; '*La grande fadaiſe de* '*Montagne, qui a ecrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc,* '*que diable a t-on a faire de ſcavoir ce qu'il aime?*— 'For my part, ſays Montagne, I am a great lover of 'your white-wines——What the devil ſignifies it to 'the public, ſays Scaliger, whether he is a lover of 'white wines or of red wines?

I CANNOT here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotiſts, for whom I have always had a mortal averſion, I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raiſe all their productions out of this ſingle figure of ſpeech.

MOST of our modern prefaces ſavour very ſtrongly of the egotiſm. Every inſignificant author fancies it of importance to the world, to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to paſs away ſome of his idle hours, that it was publiſhed at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, ſtudies or converſations, directed him to the choice of his ſubject.

——*Id populus curat ſcilicet.*

SUCH informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public; but I would advise every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character: though I am sensible this rule will be of little use in the world, because there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person.

I shall close this paper with a remark upon such as are *egotists* in conversation: these are generally the vain or shallow part of mankind, people being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of *egotists* which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean those empty conceited fellows, who repeat as sayings of their own, or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would be always laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us, that as he and Jack such a-one were together, one or the other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of Terence, *Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to

his own uſe, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he is content at preſent to paſs for a man of plain ſenſe in his ordinary converſation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

No. 563. Monday, July 5.

——*Magni nominis umbra.* LUCAN. l. 1. v. 135.

The ſhadow of a mighty name.

I SHALL entertain my readers with two very curious letters. The firſt of them comes from a chimerical perſon, who I believe never writ to any body before.

SIR,

'I AM deſcended from the ancient family of the *Blanks*, a name well known among all men of 'buſineſs. It is always read in thoſe little white ſpaces 'of writing which want to be filled up, and which for 'that reaſon are called blank ſpaces, as of right ap-'pertaining to our family: for I conſider myſelf as 'the lord of the manor, who lays his claim to all the 'waſte ſpots of ground that are unappropriated. I 'am a near kinſman to *John a Stiles* and *John a Nokes*; 'and they, I am told, came in with the conqueror. 'I am oftener mentioned in both houſes of parliament 'than any other perſon in Great Britain. My name 'is written, or, more properly ſpeaking, not written, 'thus, . I am one that can 'turn my hand to every thing, and appear under any 'ſhape whatſoever. I can make myſelf man, woman, 'or child. I am ſometimes metamorphoſed into a year 'of our Lord, a day of the month, or an hour of the 'day. I very often repreſent a ſum of money, and

'am generally the firſt ſubſidy that is granted to the 'crown. I have now and then ſupplied the place of 'ſeveral thouſands of land ſoldiers, and have as fre-'quently been employed in the ſea-ſervice.

'Now, Sir, my complaint is this, that I am only 'made uſe of to ſerve a turn, being always diſcarded 'as ſoon as a proper perſon is found out to fill up my 'place.

'IF you have ever been in the playhouſe before the 'curtain riſes, you ſee moſt of the front-boxes filled 'with men of my family, who forthwith turn out and 'reſign their ſtations upon the appearance of thoſe 'for whom they are retained.

'BUT the moſt illuſtrious branch of the *Blanks* are 'thoſe who are planted in high poſts till ſuch time as 'perſons of greater conſequence can be found out to 'ſupply them. One of thoſe *Blanks* is equally quali-'fied for all offices; he can ſerve in time of need for 'a ſoldier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you pleaſe. 'I have known in my time many a brother *Blank* that 'has been born under a lucky planet, heap up great 'riches, and ſwell into a man of figure and import-'ance, before the grandees of his party could agree 'among themſelves which of them ſhould ſtep into 'his place. Nay, I have known a *Blank* continue ſo 'long in one of theſe vacant poſts (for ſuch it is to be 'reckoned all the time a *Blank* is in it) that he has 'grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

'BUT to return to myſelf. Since I am ſo very com-'modious a perſon, and ſo very neceſſary in all well-'regulated governments, I deſire you will take my 'caſe into conſideration, that I may be no longer made 'a tool of, and only employed to ſtop a gap. Such 'uſage without a pun, makes me look very blank. For-'all which reaſons I humbly recommend myſelf to 'your protection, and am

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

BLANK.

'*P. S.* I HEREWITH ſend you a paper, drawn up 'by a country-attorney employed by two gentlemen, 'whoſe names he was not acquainted with, and who 'did not think fit to let him into the ſecret, which 'they were tranſacting. I heard him call it a blank 'inſtrument, and read it after the following manner. 'You may ſee by this ſingle inſtance of what uſe I am 'to the buſy world.

"I *T. BLANK*, Eſq; of *Blank* town, in the coun-
"ty of *Blank*, do own myſelf indebted in the ſum of
"*Blank*, to goodman *Blank*, for the ſervice he did me
"in procuring for me the goods following, *Blank*:
"And I do hereby promiſe the ſaid *Blank* to pay un-
"to him the ſaid ſum of *Blank*, on the *Blank* day of
"the month of *Blank* next enſuing, under the penal-
"ty and forfeiture of *Blank*.

I SHALL take time to conſider the caſe of this my imaginary correſpondent, and in the mean while ſhall preſent my reader with a letter which ſeems to come from a perſon that is made up of fleſh and blood.

Good Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM married to a very honeſt gentleman that is 'exceedingly good-natured, and at the ſame time 'very choleric. There is no ſtanding before him when 'he is in a paſſion; but as ſoon as it is over, he is 'the beſt-humoured creature in the world. When 'he is angry he breaks all my china ware that chances 'to lie in his way, and the next morning ſends me in 'twice as much as he broke the day before. I may 'poſitively ſay, that he has broke me a child's fortune 'ſince we were firſt married together.

'As ſoon as he begins to fret, down goes every 'thing that is within reach of his cane. I once pre-'vailed upon him never to carry a ſtick in his hand, 'but this ſaved me nothing; for upon ſeeing me do 'ſomething that did not pleaſe him, he kicked down

'a great jar, that coſt him above ten pounds but the 'week before. I then laid the fragments together in 'a heap, and gave him his cane again, deſiring him, 'that if he chanced to be in anger, he would ſpend 'his paſſion upon the china that was broke to his 'hand; but the very next day, upon my giving a 'wrong meſſage to one of the ſervants, he flew into 'ſuch a rage, that he ſwept down a dozen tea-diſh-'es, which, to my misfortune, ſtood very convenient 'for a ſide-blow.

'I THEN removed all my china into a room which 'he never frequents; but I got nothing by this nei-'ther, for my looking glaſſes immediately went to 'rack.

'IN ſhort, Sir, whenever he is in a paſſion, he is 'angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on ſuch 'occaſions he had nothing to vent his rage upon, I 'do not know whether my bones would be in ſafety. 'Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether 'there be any cure for this unaccountable diſtemper; 'or if not, that you will be pleaſed to publiſh this let-'ter: for my huſband having a great veneration for 'your writings, will by that means know you do not 'approve of his conduct.

I am,

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

No. 564. Wednesday, July 7.

——————————Adsit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.
HOR. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 117.

Then let the punishment be fairly weigh'd
Against the crime; nor let the wretch be flay'd,
That scarce deserv'd the lash.—— FRANCIS.

IT is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus employed myself, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by prejudice and inclination, how readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into human nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creatures, and that men's characters are not thus to be given in general words. There is indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less proportion, in every one; and if you would search for some particular good quality in its most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind, where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular passions.

MEN have either no character at all, says a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent with

themſelves, They find it eaſier to join extremities, than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finely illuſtrated in Xenophon's life of Cyrus the great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having taken a moſt beautiful lady named Panthea, the wife of Abradatus, committed her to the cuſtody of Araſpas, a young Perſian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in diſcourſe, that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful paſſion. The young gentleman had not long been in poſſeſſion of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only ſolicited the lady Panthea to receive him in the room of her abſent huſband, but that finding his entreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make uſe of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately ſent for him, and in a gentle manner repreſenting to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former aſſertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick ſenſe of his guilt and ſhame, burſt out into a flood of tears, and ſpoke as follows.

'OH Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two ſouls.
'Love has taught me this piece of philoſophy. If I
'had but one ſoul, it could not at the ſame time pant
'after virtue and vice, wiſh and abhor the ſame thing.
'It is certain therefore we have two ſouls: when the
'good ſoul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but when the bad ſoul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can ſay at preſent is, that I
'find my good ſoul, encouraged by your preſence,
'has got the better of my bad.'

I KNOW not whether my readers will allow of this piece of philoſophy; but if they will not, they muſt confeſs we meet with as different paſſions in one and the ſame ſoul, as can be ſuppoſed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages, or converſe with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an inſtance of what I am ſaying.

BUT as I have hitherto only argued againſt the partiality and injuſtice of giving our judgment upon men in groſs, who are ſuch a compoſition of virtues and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this reflexion ſtill farther, and make it extend to moſt of their actions. If on the one hand, we fairly weighed every circumſtance, we ſhould frequently find them obliged to do that action we at firſt ſight condemn, in order to avoid another we ſhould have been much more diſpleaſed with. If on the other hand we nicely examined ſuch actions as appear moſt dazzling to the eye, we ſhould find moſt of them either deficient and lame in ſeveral parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very ſame action may ſometimes be ſo oddly circumſtanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or puniſhed. Thoſe who compiled the laws of England were ſo ſenſible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their firſt maxims, 'It is better ſuffering a miſchief 'than an inconvenience;' which is as much as to ſay, in other words, that ſince no law can take in or provide for all caſes, it is better private men ſhould have ſome injuſtice done them, than that a public grievance ſhould not be redreſſed. This is uſually pleaded in defence of all thoſe hardſhips which fall on particular perſons in particular occaſions, which could not be foreſeen when a law was made. To remedy this however as much as poſſible, the court of chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the teeth of the common law, in caſes of men's properties, while in criminal caſes there is a power of pardoning ſtill lodged in the crown.

NOTWITHSSTNDING this, it is perhaps impoſſible in a large government to diſtribute rewards and puniſhments ſtrictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with ſo nice an ex-

ample of juſtice as that recorded by Plutarch, with which I ſhall cloſe my paper for this day.

THE city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens ſuddenly gathering themſelves into a body, fought with a reſolution equal to the neceſſity of their affairs; yet no one ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion, to the amazement of both armies, as Iſadas the ſon of Phœbidas, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comelineſs of his perſon. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, ſo that he had no time to put on his cloaths, much leſs his armour; however, tranſported with a deſire to ſerve his country in ſo great an exigency, ſnatching up a ſpear in one hand, and a ſword in the other, he flung himſelf into the thickeſt ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withſtand his fury: in what part ſoever he fought he put the enemies to flight without receiving a ſingle wound. Whether, ſays Plutarch, he was the particular care of ſome god, who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection, or that his enemies, ſtruck with the unuſualneſs of his dreſs, and beauty of his ſhape, ſuppoſed him ſomething more than man, I ſhall not determine.

THE galantry of this action was judged ſo great by the Spartans, that the Ephori, or chief magiſtrates decreed he ſhould be preſented with a garland; but as ſoon as they had done ſo, fined him a thouſand drachmas, for going out to the battle unarmed.

No 565. Friday, July 9.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœumque profundum.
VIRG. Georg. 4. v. 221.

For God the whole created maſs inſpires;
Thro' heaven, and earth, and ocean's depths he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
DRYDEN.

I WAS yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours, which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The Galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. David himſelf fell into it in that reflexion, *When I conſider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what*

is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the ſon of man, that thou regardeſt him? In the ſame manner when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, whilſt I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works

WERE the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed, more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. Huygenius carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame.

of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſopher, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

IN the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades; and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir Iſaac Newton, who calls it the *ſenſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *ſenſoriola*, or little *ſenſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turns within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

WERE the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with

one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years, continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. Whilſt we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find him! ſays Job. "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; "and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the "left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold "him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand, that I "cannot ſee him. In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſures us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

IN this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion: for as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

No. 566. Monday, July 12.

Militiæ ſpecies amor eſt——

OVID. Ars am. l. 2. v. 233.

Love is a kind of warfare.

AS my correſpondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myſelf obliged to take ſome notice of them, and ſhall therefore make this paper a miſcellany of letters. I have, ſince my reaſſuming the office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of epiſtles from gentlemen of the blade, who, I find, have been ſo uſed to action, that they know not how to lie ſtill. They ſeem generally to be opinion, that the fair at home ought to reward them for their ſervices abroad, and that, till the cauſe of their country calls them again into the field, they have a ſort of right to quarter themſelves upon the ladies. In order to favour their approaches, I am deſired by ſome to enlarge upon the accompliſhments of their profeſſion, and by others to give them my advice in the carrying on of their attacks. But let us hear what the gentlemen ſay for themſelves.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH it may look ſomewhat perverſe, amidſt 'the arts of peace, to talk too much of war, it 'is but gratitude to pay the laſt office to its *Manes*, 'ſince even peace itſelf is, in ſome meaſure, obliged 'to it for its being.

'YOU have, in your former papers, always recom-'mended the accompliſhed to the favour of the fair; 'and, I hope, you will allow me to repreſent ſome 'part of a military life not altogether unneceſſary to 'the forming of a gentleman. I need not tell you,

'that in France, whoſe faſhions we have been formerly ſo fond of, almoſt every one derives his pretences 'to merit from the ſword; and that a man has ſcarce 'the face to make his court to a lady, without ſome 'credentials from the ſervice to recommend him. As 'the profeſſion is very antient, we have reaſon to think 'ſome of the greateſt men, among the old Romans, 'derived many of their virtues from it, their commanders being frequently in other reſpects ſome of the 'moſt ſhining characters of the age.

'THE army not only gives a man opportunities of 'exerciſing thoſe two great virtues, *patience* and *cou*'*rage*, but often produces them in minds where they 'had ſcarce any footing before. I muſt add, that it 'is one of the beſt ſchools in the world to receive a 'general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom 'of behaviour, which is not ſo eaſily acquired in any 'other place. At the ſame time I muſt own, that 'ſome military airs are pretty extraordinary, and that 'a man who goes into the army a coxcomb will come 'out of it a ſort of public nuſance: but a man of ſenſe, 'or one who before had not been ſufficiently uſed to 'a mixed converſation, generally takes the true turn. 'The court has in all ages been allowed to be the 'ſtandard of good breeding; and I believe there is 'not a juſter obſervation in Monſieur Rochefoucault, 'than, That a man who has been bred up wholly to buſineſs, can never get the air of a courtier at 'court, but will immediately catch it in the camp. 'The reaſon of this moſt certainly is, that the very 'eſſence of good-breeding and politeneſs conſiſts in ſeveral niceties, which are ſo minute that they eſcape 'his obſervation, and he falls ſhort of the original he 'would copy after; but when he ſees the ſame things 'charged and aggravated to a fault, he no ſooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is ſet be'fore him, than, though he ſtops ſomewhat ſhort of 'that, he naturally reſts where in reality he ought.

'I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with 'the observation of an humorous gentleman upon one 'of his friends, who was in other respects every way 'an accomplished person, That he wanted nothing 'but a dash of the coxcomb in him; by which he un- 'derstood a little of that alertness and unconcern in 'the common actions of life, which is usually so visible 'among gentlemen of the army, and which a cam- 'paign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will easily guess, Sir, by this my panegyric 'upon a military education, that I am myself a soldi- 'er; and indeed I am so. I remember, within three 'years after I had been in the army, I was ordered in- 'to the country a recruiting, I had very particular 'success in this part of the service, and was over and 'above assured, at my going away, that I might have 'taken a young lady, who was the most considerable 'fortune in the country along with me. I preferred 'the pursuit of fame at that time to all other consi- 'derations, and though I was not absolutely bent on 'a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two 'for the good of Europe. I have at present as much 'as I desire of this sort of honour, and if you could 'recommend me effectually, should be well enough 'contented to pass the remainder of my days in the 'arms of some dear creature, and upon a pretty estate 'in the country. This, as I take it, would be follow- 'ing the example of Lucius Cincinnatus, the old Ro- 'man dictator, who at the end of a war left the camp 'to follow the plough. I am, Sir, with all imagin- 'able respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILL WARLY.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM an half-pay officer, and am at present with a 'friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in 'the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the 'fox-hunters within fifty miles of her. She declares;

'she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by 'the man she could like. She usually admits her hum-'ble admirers to an audience or two; but, after she 'has once given them denial, will never see them 'more. I am assured by a female relation, that I shall 'have fair play at her; but as my whole success de-'pends on my first approaches, I desire your advice, 'whether I had best storm or proceed by way of sap.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

'*P. S.* I HAD almost forgot to tell you, that I have 'already carried one of her outworks, that is, secured 'her maid.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE assisted in several sieges in the Low-coun-'tries, and being still willing to employ my talents 'as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at 'seven of the clock before the door of an obstinate fe-'male, who had for some time refused me admit-'tance. I made a lodgment in an outer parlour a-'bout twelve: the enemy retired to her bed-cham-'ber, yet I still pursued, and about two of the clock 'this afternoon she thought fit to capitulate. Her de-'mands are indeed somewhat high in relation to the 'settlement of her fortune. But being in possession of 'the house, I intend to insist upon *charte blanche*, and 'am in hopes, by keeping off all other pretenders for 'the space of twenty-four hours, to starve her into a 'compliance. I beg your speedy advice, and am,

SIR, Yours,

PETER PUSH.

'FROM my camp in Red-Lion Square, Saturday, 'four in the afternoon.

No. 567. Wedneſday, July 14.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——Inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.

VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 493.

——The weak voice deceives their gaſping throats.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE received private advice from ſome of my correſpondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I ſhould take care to ſeaſon it with ſcandal. I have indeed obſerved of late, that few writings ſell which are not filled with great names and illuſtrious titles. The reader generally caſts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds ſeveral letters ſeparated from one another by a daſh, he buys it up, and peruſes it with great ſatisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a ſhort line between them, has ſold many an inſipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written *&c--'s*.

A SPRINKLING of the words *faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papiſt*, *plunderer*, and the like ſignificant terms, in an Italic character, have alſo a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaſer; not to mention *ſcribbler*, *liar*, *rogue*, *raſcal*, *knave*, and *villain*, without which it is impoſſible to carry on a modern controverſy.

OUR party-writers are ſo ſenſible of the ſecret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q—n or P———t at length, though they ſpeak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private perſon. It gives a ſecret ſatisfaction to a peruſer of theſe myſterious works, that he is able to decypher them without help, and by the ſtrength of

his own natural parts, to fill up a blank ſpace, or make out a word that has only the firſt or laſt letter to it.

SOME of our authors indeed, when they would be more ſatirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall moſt unmercifully upon all the conſonants. This way of writing was firſt of all introduced by T-m Br-wn, of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, uſed to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleaſed, without any danger of the ſtatute.

THAT I may imitate theſe celebrated authors, and publiſh a paper which ſhall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed ſatire, and, if he be acquainted with the preſent poſture of affairs, will eaſily diſcover the meaning of it.

'IF there are four perſons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confuſion, and ruin their native country, I think every honeſt Engl-ſhm-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are ſuch, every one will agree with me, who hears me name ****, with his firſt friend and favourite ****, not to mention ****, nor ****. Theſe people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch, as long as they pleaſe, but to uſe a homely proverb, The proof of the p-dd-ng is in the eating. This I am ſure of, that if a certain prince ſhould concur with a certain prelate, (and we have Monſieur Z———n's word for it), our poſterity would be in a ſweet p-ckle. Muſt the Britiſh nation ſuffer forſooth, becauſe my lady Q-p-t-s has been diſobliged? Or is it reaſonable that our Engliſh fleet, which uſed to be the terror of the ocean, ſhould lie wind-bound for the ſake of a——? I love to ſpeak out and declare my mind clearly, when I

'am talking for the good of my country. I will not 'make my court to an ill man, though he were a 'B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not ſtick to 'call ſo wretched a politician, a traitor, an enemy to 'his country, and a bl-nd-rb-ſs, *&c. &c.*

THE remaining part of this political treatiſe, which is written after the manner of the moſt celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient ſeaſon. In the mean while I ſhall leave this with my curious reader, as ſome ingenious writers do their enigmas, and if any ſagacious perſon can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleaſes, acquaint the world with his name.

I HOPE this ſhort eſſay will convince my readers, it is not for want of abilities that I avoid ſtate-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a maſter of the political ſcratch as any the moſt eminent writer of the age. I ſhall only add, that in order to outſhine all the modern race of Syncopiſts, and thoroughly content my Engliſh readers, I intend ſhortly to publiſh a Spectator, that ſhall not have a ſingle vowel in it.

No. 568. Friday, July 16.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——*Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*

MART. Epig. 39. l. 1.

——*Reciting makes it thine.*

I WAS yesterday in a coffeehouse not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax-candle that stood before them: and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle, is looked upon among brother-smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, 'The Spectator, says I, is very witty to-'day;' upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before, 'Ay, says he, more witty then wise, I am afraid.' His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: 'This fellow,

'ſays he, can't for his life keep out of politics. Do 'you ſee how he abuſes four great men here?' I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and aſked him if he meant thoſe who were repreſented by aſteriſks. 'Aſteriſks, ſays he, do you call them? they 'are all of them ſtars. He might as well have put 'garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two 'or three next lines: ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the ſame 'ſentence! our clergy are very much beholden to him.' Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild diſpoſition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, deſired him not to be too ſevere upon the Spectator neither: 'For, ſays he, you find he is very cautious of 'giving offence, and has therefore put two daſhes in-'to his pudding? 'A fig for his daſh,' ſays the angry politician. 'In his next ſentence he gives a plain in-'nuendo, that our poſterity will be in a ſweet p-ckle. 'What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does 'he not write it at length, if he means honeſtly?' 'I have read over the whole ſentence, ſays I; but I 'look upon the parentheſis in the belly of it to be 'the moſt dangerous part, and as full of inſinuations 'as it can hold. But who, ſays I, is my lady Q-p-t-s?' 'Ay, anſwer that if you can, Sir,' ſays the furious ſtateſman to the poor Whig that ſat over againſt him. But without giving him time to reply, 'I do aſſure 'you, ſays he, were I my lady Q-p-t-s, I would ſue 'him for *ſcandalum magnatum*. What is the world 'come to? Muſt every body be allowed to——?' He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the laſt words of his ſentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with ſo much rage and trepidation, that he almoſt ſtifled the whole company. After a ſhort pauſe, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing ſo many letters of my lady Q-p-t-s's name: 'But however, ſays I, he has made a little a-'mends for it in his next ſentence, where he leaves a

'blank ſpace without ſo much as a conſonant to di-
'rect us. I mean, ſays I, after thoſe words, the fleet
'that uſed to be the terror of the ocean, ſhould be
'wind-bound for the ſake of a ——; after which en-
'ſues a chaſm, that in my opinion looks modeſt e-
'nough.' 'Sir, ſays my antagoniſt, you may eaſily
'know his meaning by his gaping; I ſuppoſe he de-
'ſigns his chaſm, as you call it, for an hole to creep
'out at; but I believe it will hardly ſerve his turn.
'Who can endure to ſee the great officers of ſtate,
'the B——ys and T——ts treated after ſo ſcurrilous
'a manner?' 'I can't imagine, ſays I, who they are the
'SPECTATOR means?' 'No! ſays he,— Your hum-
'ble ſervant, Sir!' Upon which he flung himſelf back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who, I found, was his great admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a good-will towards me, and ſeeing my pipe out, very generouſly offered me the uſe of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

AT my leaving the coffeehouſe, I could not forbear reflecting with myſelf upon that groſs tribe of fools who may be termed the *overwiſe*, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this cenſorious age, which a weak head may not conſtrue into private ſatire and perſonal reflexion.

A MAN who has a good noſe at an innuendo, ſmells treaſon and ſedition in the moſt innocent words that can be put together, and never ſees a vice or folly ſtigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow in the country, who, upon reading over *The whole duty of man*, had written the names of ſeveral perſons in the village at the ſide of every ſin which is mentioned by that excellent author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt books

in the world into a libel againſt the ſquire, church-wardens, overſeers of the poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable perſons in the pariſh. This book, with theſe extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current report that ſomebody had written a book againſt the ſquire and the whole pariſh. The miniſter of the place having at that time a controverſy with ſome of his congregation upon the account of his tythes, was under ſome ſuſpicion of being the author, till the good man ſet his people right, by ſhewing them that the ſatirical paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ againſt all the ſinners in England.

No. 569. Monday, July 19.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitia dignus———

HOR. Ars poet. v. 434.

Monarchs, 'tis ſaid, with many a flowing bowl
Search through the deep receſſes of his ſoul,
Whom for their future friendſhip they deſign,
And put him to the torture in his wine.

FRANCIS.

NO vices are ſo incurable as thoſe which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenneſs ſhould have the good luck to be of this num-

ber. Anarcharsis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is intitled to the reward: on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnell the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of Port, half a kilderkin of small bear, nineteen barrels of Cyder, and three glasses of Champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

OUR modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature; but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids: especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

BUT however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of

all reaſonable perſons, than that of a drunkard. Bonoſus one of our countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having ſet up for a ſhare in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himſelf. When he was ſeen by the army in this melancholy ſituation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common jeſt was, that the thing they ſaw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

THIS vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the perſon who is devoted to it.

IN regard to the mind, it firſt of all diſcovers every flaw in it. The ſober man, by the ſtrength of reaſon, may keep under and ſubdue every vice or folly to which he is moſt inclined; but wine makes every latent ſeed ſprout up in the ſoul, and ſhew itſelf; it gives fury to the paſſions, and force to thoſe objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philoſopher that his wife was not handſome, Put leſs water in your wine, ſays the philoſopher, and you will quickly make her ſo. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealouſy, and jealouſy into madneſs. It often turns the good natured man into an ideot, and the choleric into an aſſaſſin. It gives bitterneſs to reſentment, it makes vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every little ſpot of the ſoul in its utmoſt deformity.

NOR does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and ſhew them in the moſt odious colours, but often occaſions faults to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of turn than of truth in a ſaying of Seneca, That drunkenneſs does not produce, but diſcover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himſelf, and infuſes qualities into the mind, which ſhe is a ſtranger to in her ſober moments. The perſon you converſe with, after the third bottle, is not the ſame man who

at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, *Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem:* 'He who jests upon a man 'that is drunk, injures the absent.'

THUS does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I SHOULD now proceed to shew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

No. 570. Wednesday, July 21.

——*Nugæque canoræ.* HOR. Ars poet. v. 322.

Chiming trifles.

THERE is scarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some

men grow eminent for odd accompliſhments and trivial performances. How many are there whoſe whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often ſee an artiſt in the ſtreets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular poſture. Ambition has taught ſome to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame, others grow immortal by throwing themſelves through a hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeo ſunt multa, loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium——

HOR. Sat. 1. l. 1. v. 13.

But every various inſtance to repeat,
Would tire ev'n Fabius, of inceſſant prate.

FRANCIS.

I AM led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I WAS the other day at a tavern, where the maſter of the houſe accommodating us himſelf with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a diſcourſe with him; and talking of a certain great man, who ſhall be nameleſs, he told me, that he had ſometimes the honour 'to treat him with a whiſtle, (adding by 'the way of parentheſis), for you muſt know, gentle-'men, that I whiſtle the beſt of any man in Europe.' This naturally put me upon deſiring him to give us a ſample of his art; upon which he called for a caſe-knife, and applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a muſical inſtrument, and entertained me with an Italian ſolo. Upon laying down the knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes; and after having ſlid the ſmall end of them over the table in a moſt melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whiſtling to them at the ſame time in concert. In ſhort, the tobacco-pipes became muſical pipes in the

hands of our virtuoſo, who confeſſed to me ingenuouſly, he had broke ſuch quantities of them, that he had almoſt broke himſelf, before he had brought this piece of muſic to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him the next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, ſaying, that he would provide himſelf with a new frying pan againſt that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roaſt and boiled would ſerve our turn. He ſmiled at my ſimplicity, and told me, that it was his deſign to give us a tune upon it. As I was ſurpriſed at ſuch a promiſe, he ſent for an old frying-pan, and grating it upon the board, whiſtled to it in ſuch a melodious manner, that you could ſcarce diſtinguiſh it from a baſs-viol. He then took his ſeat with us at the table, and hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himſelf, he told him if he would ſing out, he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend has an agreeable baſs, he choſe rather to ſing to the frying pan: and indeed between them they made up a moſt extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord ſo great a proficient in kitchen-muſic, I aſked him if he was maſter of the tongs and key. He told me that he had laid it down ſome years ſince, as a little unfaſhionable; but that if I pleaſed he would give me a leſſon upon the gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compaſs of ſound; and I perceived was as well pleaſed with the invention, as Sappho could have been upon adding two ſtrings to the lute. To be ſhort, I found that his whole kitchen was furniſhed with muſical inſtruments; and could not but look upon this artiſt as a kind of burleſque muſician.

HE afterwards of his own accord fell into the imitation of ſeveral ſinging-birds. My friend and I toaſted

our miſtreſſes to the nightingale, when all of a ſudden we were ſurpriſed with the muſic of the thruſh. He next proceeded to the ſky-lark, mounting up by a proper ſcale of notes, and afterwards falling to the ground with a very eaſy and regular deſcent. He then contracted his whiſtle to the voice of ſeveral birds of the ſmalleſt ſize. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher ſtature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you ſhut your eyes. I muſt not omit acquainting my reader, that this accompliſhed perſon was formerly the maſter of a toy-ſhop near Temple-Bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world, are chiefly owing to his great application to his muſic; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deſerves their favour, and may afford them great diverſion over a bottle of wine, which he ſells at the Queen's arms, near the end of the little piazza in Covent-garden.

No. 571. Friday, July 23.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——*Cœlum quid quærimus ultra?* LUCAN.

What ſeek we beyond heaven?

AS the work I have engaged in will not only conſiſt of papers of humour and learning, but of ſeveral eſſays moral and divine, I ſhall publiſh the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator,

and ſent me by a particular friend, not queſtioning but it will pleaſe ſuch of my readers, as think it no diſparagement to their underſtandings to give way ſometimes to a ſerious thought.

SIR,

IN your paper of Friday the 9th inſtant, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence; or, in other words, that his omniſcience and omnipreſence are co-exiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality: but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this

great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially

preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

BUT I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcaſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to myſelf?* But, *Thirdly*, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs?

THE bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee

how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul, to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to chear his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition which ſtands betwixt his ſoul and the ſight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

IF we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our

thoughts, that, in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles: *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy ſpirit 'reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both good 'and evil men, and will treat us after the ſame man-'ner that we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation, *If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

No. 572. Monday, July 26.

——Quod medicorum eſt
Promittunt medici—— HOR. Ep 1. l. 2. v. 115.

A doubtful drug unlicens'd doctors fear. FRANCIS.

I AM the more pleaſed with theſe my papers, ſince I find they have encouraged ſeveral men of learning and wit to become my correſpondents. I yeſterday received the following eſſay againſt quacks, which I ſhall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer's pardon for thoſe additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

THE desire of life is so natural and strong a passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of physic finds among us. Well-constituted governments have always made the profession of a physician both honourable and advantageous. Homer's *Machaon* and Virgil's *Iapis* were men of renown, heroes in war, and made at least as much havock among their enemies as among their friends. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack, will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens as a laced hat or a Merry Andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favour the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

THERE is scarce a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe, who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of those public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience, 'That he had been born and 'bred there, and that having a special regard for the 'place of his nativity, he was determined to make a 'present of five shillings to as many as would accept 'of it.' The whole croud stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when putting his hand into a long bag, as everyone was expecting his crown-piece,

he drew out an handful of little packets, each of which he informed the ſpectators was conſtantly ſold at five ſhillings and ſixpence, but that he would bate the odd five ſhillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole aſſembly immediately cloſed with this generous offer, and took off all his phyſic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammerſmith men.

THERE is another branch of pretenders to this art who, without either horſe or pickle-herring, lie ſnug in a garret, and ſend down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertiſements. Theſe ſeem to have derived their cuſtom from an Eaſtern nation which Herodotus ſpeaks of, among whom it was a law, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the diſtemper, ſhould be fixed in ſome public place; but as cuſtoms will corrupt, theſe our moderns provide themſelves of perſons to atteſt the cure before they publiſh or make an experiment of the preſcription. I have heard of a porter, who ſerves as a knight of the poſt under one of theſe operators, and, though he was never ſick in his life, has been cured of all the diſeaſes in the diſpenſary. Theſe are the men whoſe ſagacity has invented elixirs of all ſorts, pills and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body elſe. Their medicines "are infallible, and never fail of ſucceſs," that is, of enriching the doctor, and ſetting the patient effectually at reſt.

I LATELY dropped into a coffee-houſe at Weſtminſter, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the Anodyne Fotus, Engliſh pills, electuaries, and, in ſhort, more remedies than I believe there are diſeaſes. At the ſight of ſo many inventions, I could not but i-

magine myſelf in a kind of arſenal or magazine, where ſtore of arms was repoſited againſt any ſudden invaſion. Should you be attacked by the enemy ſide-ways, here was an infallible piece of defenſive armour to cure the pleuriſy: ſhould a diſtemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchaſe an impenetrable helmet, or, in the language of the artiſt, a cephalic tincture: if your main body be aſſaulted, here are various kinds of armour in caſe of various onſets. I began to congratulate the preſent age upon the happineſs men might reaſonably hope for in life, when death was thus in a manner defeated, and when pain itſelf would be of ſo ſhort a duration, that it would but juſt ſerve to enhance the value of pleaſure: while I was in theſe thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a ſtory of an ingenious gentleman of the laſt age, who lying violently afflicted with the gout, a perſon came and offered his ſervice to cure him by a method, which he aſſured him was infallible; the ſervant who received the meſſage carried it up to his maſter, who inquiring whether the perſon came on foot or in a chariot; and being informed that he was on foot; "Go, ſays he, "ſend the knave about his buſineſs: was his method "as infallible as he pretends, he would long before "now have been in his coach and ſix." In like manner I concluded, that had all theſe advertiſers arrived to that ſkill they pretend to, they would have had no need for ſo many years ſucceſſively to publiſh to the world the place of their abode, and the virtues of their medicines. One of theſe gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual cure for leanneſs; what effects it may have had upon thoſe who have tried it, I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the call for it has been ſo great, that it has effectually cured the doctor himſelf of that diſtemper. Could each of them produce ſo good an inſtance of the ſucceſs of his medicines, they might ſoon perſuade the world into an opinion of them.

I OBSERVE that moſt of the bills agree in one expreſſion, viz. that (with God's bleſſing) they perform ſuch and ſuch cures: this expreſſion is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a cure is performed on a patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater ſhare in it than Virgil's Iapis in the curing of Æneas; he tried his ſkill, was very aſſiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only viſible means that relieved the hero; but the poet aſſures us it was the particular aſſiſtance of a deity that ſpeeded the operation. An Engliſh reader may ſee the whole ſtory in Mr Dryden's tranſlation.

Prop'd on his lance the penſive hero ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning croud.
The fam'd phyſician tucks his robes around,
With ready hands, and haſtens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, ſoliciting the dart,
And exerciſes all his heav'nly art.
All ſoftning ſimples, known of ſov'reign uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
But now the goddeſs mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, haſtens her relief.
A branch of healing Dittany ſhe brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care ſhe ſought:
Rough is the ſtem, which woolly leaves ſurround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a ſure relief
To draw the pointed ſteel, and eaſe the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews

Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dews,
And od'rous Panacee: unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands:
And pours it in a bowl already crown'd [wound.
With juice of med'cinal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the
The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands
Moves up and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found:
Arms, arms! he cries, the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.

No. 573. Wednesday, July 28.

——*Castigata remordent.* Juv. sat. 2. v. 35.

Chastised, the accusation they retort.

MY paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs President, as follows.

Smart SIR,

'YOU are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground 'your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after

'the death of our dears, and the number we are plea-
'sed to admit to our companions; but you never re-
'flect what husbands we have buried, and how short a
'sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning.
'For my own part, Mrs President, as you call me, my
'first husband I was married to at fourteen, by my
'uncle and guardian, (as I afterwards discoverd), by
'way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This
'fellow looked upon me as a mere child, he might
'breed up after his own fancy; if he kissed my cham-
'ber-maid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant,
'how could I think there was any hurt in it? When
'he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning,
'it was the custom of all men that live in the world.
'I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing,
'how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin
'of his into the house (as he said) to be my house-keep-
'er, and to govern my servants; for how should I
'know how to rule a family? and while she had
'what money she pleased, which was but reasonable
'for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not
'to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kind-
'ness between near relations. I was too great a cow-
'ard to contend, but not so igorant a child to be thus
'imposed upon. I resented his contempt as I ought
'to do, and as most poor passive blinded wives do, 'till
'it pleased Heaven to take away my tyrant, who left
'me free possession of my own land, and a large join-
'ture. My youth and money brought me many lo-
'vers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest
'in my heart while my husband was in his last sick-
'ness; the honourable Edward Waitfort was one of
'the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a cousin
'of his that was my intimate friend, and knew to a
'penny what I was worth. Mr Waitfort is a very a-
'greeable man, and every body would like him as well
'as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that

'his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an ob-
'ject, as it is impossible to get the better of: I mean
'himself. He made no doubt of marrying me with-
'in four or five months, and began to proceed with
'such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride not to
'banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I
'heard his first declaration with so much innocent
'surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it tou-
'ched his very heart, and he thought me the best-na-
'tured silly poor thing on earth. When a man has
'such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than
'he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus re-
'venged on him; for designing on my fortune; and
'finding it was in my power to make his heart ake,
'I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained
'several other pretenders. The first impression of my
'undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he
'attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of
'my charms; and from several blushes and side glan-
'ces, concluded himself the favourite; and when I used
'him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was
'all prudence and fear, and pitied the violence I did
'my own inclinations to comply with my friends,
'when I married Sir Nicholas Fribble of sixty years of
'age. You know, Sir, the case of Mrs Medlar, I hope
'you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such
'a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood
'a week after my marriage, and when he was put in
'his grave, reckoning he had been two years dead,
'and myself a widow of that standing, I married three
'weeks afterwards John Sturdy, Esq; his next heir.
'I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr Waitfort,
'but I found he could stay, and besides he thought it
'indecent to ask me to marry again, till my year was
'out; so privately resolving him for my fourth, I
'took Mr Sturdy for the present. Would you believe
'it, Sir, Mr Sturdy was just five and twenty, about six

'feet high, and the ſtouteſt fox hunter in the country,
'and I believe I wiſhed ten thouſand times for my old
'Fribble again; he was following his dogs all the day,
'and all the night keeping them up at table with him
'and his companions; however I think myſelf obliged
'to them for leading him a chace in which he broke
'his neck. Mr Waitfort began his addreſſes anew,
'and I verily believe I had married him now, but
'there was a young officer in the guards, that had de-
'bauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I
'could not forbear being a little vain of his courtſhip.
'Mr Waitfort heard of it, and read me ſuch an inſo-
'lent lecture upon the conduct of women, I married
'the officer that very day, out of pure ſpite to him.
'Half an hour after I was married, I received a peniten-
'tial letter from the honourable Mr Edward Waitfort,
'in which he begged pardon for his paſſion, as pro-
'ceeding from the violence of his love: I triumphed
'when I read it, and could not help, out of the pride
'of my heart, ſhewing it to my new ſpouſe; and we
'were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth
'laſted a ſhort time: my young huſband was very
'much in debt when I married him, and his firſt acti-
'on afterwards was to ſet up a gilt chariot and ſix, in
'fine trappings before and behind. I had married ſo
'haſtily, I had not the prudence to reſerve my eſtate
'in my own hand; my ready money was loſt in two
'nights at the groom-porter's; and my diamond neck-
'lace, which was ſtole I did not know how, I met in
'the ſtreet upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. My plate
'vaniſhed piece by piece, and I had been reduced to
'downright pewter, if my officer had not been delici-
'ouſly killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated
'him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards, at his
'own requeſt, ſatisfied him and me too, by running
'him through the body. Mr Waitfort was ſtill in
'love, and told me ſo again; and to prevent all fears

'of ill uſage, he deſired me to reſerve every thing in 'my own hands: but now my acquaintance be-'gan to wiſh me joy of his conſtancy, my charms 'were declining, and I could not reſiſt the delight I 'took in ſhewing the young flirts about town, it was 'yet in my power to give pain to a man of ſenſe: this, 'and ſome private hopes he would hang himſelf, and 'what a glory it would be for me, and how I ſhould be 'envied, made me accept of being third wife to my 'Lord Friday. I propoſed from my rank and his eſ-'tate, to live in all the joys of pride, but how was I 'miſtaken? he was neither extravagant, nor ill natu-'red, nor debauched; I ſuffered however more with him 'than with all my others. He was ſplenetic. I was 'forced to ſit whole days hearkening to his imaginary 'ails; it was impoſſible to tell what would pleaſe him; 'what he liked when the ſun ſhined, made him ſick 'when it rained; he had no diſtemper, but lived in 'conſtant fear of them all: my good genius dictated 'to me to bring him acquainted with Dr Gruel; from 'that day he was always contented, becauſe he had 'names for all his complaints; the good doctor fur-'niſhed him with reaſons for all his pains, and pre-'ſcriptions for every fancy that troubled him; in hot 'weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent 'fevers; when it grew cloudy he apprehended a con-'ſumption; to ſhorten the hiſtory of this wretched 'part of my life, he ruined a good conſtitution by en-'deavouring to mend it, and took ſeveral medicines 'which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cu-'red both him and me of all our uneaſineſſes. After 'his death, I did not expect to hear any more of Mr 'Waitfort, I knew he had renounced me to all his 'friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which 'he affected to talk of with great indifferency; I gave 'over thinking of him, being told that he was enga-'ged with a pretty woman and a great fortune: it vex-

'ed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect
'the advice of my couſin Wiſhwell, that came to ſee
'me the day my lord went into the country with Ruſ-
'ſel; ſhe told me experimentally, nothing put an un-
'faithful lover and a dear huſband ſo ſoon out of one's
'head, as a new one; and, at the ſame time, propo-
'ſed to me a kinſman of hers: you underſtand enough
'of the world (ſaid ſhe) to know money is the moſt
'valuable conſideration; he is very rich, and I am ſure
'he cannot live long; he has a cough, that muſt car-
'ry him off ſoon. I knew afterwards ſhe had given
'the ſelf ſame character of me to him; but however
'I was ſo much perſuaded by her, I haſtened on the
'match, for fear he ſhould die before the time came;
'he had the ſame fears, and was ſo preſſing, I mar-
'ried him in a fortnight, reſolving to keep it private
'a fortnight longer. During this fortnighf Mr Wait-
'fort came to make me a viſit; he told me he had
'waited on me ſooner, but had that reſpect for me, he
'would not interrupt me in the firſt day of my affliction
'for my dear lord; that as ſoon as he heard I was at
'liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a
'match very advantageous for his fortune juſt upon
'the point of concluſion, and was forty times more in
'love with me than ever. I never received more plea-
'ſure in my life than from this declaration, but I com-
'poſed my face to a grave air, and ſaid the news of
'his engagement had touched me to the heart, that,
'in a raſh jealous fit, I had married a man I could ne-
'ver have thought on, if I had not loſt all hopes of him.
'Good natured Mr Waitfort had like to have dropped
'down dead at hearing this, but went from me with
'ſuch an air as plainly ſhewed me, he laid all the blame
'upon himſelf, and hated thoſe friends, that had ad-
'viſed him to the fatal application; he ſeemed as much
'touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not
'the leaſt doubt I was ſtill paſſionately in love with

'him. The truth of the ſtory is, my new huſband 'gave me reaſon to repent I had not ſtaid for him; 'he had married me for my money, and I ſoon found 'he loved money to diſtraction; there was nothing 'he would not do to get it, nothing he would not ſuf-'fer to preſerve it; the ſmalleſt expence kept him a-'wake whole nights, and when he paid a bill, it was 'with as many ſighs, and after as many delays, as a 'man that endures the loſs of a limb. I heard no-'thing but reproofs for extravagancy for whatever I 'did. I ſaw very well that he would have ſtarved 'me, but for loſing my jointures; and he ſuffered a-'gonies between the grief of ſeeing me have ſo good 'a ſtomach, and the fear that, if he made me faſt, it 'might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he 'would have broke my heart, if I did not break his, 'which was allowable by the law of ſelf-defence. The 'way was very eaſy. I reſolved to ſpend as much 'money as I could, and, before he was aware of the 'ſtroke, appeared before him in a two thouſand pound 'diamond necklace: he ſaid nothing, but went quiet-'ly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, compoſed 'himſelf with a doſe of opium. I behaved myſelf ſo 'well upon the occaſion, that to this day I believe he 'died of an apoplexy. Mr Waitfort was reſolved not 'to be too late this time, and I heard from him in 'two days. I am almoſt out of my weed at this preſent 'writing, and very doubtful whether I'll marry him 'or no. I do not think of a ſeventh for the ridicu-'lous reaſon you mention, but out of pure morality, 'that I think ſo much conſtancy ſhould be rewarded, 'though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not 'believe all the unreaſonable malice of mankind can 'give a pretence why I ſhould have been conſtant to 'the memory of any of the deceaſed, or have ſpent 'much time in grieving for an inſolent, inſignificant, 'negligent, extravagant, ſplenetic, or covetous huſ-

'band; my first insulted me, my second was nothing
'to me, my third disgusted me, my fourth would
'have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the
'sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies
'you name would thus give in their husbands' pictures
'at length, you would see they have had as little rea-
'son as myself to lose their hours in weeping and
'wailing.

No. 574. Friday, July 30.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.

HOR. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 45.

Not he, of wealth immense possest,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the blest
Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heav'n bestows.

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame.

FRANCIS.

I WAS once engaged in a discourse with a Rosicrusian about *the great secret*. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats)

are over-run with enthuſiaſm and philoſophy, it was very amuſing to hear this religious adept deſcanting on his pretended diſcovery. He talked of the ſecret as of a ſpirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the higheſt perfection it is capable of. It gives a luſtre, ſays he, to the ſun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens ſmoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a ſingle ray of it diſſipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the perſon on whom it falls. In ſhort, ſays he, its preſence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for ſome time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together in the ſame diſcourſe, and that his great ſecret was nothing elſe but *Content!*

THIS virtue does indeed produce, in ſome meaſure, all thoſe effects which the alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the philoſopher's ſtone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the ſame thing, by baniſhing the deſire of them. If it cannot remove the diſquietudes ariſing out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him eaſy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the ſoul of man, in reſpect of every being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It deſtroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives ſweetneſs to his converſation, and a perpetual ſerenity to all his thoughts.

AMONG the many methods which might be made uſe of for the acquiring of this virtue, I ſhall only mention the two following. Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants;

and, then, ſecondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

FIRST of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the reply which Ariſtippus made to one who condoled him upon the loſs of a farm: *Why*, ſaid he, *I have three farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.* On the contrary, fooliſh men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs; and to fix their eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleaſures and conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compaſs: but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour. For this reaſon, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not ſomewhat more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but thoſe who are among the middle ſort of people, who keep their wiſhes always within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher rank live at beſt in a kind of ſplendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe, inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid pleaſures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in ſhadows and appearances. Men of ſenſe have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this ſilly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their deſires, enjoy all that ſecret ſatisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleaſures cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great ſource of thoſe evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's eſtate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally ſets himſelf to ſale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, af-

ter the death of his brother, who had left him a good eſtate, was offered a great ſum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindneſs, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *Content is natural wealth*, ſays Socrates; to which I ſhall add, *Luxury is artificial poverty*. I ſhall therefore recommend to the conſideration of thoſe who are always aiming after ſuperfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their deſires, an excellent ſaying of Bion the philoſopher, namely, 'That no man has ſo 'much care, as he who endeavours after the moſt hap'pineſs.'

IN the ſecond place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former conſideration took in all thoſe who are ſufficiently provided with the means to make themſelves eaſy; this regards ſuch as actually lie under ſome preſſure or misfortune. Theſe may receive great alleviation from ſuch a compariſon as the unhappy perſon may make between himſelf and others, or between the misfortune which he ſuffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I LIKE the ſtory of the honeſt Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmaſt, told the ſtanders-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, ſince I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the ſaying of an old philoſopher, who, after having invited ſome of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a paſſion, and threw down the table that ſtood before them: "Every one, ſays he, has his ca"lamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater "than this." We find an inſtance to the ſame purpoſe in the life of Dr Hammond, written by Biſhop

Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of diſtempers, when he had the gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the ſtone; and when he had the ſtone, that he had not both theſe diſtempers on him at the ſame time.

I CANNOT conclude this eſſay without obſerving, that there was never any ſyſtem beſides that of Chriſtianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have hitherto been ſpeaking of. In order to make us content with our preſent condition many of the antient philoſophers tell us, that our diſcontent only hurts ourſelves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumſtances; others, that whatever evil befals us is derived by fatal neceſſity, to which the gods themſelves are ſubject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miſerable, that it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo to keep up the harmony of the univerſe, and that the ſcheme of providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwiſe. Theſe, and the like conſiderations, rather ſilence than ſatisfy a man. They may ſhew him that his diſcontent is unreaſonable, but are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give deſpair than conſolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of theſe comforters, as Auguſtus did to his friend, who adviſed him not to grieve for the death of a perſon whom he loved, becauſe his grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very reaſon*, ſaid the emperor, *that I grieve.*

ON the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It preſcribes to every miſerable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it ſhews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him eaſy here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

UPON the whole, a contented mind is the greateſt

bleſſing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the preſent life his happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the gratification of them.

No. 575. Monday, Auguſt 2.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——*Nec morti eſſe locum*——

VIRG. Georg. 4. v. 226.

No room is left for death.

A LEWD young fellow ſeeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father, ſays he, you are in "a very miſerable condition if there is not another "world." "True, ſon, ſaid the hermit; but what "is thy condition if there is?" Man is a creature deſigned for two different ſtates of being, or rather for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient; his ſecond permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, in which of theſe two lives it is our chief intereſt to make ourſelves happy? or, in other words, whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmoſt length of a very inconſiderable duration; or to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures of a life which is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every man, upon the firſt hearing of this queſtion, knows very well which ſide of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong ſide of the queſtion. We

make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

SHOULD a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoyned to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

BUT how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for

that, which after many myriads of years will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may after all prove unſucceſsful; whereas if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

THE following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years. Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand was thus annihilated at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

IT muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo overſet by the imagination, as to diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration, which is to ſucceed it. The mind,

I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chooſe to be happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might ſay of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity: or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice?

HERE put the caſe even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us miſerable in this life: but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice?

EVERY wiſe man therefore will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

No. 576. Wednesday, Auguſt 4.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.

OVID. Met. l. 2. v. 72.

I ſteer againſt their motions, nor am I
Born back by all the current of the ſky. ADDISON.

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a ſprightly turn in converſation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate deſire of appearing faſhionable. This ran him into many amours, and conſequently into many diſtempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, becauſe he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a conſtable, to ſignalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and ſo improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be ſhort, after having fully eſtabliſhed his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

THERE is indeed nothing which betrays a man into ſo many errors and inconveniencies as the deſire of not appearing ſingular; for which reaſon it is very neceſſary to form a right idea of ſingularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the firſt place, every man of ſenſe will agree with me,

that ſingularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conſcience, morality, and honour. In thoſe caſes we ought to conſider, that it is not cuſtom, but duty which is the rule of action; and that we ſhould be only ſo far ſociable, as we are reaſonable creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo, for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the ſpecies only as he ſoars above it. What greater inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous temper, than for a man to paſs his whole life in oppoſition to his own ſentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

SINGULARITY, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reaſon, or when it puts them upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves by trifles. As for the firſt of theſe, who are ſingular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or diſhonourable, I believe every one will eaſily give them up. I ſhall therefore ſpeak of thoſe only who are remarkable for their ſingularity in things of no importance, as in dreſs, behaviour, converſation, and all the little intercourſes of life. In theſe caſes there is a certain deference due to cuſtom; and notwithſtanding there may be a colour of reaſon to deviate from the multitude in ſome particulars, a man ought to ſacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It muſt be confeſſed that good ſenſe often makes a humoriſt; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to perſons of a much inferior underſtanding.

I HAVE heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable inſtance of this fooliſh ſingularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himſelf, to act in the moſt indifferent parts of life ac-

cording to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites In his conversation with country gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them, that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well wisher; and would rather be thought a malecontent, then drink the king's health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of Homer, the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented him-

ſelf with iſſuing out a commiſſion of lunacy againſt him, and putting his eſtate into the hands of proper guardians.

THE fate of this philoſopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monſieur Fontenelle's dialogues of the dead. "The ambitious and covetous, ſays he, are madmen "to all intents and purpoſes, as much as thoſe who "are ſhut up in dark rooms; but they have the good "luck to have numbers on their ſide; whereas the "frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy "*hors d'oeuvre*," that is, in other words ſomething which is ſingular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madneſs of a multitude.

THE ſubject of this eſſay was occaſioned by a letter which I received not long ſince, and which, for want of room at preſent, I ſhall inſert in my next paper.

No. 577. Friday, Auguſt 6.

——*Hoc tolerabile, ſi non*
Et furere incipias—— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 613.

This might be born with, if you did not rave.

THE letter mentioned in my laſt paper, is as follows.

SIR,

"YOU have ſo lately decried that cuſtom, too much "in uſe among moſt people, of making themſelves "the ſubjects of their writings and converſation, that "I had ſome difficulty to perſuade myſelf to give you "this trouble, till I had conſidered that though I "ſhould ſpeak in the firſt perſon, yet I could not be

'justly charged with vanity, since I shall not add my
'name; as also, because what I shall write will not,
'to say the best, redound to my praise; but is only
'designed to remove a prejudice conceived against me,
'as I hope, with very little foundation. My short hi-
'story is this.

'I HAVE lived for some years last past altogether in
'London, till about a month ago an acquaintance of
'mine, for whom I have done some small services in
'town, invited me to pass part of the summer with
'him at his house in the country. I accepted his
'invitation, and found a very hearty welcome. My
'friend, an honest plain man, not being qualified to
'pass away his time without the reliefs of business,
'has grafted the farmer upon the gentleman, and
'brought himself to submit even to the most servile
'parts of that employment, such as inspecting of his
'plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up
'some of his hours every day; and as I have no re-
'lish for such diversions, I used at these times to re-
'tire either to my chamber, or a shady walk near the
'house, and entertain myself with some agreeable au-
'thor. Now you must know, Mr SPECTATOR, that
'when I read, especially if it be poetry, it is very u-
'sual with me, when I meet with any passage or ex-
'pression which strikes me much, to pronounce it a-
'loud with that tone of voice, which I think agree-
'able to the sentiments there expressed; and to this
'I generally add some motion or action of the body.
'It was not long before I was observed by some of
'the family in one of these heroic fits, who there-
'upon received impressions very much to my disad-
'vantage. This however I did not soon discover, nor
'should have done probably, had it not been for the
'following accident. I had one day shut myself up
'in my chamber, and was very deeply engaged in
'the second book of Milton's Paradise lost. I walked

'to and fro with the book in my hand, and, to ſpeak
'the truth, I fear I made no little noiſe; when preſent-
'ly coming to the following lines,

——On a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, &c.

'I in great tranſport threw open the door of my cham-
'ber, and found the greateſt part of the family ſtand-
'ing on the out ſide in a very great conſternation. I
'was in no leſs confuſion, and begged pardon for hav-
'ing diſturbed them; addreſſing myſelf particularly
'to comfort one of the children, who received an un-
'lucky fall in this action, whilſt he was too intently
'ſurveying my meditations, through the key-hole.
'To be ſhort, after this adventure I eaſily obſerved
'that great part of the family, eſpecially the women
'and children, looked upon me with ſome apprehen-
'ſions of fear; and my friend himſelf, though he ſtill
'continued his civilities to me, did not ſeem altoge-
'ther eaſy; I took notice, that the butler was never
'after this accident ordered to leave the bottle upon
'the table after dinner. Add to this, that I frequent-
'ly overheard the ſervants mention me by the name
'of the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a little
'touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This
'made me think it high time for me to ſhift my quar-
'ters, which I reſolved to do the firſt handſome op-
'portunity; and was confirmed in this reſolution by
'a young lady in the neighbourhood who frequent-
'ly viſited us, and who one day, after having heard
'all the fine things I was able to ſay, was pleaſed with
'a ſcornful ſmile to bid me go to ſleep.

'THE firſt minute I got to my lodgings in town, I
'ſet pen to paper to deſire your opinion, whether, up-

'on the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can 'bring certificates that I behave myſelf ſoberly before 'company, and I hope there is at leaſt ſome merit in 'withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am con- 'tented to be eſteemed a little touched, as they phraſe 'it, but ſhould be ſorry to be madder than my neigh- 'bours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my ſenſes 'as you can afford. I know I could bring yourſelf as 'an inſtance of a man who has confeſſed talking to 'himſelf; but yours is a particular caſe, and cannot 'juſtify me, who have not kept ſilence any part of my 'life. What if I ſhould own myſelf in love? You 'know lovers are always allowed the comfort of ſoli- 'loquy.——But I will ſay no more upon this ſubject, 'becauſe I have long ſince obſerved, the ready way 'to be thought mad, is to contend that you are not 'ſo; as we generally conclude that man drunk who 'takes pains to be thought ſober. I will therefore 'leave myſelf to your determination; but am the 'more deſirous to be thought in my ſenſes, that it 'may be no diſcredit to you when I aſſure you, that 'I have always been very much

Your Admirer.

'*P. S.* If I muſt be mad, I deſire the young lady may 'believe it is for her.'

The humble petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles.

Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioners have had cauſes depend- 'ing in Weſtminſter-hall above five hundred 'years, and that we deſpair of ever ſeeing them 'brought to an iſſue; that your petitioners have not 'been involved in theſe law ſuits out of any litigious

'temper of their own, but by the inſtigation of con-
'tentious perſons; that the young lawyers in our
'inns of court are continually ſetting us together by
'the ears, and think they do us no hurt, becauſe they
'plead for us without a fee; that many of the gentle-
'men of the robe have no other clients in the world
'beſides us two; that when they have nothing elſe
'to do, they make us plaintiffs and defendants, tho'
'they were never retained by either of us; that they
'traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any man-
'ner of regard to our reputations and good names in
'the world. Your petitioners therefore (being there-
'unto encouraged by the favourable reception which
'you lately gave to our kinſman Blank) do humbly
'pray that you would put an end to the controver-
'ſies which have been ſo long depending between us
'your ſaid petitioners, and that our enmity may not
'endure from generation to generation; it being our
'reſolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of
'peaceable diſpoſitions.

And your petitioners (as in duty bound) ſhall e-ver pray, &c.

No. 578. Monday, Auguſt 9.

——Eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras noſter—— OVID. Met. l. 15. v. 167.

——Th' unbodied ſpirit flies——
And lodges where it lights in man or beaſt.

DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reaſon, on ſeveral accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at ſettling what it was that might be ſaid to compoſe *perſonal identity*.

MR Locke, after having premiſed, that the word *perſon* properly ſignifies a thinking intelligent being that has reaſon and reflexion, and can conſider itſelf as itſelf; concludes, that it is conſciouſneſs alone, and not an identity of ſubſtance, which makes this perſonal identity of ſameneſs. Had I the ſame conſciouſneſs (ſays that author) that I ſaw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I ſaw an overflowing of the Thames laſt winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that ſaw the Thames overflow laſt winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the ſame *ſelf*, place that *ſelf* in what ſubſtance you pleaſe, than that I who write this am the ſame *myſelf* now while I write (whether I conſiſt of all the ſame ſubſtance material or immaterial or no) that I was yeſterday; for as to this point of being the ſame *ſelf*, it matters not whether this preſent *ſelf* be made up of the ſame or other ſubſtances.

I WAS mightily pleaſed with a ſtory in ſome meaſure applicable to this piece of philoſophy, which I

read the other day in the Perſian tales, as they are lately very well tranſlated by Mr Philips; and with an abridgment whereof I ſhall here preſent my readers.

I SHALL only premiſe, that theſe ſtories are writ after the Eaſtern manner, but ſomewhat more correct.

'FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtues, ſucceeded 'his father Bin-Ortoc, in the kingdom of Mouſel. He 'reigned over his faithful ſubjects for ſome time, 'and lived in great happineſs with his beauteous con-'ſort queen Zemroude; when there appeared at his 'court a young Dervis of ſo lively and entertaining 'a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every 'one he converſed with. His reputation grew ſo faſt 'every day, that it at laſt raiſed a curioſity in the prince 'himſelf to ſee and talk with him. He did ſo, and 'far from finding that common fame had flattered him, 'he was ſoon convinced that every thing he had heard 'of him fell ſhort of the truth.

'FADLALLAH immediately loſt all manner of re-'liſh for the converſation of other men; and as he 'was every day more and more ſatisfied of the abili-'ties of this ſtranger, offered him the firſt poſts in his 'kingdom. The young Dervis, after having thank-'ed him with a very ſingular modeſty, deſired to be 'excuſed, as having made a vow never to accept of 'any employment, and preferring a free and indepen-'dent ſtate of life to all other conditions.

'THE king was infinitely charmed with ſo great 'an example of moderation; and though he could 'not get him to engage in a life of buſineſs, made 'him however his chief companion and firſt favourite.

'AS they were one day hunting together, and hap-'pened to be ſeparated from the reſt of the company, 'the Dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of 'his travels and adventures. After having related to 'him ſeveral curioſities which he had ſeen in the In-

'dies, 'It was in this place,' says he, 'that I con-
"tracted an acquaintance with an old Brachman,
"who was skilled in the most hidden powers of na-
"ture: he died within my arms, and with his part-
"ing breath communicated to me one of the most va-
"luable of his secrets, on condition I should never re-
"veal it to any man.' The king immediately reflect-
'ing on his young favourite's having refused the late
'offers of greatness he had made him, told him, he
'presumed it was the power of making gold. No,
"Sir,' says the Dervis, 'it is somewhat more won-
"derful than that; it is the power of re-animating a
"dead body, by flinging my own soul into it.'

'WHILE he was yet speaking, a doe came bound-
'ing by them, and the king, who had his bow ready,
'shot her through the heart; telling the Dervis, that
'a fair opportunity now offered for him to shew his
'art. The young man immediately left his own body
'breathless on the ground, while at the same instant
'that of the doe was re-animated; she came to the
'king, fawned upon him, and after having played
'several wanton tricks, fell again upon the grass; at
'the same instant the body of the Dervis recovered
'its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so un-
'common an operation, and conjured his friend by e-
'very thing that was sacred to communicate it to him.
'The Dervis at first made some scruple of violating
'his promise to the dying Brachman; but told him
'at last, that he found he could conceal nothing from
'so excellent a prince; after having obliged him there-
'fore by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat
'two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the
'whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try
'the experiment, immediately repeated them as he
'had been taught, and in an instant found himself in
'the body of the doe. He had but little time to con-
'template himself in this new being; for the treache-

'rous Dervis ſhooting his own ſoul into the royal corpſe,
'and bending the prince's own bow againſt him, had
'laid him dead on the ſpot, had not the king, who
'perceived his intent, fled ſwiftly to the woods.

'THE Dervis, now triumphant in his villany, re-
'turned to Mouſel, and filled the throne and bed of
'the unhappy Fadlallah.

'THE firſt thing he took care of, in order to ſecure
'himſelf in the poſſeſſion of his new acquired kingdom,
'was to iſſue out a proclamation, ordering his ſubjects
'to deſtroy all the deer in the realm. The king had
'periſhed among the reſt, had he not avoided his pur-
'ſuers by re-animating the body of a nightingale which
'he ſaw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new
'ſhape he winged his way in ſafety to the palace,
'where perching on a tree which ſtood near his queen's
'apartment, he filled the whole place with ſo many
'melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the
'window. He had the mortification to ſee that, in-
'ſtead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his
'princeſs, and of a young female ſlave who was with
'her. He continued however to ſerenade her every
'morning, till at laſt the queen, charmed with his
'harmony, ſent for the bird catchers, and ordered
'them to employ their utmoſt ſkill to put that little
'creature into her poſſeſſion. The king pleaſed with
'an opportunity of being once more near his beloved
'conſort, eaſily ſuffered himſelf to be taken; and
'when he was preſented to her, though he ſhewed a
'fearfulneſs to be touched by any of the other ladies,
'flew of his own accord, and hid himſelf in the queen's
'boſom. Zemroude was highly pleaſed at the un-
'expected fondneſs of her new favourite, and ordered
'him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment.
'He had there an opportunity of making his court to
'her every morning, by a thouſand little actions which
'his ſhape allowed him. The queen paſſed away whole

'hours every day in hearing and playing with him. 'Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in 'this state of life, had he not frequently endured the 'inexpressible torment of seeing the Dervis enter the 'apartment, and caress his queen even in his presence.

THE usurper, amidst his toying with the princess, 'would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her 'nightingale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked 'at him with his bill, beat his wings, and shewed all 'the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his 'rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

'ZEMROUDE was likewise fond of a little lap dog, 'which she kept in her apartment, and which one night 'happened to die.

'THE king immediately found himself inclined to 'quit the shape of the nightingale, and enliven this 'new body. He did so, and the next morning Zem-'roude saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. 'It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion, 'and when she called to mind all its little actions, which 'even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, 'she was inconsolable for her loss.

'HER women immediately sent for the Dervis to 'come and comfort her, who after having in vain re-'presented to her the weakness of being grieved at 'such an accident, touched at last by her repeated 'complaints; 'Well, Madam,' says he, 'I will ex-"ert the most of my art to please you. Your nightin-"gale shall again revive every morning, and serenade "you as before.' The queen beheld him with a look 'which easily shewed she did not believe him; when 'laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into 'the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see 'her bird revive.

'THE king, who was a spectator of all that passed, 'lying under the shape of a lap-dog, in one corner of 'the room, immediately recovered his own body, and

'running to the cage with the utmoſt indignation,
'twiſted off the neck of the falſe nightingale.

'ZEMROUDE was more than ever amazed and con-
'cerned at this ſecond accident, till the king in-
'treating her to hear him, related to her his whole
'adventure.

'THE body of the Dervis, which was found dead
'in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left
'her no room to doubt of the truth of it: but the
'ſtory adds, that out of an extreme delicacy (peculi-
'ar to the Oriental ladies) ſhe was ſo highly afflicted
'at the innocent adultery in which ſhe had for ſome
'time lived with the Dervis, that no arguments not
'even from Fadlallah himſelf could compoſe her
'mind. She ſhortly after died with grief, begging
'his pardon with her lateſt breath for what the moſt
'rigid juſtice could not have interpreted as a crime.

'THE king was ſo afflicted with her death, that he
'left his kingdom to one of his neareſt relations, and
'paſſed the reſt of his days in ſolitude and retire-
'ment.

No. 579. Wednesday, August 11.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——*Odora canum vis.* VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 132.

Sagacious hounds.

IN the reign of king Charles I. the company of ſtationers, into whoſe hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable *erratum* or blunder in one of their editions: for inſtead of *Thou ſhalt not commit adultery*, they printed off ſeveral thouſands of copies with *Thou ſhalt commit adultery*. Archbiſhop Laud, to puniſh this their negligence, laid a conſiderable fine upon that company in the ſtar-chamber.

BY the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both ſexes, are poſſeſſed of this ſpurious edition of the Bible, and obſerve the commandment according to that faulty reading.

ADULTERERS, in the firſt ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Chriſtian aſſemblies, notwithſtanding they might ſeek it with tears, and all the appearances of the moſt unfeigned repentance.

I MIGHT here mention ſome ancient laws among the Heathens which puniſhed this crime with death; and others of the ſame kind, which are now in force among ſeveral governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But becauſe a ſubject of this nature may be too ſerious for my ordinary readers, who are

very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with ſomething that is diverting or uncommon, I ſhall here publiſh the contents of a little manuſcript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though, by reaſon of ſome modern phraſes and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern ſophiſt.

IT is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount Ætna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of ſo exquiſite a ſmell (ſay the hiſtorians) that they could diſcern whether the perſons who came thither were chaſte or otherwiſe. They uſed to meet and fawn upon ſuch as were chaſte, careſſing them as the friends of their maſter Vulcan; but flew at thoſe who were polluted, and never ceaſed barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

MY manuſcript gives the following account of theſe dogs, and was probably deſigned as a comment upon this ſtory.

'THESE dogs were given to Vulcan by his ſiſter 'Diana, the goddeſs of hunting and of chaſtity, hav-'ing bred them out of ſome of her hounds, in which 'ſhe had obſerved this natural inſtinct and ſagacity. 'It was thought ſhe did it in ſpite to Venus, who, 'upon her return home, always found her huſband 'in a good or bad humour, according to the recep-'tion which ſhe met with from his dogs. They liv-'ed in the temple ſeveral years, but were ſuch ſnap-'piſh curs that they frighted away moſt of the vota-'ries. The women of Sicily made a ſolemn deputa-'tion to the prieſt, by which they acquainted him, 'that they would not come up to the temple with 'their annual offerings unleſs he muzzled his maſtiffs, 'and at laſt compromiſed the matter with him, that

'the offering ſhould always be brought by a chorus 'of young girls, who were none of them above ſeven 'years old. It was wonderful, ſays the author, to 'ſee how different the treatment was which the dogs 'gave to theſe little miſſes, from that which they had 'ſhewn to their mothers. It is ſaid that the prince of 'Syracuſe, having married a young lady, and being 'naturally of a jealous temper, made ſuch an intereſt 'with the prieſts of this temple, that he procured a 'whelp from them of this famous breed. The young 'puppy was very troubleſome to the fair lady at firſt, 'inſomuch that ſhe ſolicited her huſband to ſend him 'away: but the good man cut her ſhort with the old 'Sicilian proverb, *Love me, love my dog*. From which 'time ſhe lived very peaceably with both of them. 'The ladies of Syracuſe were very much annoyed 'with him, and ſeveral of very good reputation re- 'fuſed to come to court till he was diſcarded. There 'were indeed ſome of them that defied his ſagacity; 'but it was obſerved, though he did not actually bite 'them, he would growl at them moſt confoundedly. 'To return to the dogs of the temple: after they had 'lived here in great repute for ſeveral years, it ſo 'happened, that as one of the prieſts, who had been 'making a charitable viſit to a widow who lived on 'the promontory of Lilybæum, returned home pretty 'late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with ſo 'much fury, that they would have worried him, if 'his brethren had not come in to his aſſiſtance; upon 'which, ſays my author, the dogs were all of them 'hanged, as having loſt their original inſtinct.

I CANNOT conclude this paper without wiſhing, that we had ſome of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do juſtice, I ſhould ſay honour, to the ladies of our country, and ſhew the world the difference between Pagan women, and thoſe

who are instructed in founder principles of virtue and religion.

No. 580. Friday, August 13.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——————Si verbo audacia detur,
Non metuam magni dixisse palatia cœli.

OVID. Met. l. 1. v. 175.

This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,
I'll call the palace of the deity. DRYDEN.

SIR,

'I CONSIDERED in my two last letters that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence of the divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might shew at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory. This is that place which is marked out in scripture under the different appellations of *paradise*, *the third heaven*, *the throne of God*, *and the habitation of his glory*. It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns

'of praiſe. This is that preſence of God which ſome
'of the divines call his glorious, and others his maje-
'ſtatic preſence. He is indeed as eſſentially preſent
'in all other places as in this: but it is here where
'he reſides in a ſenſible magnificence, and in the midſt
'of all thoſe ſplendors which can affect the imagina-
'tion of created beings.

'IT is very remarkable, that this opinion of God
'Almighty's preſence in heaven, whether diſcovered
'by the light of nature, or by a general tradition
'from our firſt parents, prevails among all the nati-
'ons of the world, whatſoever different notions they
'entertain of the Godhead. If you look into Homer,
'that is, the moſt antient of the Greek writers, you
'ſee the ſupreme power ſeated in the heavens, and en-
'compaſſed with inferior deities, among whom the
'muſes are repreſented as ſinging inceſſantly about
'his throne. Who does not here ſee the main ſtrokes
'and outlines of this great truth we are ſpeaking of?
'The ſame doctrine is ſhadowed out in many other
'Heathen authors, though at the ſame time, like ſe-
'veral other revealed truths, daſhed and adulterated
'with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But
'to paſs over the notions of the Greeks and Romans,
'thoſe more enlightened parts of the Pagan world, we
'find there is ſcarce a people among the late diſcover-
'ed nations who are not trained up in an opinion,
'that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom
'they worſhip.

'As in Solomon's temple there was the *Sanctum*
'*Sanctorum*, in which a viſible glory appeared among
'the figures of the cherubims, and into which none
'but the high prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter,
'after having made an atonement for the ſins of the
'people; ſo if we conſider the whole creation as one
'great temple, there is in it this holy of holies, into
'which the high prieſt of our ſalvation entered, and

'took his place among angels and archangels, after 'having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

'WITH how much skill must the throne of God be 'erected? With what glorious designs is that habita- 'tion beautified, which is contrived and built by him 'who inspired Hiram with wisdom? How great must 'be the majesty of that place, where the whole art 'of creation has been employed, and where God has 'chosen to shew himself in the most magnificent man- 'ner? What must be the architecture of infinite pow- 'er under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit 'cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner 'with the sight of those objects which were made to 'affect him by that Being who knows the inward 'frame of a soul, and how to ravish it in all its most 'secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic 'presence of God, we may apply those beautiful ex- 'pressions in holy writ: *Behold even to the moon, and* 'it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight. 'The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in compari- son of those splendors which encompass the throne of God.

'As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus ap- pears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and 'though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with 'regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has 'made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably 'wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal 'and perishable beings, how great may we suppose 'the courts of his house to be, where he makes his 'residence in a more especial manner, and displays

'himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innu-
'merable company of angels and spirits of just men
'made perfect!

'THIS is certain, that our imaginations cannot be
'raised too high, when we think on a place where
'omnipotence and omniscience have so signally ex-
'erted themselves, because they are able to produce a
'scene infinitely more great and glorious than what
'we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at
'the consummation of all things, these outward a-
'partments of nature, which are now suited to those
'beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and add-
'ed to that glorious place of which I am here speak-
'ing; and by that means made a proper habitation
'for beings who are exempt from mortality, and
'cleared of their imperfections: for so the scripture
'seems to intimate, when it speaks of new heavens,
'and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteous-
'ness.

'I HAVE only considered this glorious place with
'regard to the sight and imagination, though it
'is highly probable, that our other senses may here
'likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is
'nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul
'than harmony; and we have great reason to believe,
'from the descriptions of this place in holy scripture,
'that this is one of the entertainments of it. And
'if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected
'with those strains of music, which human art is ca-
'pable of producing, how much more then will it
'be raised and elevated by those, in which is exerted
'the whole power of harmony! The senses are facul-
'ties of the human soul, though they cannot be em-
'ployed, during this our vital union, without proper
'instruments in the body. Why therefore should we
'exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we
'find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the

'foul, from among thoſe entertainments which are 'to make up our happineſs hereafter? Why ſhould 'we ſuppoſe that our hearing and ſeeing will not be 'gratified with thoſe objects which are moſt agreeable 'to them, and which they cannot meet with in theſe 'lower regions of nature; objects 'which neither eye "hath ſeen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the "heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in Chriſt "(ſays St Paul, ſpeaking of himſelf) above fourteen "years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or "whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God know-"eth) ſuch a one caught up to the third heaven. "And I knew ſuch a man (whether in the body, or "out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how "that he was caught up into paradiſe, and heard un-"ſpeakable words, which it is not poſſible for a man "to utter.' By this is meant that what he heard was 'ſo infinitely different from any thing which he had 'heard in this world, that it was impoſſible to expreſs 'it in ſuch words as might convey a notion of it to 'his hearers.

'IT is very natural for us to take delight in inqui-'ries concerning any foreign country, where we are 'ſome time or other to make our abode; and as we 'all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it 'is both a laudable and uſeful curioſity, to get what 'informations we can of it, while we make uſe of re-'velation for our guide. When theſe everlaſting doors 'ſhall be open to us, we may be ſure that the pleaſures 'and beauties of this place will infinitely tranſcend 'our preſent hopes and expectations, and that the glo-'rious appearance of the throne of God will riſe infi-'nitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. 'We might here entertain ourſelves with many other 'ſpeculations on this ſubject, from thoſe ſeveral hints 'which we find of it in the holy ſcriptures; as whe-'ther there may not be different manſions and apart-

'ments of glory, to beings of different natures; whe-
'ther as they excel one another in perfection, they are
'not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty,
'and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence;
'whether there are not solemn times and occasions,
'when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the pre-
'sence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of
'praise and adoration; as Adam, though he had con-
'tinued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion
'of our divines, have kept holy the Sabbath day, in a
'more particular manner than any other of the seven.
'These, and the like speculations, we may very inno-
'cently indulge, so long as we make use of them to
'inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this
'delightful place.

'I HAVE in this, and in two foregoing letters, treat-
'ed on the most serious subject that can employ the
'mind of man, the omnipresence of the Deity; a sub-
'ject which, if possible, should never depart from our
'meditations. We have considered the divine Being,
'as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his
'works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he
'discovers himself in a more glorious manner among
'the regions of the blessed. Such a consideration
'should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all
'places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe
'and reverence. It should be interwoven with all
'our thoughts and perceptions, and become one
'with the consciousness of our own being. It is
'not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy,
'but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration be-
'fore him, who is so astonishingly great, wonderful,
'and holy.'

No. 581. Monday, Auguſt 16.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura,
Quæ legis.——— Mart. Epig. 17. l. 1.

Some good, more bad, ſome neither one nor t'other.

I AM at preſent ſitting with a heap of letters before me, which I have received under the character of SPECTATOR; I have complaints from lovers, ſchemes from projectors, ſcandal from ladies, congratulations, compliments, and advice in abundance.

I HAVE not been thus long an author, to be inſenſible of the natural fondneſs every perſon muſt have for their own productions; and I begin to think I have treated my correſpondents a little too uncivilly in ſtringing them all together on a file, and letting them lie ſo long unregarded. I ſhall therefore, for the future, think myſelf at leaſt obliged to take ſome notice of ſuch letters as I receive, and may poſſibly do it at the end of every month.

IN the mean time I intend my preſent paper as a ſhort anſwer to moſt of thoſe which have been already ſent me.

THE public however is not to expect I ſhould let them into all my ſecrets; though I appear abſtruſe to moſt people, it is ſufficient if I am underſtood by my particular correſpondents.

MY well-wiſher Van Nath is very arch, but not quite enough ſo to appear in print.

PHILADELPHUS will, in a little time, see his query fully answered by a treatise which is now in the press.

IT was very improper at that time to comply with Mr G.

MISS Kitty must excuse me.

THE gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on his mistress's dancing, is, I believe, too thoroughly in love to compose correctly.

I HAVE too great a respect for both the universities to praise one at the expence of the other.

TOM NIMBLE is a very honest fellow, and I desire him to present my humble service to his cousin Fill Bumper.

I AM obliged for the letter upon prejudice.

I MAY in due time animadvert on the case of Grace Grumble.

THE petition of P. S. granted.

THAT of Sarah Loveit, refused.

THE papers of A. S. are returned.

I THANK Aristippus for his kind invitation.

MY friend at Woodstock is a bold man, to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I AM afraid the entertainment of Tom Turnover will hardly be relished by the good cities of London and Westminster.

I MUST consider further of it, before I indulge W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies stockings.

I AM obliged to the ingenious gentleman, who sent me an ode on the subject of a late Spectator, and shall take particular notice of his last letter.

WHEN the lady who wrote me a letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to some passages in a lover, will be more particular in her directions, I shall be so in my answer.

THE poor gentleman, who fancies my writings can reclaim an husband who can abuse such a wife as

he deſcribes, has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of my ſkill.

PHILANTHROPOS is, I dare ſay, a very well-meaning man, but a little too prolix in his compoſitions.

CONSTANTIUS himſelf muſt be the beſt judge in the affair he mentions.

THE letter dated from Lincoln is received.

ARETHUSIA and her friend may hear farther from me.

CELIA is a little too haſty.

HARRIOT is a good girl, but muſt not curtſy to folks ſhe does not know.

I MUST ingenuouſly confeſs my friend Samſon Bentſtaff has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long letter which I cannot comprehend one word of.

COLLIDAN muſt alſo explain what he means by his *Drigelling*.

I THINK it below my Spectatorial dignity, to concern myſelf in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

I SHALL conſult ſome Litterati on the project ſent me for the diſcovery of the longitude.

I KNOW not how to conclude this paper better, than by inſerting a couple of letters which are really genuine, aud which I look upon to be two of the ſmarteſt pieces I have received from my correſpondents of either ſex.

Brother SPEC,

'WHILE you are ſurveying every object that falls
'in your way, I am wholly taken up with one.
'Had that ſage, who demanded what beauty was,
'lived to ſee the dear angel I love, he would not have
'aſked that queſtion Had another ſeen her, he would
'himſelf have loved the perſon in whom Heaven has
'made virtue ſo viſible; and were you yourſelf to be
'in her company, you could never with all your
'loquacity, ſay enough of her good humour and ſenſe.

'I ſend you the outlines of a picture, which I can
'no more finiſh than I can ſufficiently admire the
'dear original. I am

Your moſt affectionate brother,

CONSTANTIO SPEC.

Good Mr PERT,

'I WILL allow you nothing till you reſolve me the
'following queſtion. Pray what's the reaſon that
'while you only talk now upon Wedneſdays, Fri-
'days, and Mondays, you pretend to be a greater tat-
'ler, than when you ſpoke every day as you formerly
'uſed to do? If this be your plunging out of your
'taciturnity, pray let the length of your ſpeeches com-
'penſate for the ſcarceneſs of them. I am,

Good Mr PERT,

Your Admirer,

If you will be long enough for me,

AMANDA LOVELENGTH.

No. 582. Wednesday August 18.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes—— JUV. Sat. 7. v. 51.

The curse of writing is an endless itch.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensatory. Juvenal, in the motto of my paper, terms it a *cacoethes*; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English, *the itch of writing*. This *cacoethes* is as epidemical as the small pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is, however, this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady, and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes re-

moved, like the biting of a Tarantula, with the ſound of a muſical inſtrument, which is commonly known by the name of a Cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may aſſure yourſelf there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the uſe of pen, ink, and paper.

BUT to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no ſpecies of ſcribblers more offenſive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whoſe works return upon the public on certain days, and at ſtated times. We have not the conſolation in the peruſal of theſe authors, which we find at the reading of all others, namely, that we are ſure if we have but patience we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired an humorous ſaying of Diogenes, who reading a dull author to ſeveral of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almoſt come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, "Courage, lads, I ſee land. On the contrary, our progreſs through that kind of writers I am now ſpeaking of, is never at an end. One day makes work for another, we do not know when to promiſe ourſelves reſt.

IT is a melancholy thing to conſider, that the art of printing, which might be the greateſt bleſſing to mankind, ſhould prove detrimental to us, and that it ſhould be made uſe of to ſcatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, inſtead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I WAS lately reading a very whimſical treatiſe intitled, "William Ramſay's Vindication of Aſtrology." This profound author, among many myſtical paſſages, has the following one. 'The abſence of the 'ſun is not the cauſe of night, foraſmuch as his light 'is ſo great that it may illuminate the earth all over 'at once as clear as broad day; but there are tene-

'brificous and dark ſtars, by whoſe influence night is
'brought on, and which do ray out darkneſs and ob-
'ſcurity upon the earth, as the ſun does light.'

I CONSIDER writers in the ſame view this ſage aſtrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are ſtars that ſcatter light, as others do darkneſs. I could mention ſeveral authors who are tenebrificous ſtars of the firſt magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in conſort, and may be looked upon as a dark conſtellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with ſeveral of theſe antiluminaries. I ſuffered them to ray out their darkneſs as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a reſolution of riſing upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the Britiſh hemiſphere.

No. 583. Friday, Auguſt 20.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Ipſe thymum pinoſque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta ſerat late circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipſe labore manum duro terat; ipſe feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.

VIRG. Georg. 4. v. 112.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees;
And with wild thyme and ſav'ry plant the plain;
Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.

DRYDEN.

EVERY ſtation of life has duties which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined by choice to any particular kind of buſineſs, are indeed more happy than thoſe who are determined by neceſſity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either uſeful to themſelves, or beneficial to others; no one of the ſons of Adam ought to think himſelf exempt from that labour and induſtry, which were denounced to our firſt parent, and in him to all his poſterity. Thoſe to whom birth or fortune may ſeem to make ſuch an application unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome calling or profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie as a burden on the ſpecies, and be the only uſeleſs parts of the creation.

MANY of our country gentlemen in their busy hours apply themselves wholly to the chace, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliah, *I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts in the field.*

THOUGH exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

AMONG these I know none more delightful in itself and beneficial to the public, than that of *planting*. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which shew he has been there: he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvments upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden, Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature: it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

PLANTATIONS have one advantage in them which

is not to be found in moſt other works, as they give a pleaſure of a more laſting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finiſhed a building or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you ſee it brought to its utmoſt point of perfection, and from that time haſtening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finiſhed your plantations, they are ſtill arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every ſucceeding year, than they did in the foregoing.

BUT I do not only recommend this art to men of eſtates as a pleaſing amuſement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our poſterity. As for the firſt, I need only mention what is frequently obſerved by others, that the increaſe of foreſt trees does by no means bear a proportion to the deſtruction of them, inſomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loſs to ſupply itſelf with timber ſufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of poſterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and ſelfiſh part of mankind. Moſt people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was preſſed by the ſociety to come into ſomething that might redound to the good of their ſucceſſors, grew very peeviſh; 'We are always doing,' ſays he, 'ſomething for poſterity, but 'I would fain ſee poſterity do ſomething for us.'

BUT I think men are inexcuſable who fail in a duty of this nature, ſince it is ſo eaſily diſcharged. When a man conſiders that the putting a few twigs into the ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own deſcendents eaſy

or rich, by so inconsiderable an expence; if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

THERE is one consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*: which I look upon as a good funeral oration, at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him, in the place where he has lived.

UPON the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue: which, as I have already shewn, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides, that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest part of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every

reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greateſt geniuſes of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have ſpoken on this ſubject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

THIS art ſeems to have been more eſpecially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval ſtate, when he had life enough to ſee his productions flouriſh in their utmoſt beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have ſeen a wood of the talleſt oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a hiſtory which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

No. 584. Monday, Auguſt 23.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum conſumerer ævo.

VIRG. Ecl. 10. v. 42.

Come ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.

DRYDEN.

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom ſome of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when ſhe was but a girl of threeſcore and ten years of age, received the addreſſes of ſeveral who made love to her. Among theſe were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the firſt-born, was maſter of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the ſouthern parts of China. Shalum (which is to ſay the planter in the Chineſe language) poſſeſſed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous ſpirit; Shalum was of a gentle diſpoſition, beloved both by God and man.

IT is ſaid that, among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly ſet upon riches; for which reaſon the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, becauſe of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by ſeveral fountains and ſtreams breaking out of the ſides of that mountain.

HARPATH made ſo quick a diſpatch of his court-

ſhip, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an inſolent temper, laughed to ſcorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was maſter of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This ſo much provoked Shalum, that he is ſaid to have curſed his brother in the bitterneſs of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the ſhadow of it.

FROM this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to croſs it. This river is called to this day, from his name who periſhed in it, the river Harpath, and what is very remarkable, iſſues out of one of thoſe mountains which Shalum wiſhed might fall upon his brother, when he curſed him in the bitterneſs of his heart.

HILPA was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her huſband, having brought him but 50 children, before he was ſnatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought ſo likely to ſucceed in her affections as her firſt lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in thoſe days that a widow ſhould be ſeen by a man within ten years after the deceaſe of her huſband.

SHALUM falling into a deep melancholy, and reſolving to take away that objection which had been raiſed againſt him when he made his firſt addreſſes to Hilpa, began immediately, after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the diviſion of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper ſoil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional ſecrets of

that art from the firſt man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as his amuſement; his mountains were in a few years ſhaded with young trees, that gradually ſhot up into groves, woods, and foreſts, intermixed with walks and lawns, and gardens; inſomuch that the whole region, from a naked and deſolate proſpect, began now to look like a ſecond paradiſe. The pleaſantneſs of the place, and the agreeable diſpoſition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildeſt and wiſeſt of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in ſinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better diſtribution of water through every part of this ſpacious plantation.

THE habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the ſpace of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleaſed with the diſtant proſpect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy ſcenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the fineſt landſkips the eye of man could behold.

THE Chineſe record a letter which Shalum is ſaid to have written to Hilpa, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I ſhall here tranſlate it, without departing from that noble ſimplicity of ſentiments, and plainneſs of manners which appears in the original.

SHALUM was at this time 180 years old, and Hilpa 170.

Shalum, maſter of mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, miſtreſs of the vallies.

In the 788 year of the creation.

'WHAT have I not ſuffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, ſince thou gaveſt thyſelf away in mar-

'riage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the 'fun, and have been ever ſince covering myſelf with 'woods and foreſts. Theſe threeſcore and ten years 'have I bewailed the loſs of thee on the tops of mount 'Tizrah, and ſoothed my melancholy among a thou-'ſand gloomy ſhades of my own raiſing. My dwell-'ings are at preſent as the garden of God; every part 'of them is filled with fruits, and flowers and foun-'tains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy re-'ception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us 'people this ſpot of the world with a beautiful race 'of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among theſe 'delightful ſhades, and fill every quarter of them with 'ſons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter 'of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thouſand 'years; that beauty is but the admiration of a few 'centuries. It flouriſhes as a mountain oak, or as a 'cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four 'hundred years will fade away, and never be thought 'of by poſterity, unleſs a young wood ſprings from 'its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy 'neighbour in the mountains.'

HAVING here inſerted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet doux* now extant, I ſhall in my next paper give the anſwer to it, and the ſequel of this ſtory.

No. 585. Wednesday, August 25.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta—— VIRG. Ecl. 5. v. 63.

The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice. DRYDEN.

The sequel of the story of Shalum and Hilpa.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner.

Hilpa, mistress of the valleys, to Shalum, master of mount Tirzah,

In the 789 year of the creation.

'WHAT have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou 'not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect 'of her green valleys, than thou would be with the 'sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and 'the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in 'thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. 'What though I am delighted with the wavings of 'thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow 'from the top of Tirzah: are these like the riches of 'the valley?

'I KNOW thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and 'happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings

'are among the cedars; thou ſearcheſt out the diver-
'ſity of ſoils, thou underſtandeſt the influences of the
'ſtars, and markeſt the change of ſeaſons. Can a wo-
'man appear lovely in the eyes of ſuch a one? Diſ-
'quiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone that I may
'enjoy thoſe goodly poſſeſſions which are fallen to my
'lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy
'trees increaſe and multiply; mayeſt thou add wood
'to wood, and ſhade to ſhade; but tempt not Hilpa
'to deſtroy thy ſolitude, and make thy retirement po-
'pulous.'

THE Chineſe ſay, that a little time afterwards ſhe accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat laſted for two years, and is ſaid to have coſt Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thouſand oſtriches, and a thouſand tun of milk; but what moſt of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot herbs, in which no perſon then living could any way equal Shalum.

HE treated her in the bower which he had planted amidſt the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of ſuch fruit trees and plants as are moſt agreeable to the ſeveral kinds of ſinging birds; ſo that it had drawn into it all the muſic of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the moſt agreeable concert in ſeaſon.

HE ſhewed her every day ſome beautiful and ſurpriſing ſcene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wiſh for of opening his mind to her, he ſucceeded ſo well, that upon her departure ſhe made him a kind of promiſe, and gave him her word to return him a poſitive anſwer in leſs than fifty years.

SHE had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when ſhe received new overtures, and at

the ſame time a moſt ſplendid viſit from Miſhpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every houſe was made for at leaſt a thouſand years, nay, there were ſome that were leaſed out for three lives; ſo that the quantity of ſtone and timber conſumed in this building is ſcarce to be imagined by thoſe who live in the preſent age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of muſical inſtruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the ſound of the timbrel. He alſo preſented her with ſeveral domeſtic utenſils wrought in braſs and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneaſy with himſelf, and was ſorely diſpleaſed at Hilpa for the reception which ſhe had given to Miſhpach, inſomuch that he never wrote to her or ſpoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourſe went no further than a viſit, he again renewed his addreſſes to her, who, during his long ſilence, is ſaid very often to have caſt a wiſhing eye upon mount Tirzah.

HER mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Miſhpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her intereſt pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unſettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that ſtood in the city of Miſhpach having caught fire by a flaſh of lightening, in a few days reduced the whole town to aſhes. Miſhpach reſolved to rebuilt the place whatever it ſhould coſt him: and having already deſtroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourſe to Shalum, whoſe foreſts were now two hundred years old. He purchaſed theſe woods with ſo many herds of cattle,

and flocks of ſheep, and with ſuch a vaſt extent of fields and paſtures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Miſhpach; and therefore appeared ſo charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that ſhe no longer refuſed him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raiſed a moſt prodigious pile of cedar, and of every ſweet-ſmelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he alſo caſt into the pile bundles of myrrh and ſheaves of ſpikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy ſhrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt offering which Shalum offered in the day of his eſpouſals: the ſmoke of it aſcended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incenſe and perfume.

No. 586. Friday, Auguſt 27.

——*Quæ in vita uſurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæquæ agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in ſomno accidunt.* Cic. de Div.

The things, which employ men's waking thoughts and actions, recur to their imaginations in ſleep.

BY the laſt poſt I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reaſons I ſhall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment.

[*Written by the ingenious Dr* BYROM, *of Manchester, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, who died September*, 1763.]

SIR,

'IT was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras 'gave to his scholars, that every night before they 'slept they should examine what they had been a do-'ing that day, and so discover what actions were wor-'thy of pursuit to-morrow, and what little vices were 'to be prevented from slipping unawares into a habit. 'If I might second the philosopher's advice, it should 'be mine, that in a morning before my scholar arose, 'he should consider what he had been about that 'night, and with the same strictness, as if the condi-'tion he has believed himself to be in was real. Such 'a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of 'considerable advantage, for this reason, because the 'circumstances which a man imagines himself in dur-'ing sleep, are generally such as intirely favour his 'inclinations good or bad, and give him imaginary 'opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so 'that his temper will lie fairly open to his view, while 'he considers how it is moved when free from those 'constraints which the accidents of real life put it un-'der. Dreams are certainly the result of our waking 'thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what 'give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure, and 'such severe touches of pain in its midnight rambles. 'A man that murders his enemy, or deserts his friend 'in a dream, had need to guard his temper against 'revenge and ingratitude, and take heed that he be 'not tempted to do a vile thing in the pursuit of false, 'or the neglect of true honour. For my part, I sel-'dom receive a benefit, but in a night or two's time 'I make most noble returns for it; which though my

'beneſactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleaſes
'me to think that it was from a principle of gratitude
'in me, that my mind was ſuſceptible of ſuch gener-
'ous tranſport while I thought myſelf repaying the
'kindneſs of my friend: and I have often been ready
'to beg pardon, inſtead of returning an injury, after
'conſidering, that when the offender was in my pow-
'er I had carried my reſentment much too far.

'I THINK it has been obſerved in the courſe of your
'papers, how much one's happineſs or miſery may
'depend upon the imagination: of which truth thoſe
'ſtrange workings of fancy in ſleep are no inconſider-
'able inſtances; ſo that not only the advantage a man
'has of making diſcoveries of himſelf, but a regard to
'his own eaſe or diſquiet, may induce him to accept
'of my advice. Such as are willing to comply with
'it, I ſhall put into a way of doing it with pleaſure,
'by obſerving only one maxim which I ſhall give
them, viz. "To go to bed with a mind entirely free
"from paſſion, and a body clear of the leaſt intem-
"perance."

'THEY indeed who can ſink into ſleep with their
'thoughts leſs calm and innocent than they ſhould be,
'do but plunge themſelves into ſcenes of guilt and mi-
'ſery; or they who are willing to purchaſe any mid-
'night diſquietudes for the ſatisfactions of a full meal,
'or a ſkin full of wine; theſe I have nothing to ſay
'to, as not knowing how to invite them to reflexions
'full of ſhame and horror: but thoſe that will ob-
'ſerve this rule, I promiſe them they ſhall awake in-
'to health and chearfulneſs, and be capable of re-
'counting with delight thoſe glorious moments,
'wherein the mind has been indulging itſelf in ſuch
'luxury of thought, ſuch noble hurry of imagina-
'tion. Suppoſe a man's going ſupperleſs to bed ſhould
'introduce him to the table of ſome great prince or
'other, where he ſhall be entertained with the nobleſt

"marks of honour and plenty, and do so much busi-
"ness after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach
"to his breakfast as if he had fasted all night long;
"or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all
"night in great distresses, which he could instantly
"have disingaged them from, could he have been con-
"tent to have gone to bed without the other bottle:
"believe me, these effects of fancy are no contemptible
"consequences of commanding or indulging one's
"appetite.

'I FORBEAR recommending my advice upon many
"other accounts, till I hear how you and your rea-
"ders relish what I have already said; among whom
"if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them,
"because they never dream at all, there may be o-
"thers, perhaps, who do little else all day long. Were
"every one as sensible as I am of what happens to him
"in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we pass-
"ed so considerable a portion of our time in the con-
"dition of stocks and stones, or whether the soul were
"not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought.
"However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to per-
"suade my countrymen to reap some advantage from
"so many unregarded hours; and as such you will
"encourage it.

'I SHALL conclude with giving you a sketch or two
"of my way of proceeding.

'IF I have any business of consequence to do to-
"morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but I am
"in the midst of it; and when awake I consider the
"whole procession of the affair, and get the advan-
"tage of the next day's experience before the sun has
"risen upon it.

'THERE is scarce a great post but what I have some
"time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was
"master of a college, pleases me so well that whene-
"ver there is a province of that nature vacant, I intend
"to step in as soon as I can.

'I HAVE done many things that would not pass ex-
'amination, when I have had the art of flying or be-
'ing invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not
'possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

'LASTLY, Mr SPECTATOR, I have been a great
'correspondent of yours, and have read many of my
'letters in your paper which I never wrote you. If
'you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a
'parcel of visions and other miscellanies in my noctu-
'ary, which I shall send to enrich your paper with on
'proper occasions.

I am, &c.

Oxford, Aug. 20.

JOHN SHADOW.

No. 587. Monday, August 30.

——*Intus, et in cute novi.* PERS. Sat. 3. v. 30.

I know thee to thy bottom: from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin. DRYDEN.

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman, who promised me in the last paper some extracts out of his noctuary.

SIR,

'I WAS the other day reading the life of Mahomet.
'Among many other extravagancies, I find it re-
'corded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of
'his age the angel Gabriel caught him up, while he
'was among his play-fellows, and carrying him aside,

'cut open his breaſt, plucked out his heart, and 'wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which, 'ſay the Turkiſh divines, is contained the *fomes pec-* 'cati, ſo that he was free from ſin ever after. I im- 'mediately ſaid to myſelf, though this ſtory be a fic- 'tion, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would 'every man but apply it to himſelf, and endeavour to 'ſqueeze out of his heart whatever ſins or ill qualities he finds in it.

'WHILE my mind was wholly taken up with this 'contemplation, I inſenſibly fell into a moſt pleaſing 'ſlumber, when methought two porters entered my 'chamber, carrying a large cheſt between them. Af- 'ter having ſet it down in the middle of the room 'they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open 'what was ſent me, when a ſhape like that in which 'we paint our angels, appeared before me, and for- 'bad me. Incloſed, ſaid he, are the hearts of ſeve- 'ral of your friends and acquaintance; but before you 'can be qualified to ſee and animadvert on the fail- 'ings of others, you muſt be pure yourſelf; whereup- 'on he drew out his inciſion-knife, cut me open, took 'out my heart, and began to ſqueeze it. I was in a 'great confuſion, to ſee how many things, which I 'had always cheriſhed as virtues, iſſued out of my 'heart on this occaſion. In ſhort, after it had been 'thoroughly ſqueezed, it looked like an empty blad- 'der, when the phantom breathing a freſh particle of 'divine air into it, reſtored it ſafe to its former repo- 'ſitory; and having ſewed me up, we began to exa- 'mine the cheſt.

'THE hearts were all incloſed in tranſparent phi- 'als, and preſerved in a liquor which looked like ſpi- 'rits of wine. The firſt which I caſt my eye upon, I 'was afraid would have broke the glaſs which con- 'tained it. It ſhot up and down with incredible ſwift- 'neſs, through the liquor in which it ſwam, and very

'frequently bounced againſt the ſide of the phial. The 'fomes, or ſpot in the middle of it, was not large, but 'of a red fiery colour, and ſeemed to be the cauſe of 'theſe violent agitations. That, ſays my inſtructor, 'is the heart of Tom Dreadnought, who behaved 'himſelf well in the late wars, but has for theſe ten 'years laſt paſt been aiming at ſome poſt of honour to 'no purpoſe. He has lately retired into the country, 'where quite choked up with ſpleen and choler, he 'rails at better men than himſelf, and will be for e-'ver uneaſy, becauſe it is impoſſible he ſhould think 'his merit ſufficiently rewarded. The next heart 'that I examined was remarkable for its ſmallneſs: 'it lay ſtill at the bottom of the phial, and I could 'hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *fomes* was 'quite black, and had almoſt diffuſed itſelf over the 'whole heart. This, ſays my interpreter, is the 'heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirſted after any 'thing but money. Notwithſtanding all his endea-'vours, he is ſtill poor. This has flung him into a 'moſt deplorable ſtate of melancholy and deſpair. He 'is a compoſition of envy and idleneſs, hates mankind, 'but gives them their revenge by being more uneaſy 'to himſelf, than to any one elſe.

'THE phial I looked upon next contained a large 'fair heart, which beat very ſtrongly. The *fomes*, 'or ſpot in it was exceeding ſmall; but I could not 'help obſerving, that which way ſoever I turned the 'phial it always appeared uppermoſt, and in the 'ſtrongeſt point of light. The heart you are exa-'mining, ſays my companion, belongs to Will Wor-'thy. He has indeed a moſt noble ſoul, and is poſſeſ-'ſed of a thouſand good qualities. The ſpeck which 'you diſcover is Vanity.

'HERE, ſays the angel, is the heart of Freelove, 'your intimate friend. Freelove and I, ſaid I, are 'at preſent very cold to one another, and I do not care

'for looking into the heart of a man, which I fear is
'overcaſt with rancour. My teacher commanded
'me to look upon it; I did ſo, and to my unſpeak-
'able ſurpriſe, found, that a ſmall ſwelling ſpot,
'which I at firſt took to be ill-will towards me, was
'only paſſion, and that upon my nearer inſpection it
'wholly diſappeared; upon which the phantom told
'me, Freelove was one of the beſt natured men alive.

'THIS, ſays my teacher, is a female heart of your
'acquaintance. I found the *fomes* in it of the larg-
'eſt ſize, and of a hundred different colours, which
'were ſtill varying every moment. Upon my aſking
'to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the
'heart of Coquetilla.

'I SET it down, and drew out another, in which I
'took the *fomes* at firſt ſight to be very ſmall, but was
'amazed to find, that, as I looked ſtedfaſtly upon it, it
'grew ſtill larger. It was the heart of Meliſſa, a not-
'ed prude, who lives the next door to me.

'I SHOW you this, ſays the phantom, becauſe it is
'indeed a rarity, and you have the happineſs to know
'the perſon to whom it belongs. He then put into my
'hands a large cryſtal glaſs, that incloſed an heart, in
'which, though I examined it with the utmoſt nicety,
'I could not perceive any blemiſh. I made no ſcruple
'to affirm that it muſt be the heart of Seraphina, and
'was glad, but not ſurpriſed, to find that it was ſo.
'She is indeed, continued my guide, the ornament, as
'well as the envy, of her ſex; at theſe laſt words, he
'pointed to the hearts of ſeveral of her female acquain-
'tance, which lay in different phials, and had very
'large ſpots in them, all of a deep blue. You are not
'to wonder, ſays he, that you ſee no ſpot in a heart,
'whoſe innocence has been proof againſt all the cor-
'ruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemiſh,
'it is too ſmall to be diſcovered by human eyes.

'I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other

'females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several 'veins, which were twisted together, and made a ve-'ry perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and 'was told that it represented *deceit*.

'I SHOULD have been glad to have examined the 'hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew 'to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, in-'triguing, *&c.* but my interpreter told me, I must let 'that alone till another opportunity, and flung down 'the cover of the chest with so much violence, as im-'mediately awoke me.'

No. 588. Wednesday, September 1.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecilitate est et gratia, et caritas.
Cic. de nat. Deor.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

MAN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable, and as a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to

represent human nature as they do, under characters of disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own; and, if we shall believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever be pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule; 'That 'from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one 'man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself, and considers what he 'doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon 'what grounds; he shall hereby read and know what 'are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon 'the like occasions.' Now we will allow Mr Hobbes to know best how he was inclined: but, in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself, if I thought myself of this unamiable temper, as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man, and, however

checked and overtopped by counter-inclinations that have ſince ſprung up within us, have ſtill ſome force in the worſt of tempers, and a conſiderable influence on the beſt. And, methinks, it is a fair ſtep towards the proof of this, that the moſt beneficent of all beings is he who hath an abſolute fulneſs of perfection in himſelf, who gave exiſtence to the univerſe, and ſo cannot be ſuppoſed to want that which he communicated, without diminiſhing from the plenitude of his own power and happineſs. The philoſophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for placing the gods in a ſtate of the moſt elevated bleſſedneſs, they deſcribe them as ſelfiſh as we poor miſerable mortals can be, and ſhut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the ſcore of their having no need of us. But if he that ſitteth in the heavens wants not us, we ſtand in continual need of him; and, ſurely, next to the ſurvey of the immenſe treaſures of his own mind, the moſt exalted pleaſure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures lately drawn out from the gulf of non-exiſtence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happineſs imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity; ſo, in forming a reaſonable creature, he would not, if poſſible, ſuffer his image to paſs out of his hands unadorned with a reſemblance of himſelf in this moſt lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whoſe love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work ſo unlike himſelf; a creature that ſhould be capable of knowing and converſing with a vaſt circle of objects, and love none but himſelf? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of ſuch a creature, its affections, and its underſtanding? Or could a ſociety of ſuch creatures, with no other bottom but ſelf love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flouriſh? Rea-

ſon, it is certain, would oblige every man to purſue the general happineſs, as the means to procure and eſtabliſh his own; and yet if, beſides this conſideration, there were not a natural inſtinct, prompting men to deſire the welfare and ſatisfaction of others, ſelf-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reaſon, would quickly run all things into a ſtate of war and confuſion. As nearly intereſted as the ſoul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator ſaw it neceſſary, by the conſtant returns of hunger and thirſt, thoſe importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge; knowing, that if we ſhould eat and drink no oftener than cold abſtracted ſpeculation ſhould put us upon theſe exerciſes, and then leave it to reaſon to preſcribe the quantity, we ſhould ſoon refine ourſelves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unleſs carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reaſon, and, like a bias, draw the mind ſtrongly towards it. In order therefore to eſtabliſh a perpetual intercourſe of benefits among mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepoſſeſſion of benevolence, if, as I have ſaid, it were poſſible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impoſſibility! Is it inconſiſtent with ſelf love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is oppoſed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which may be improved as an illuſtration of ſelf-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, anſwering to univerſal benevolence. Is the force of ſelf-love abated, or its intereſt prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a diſtinct principle, is extremely ſerviceable to ſelf love, and then doth moſt ſervice when it is leaſt deſigned.

BUT to deſcend from reaſon to matter of fact; the pity which ariſes on ſight of perſons in diſtreſs, and

the satisfaction of mind, which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflexion we make upon our liableness to the same ill accidents we see befal others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because children and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance, really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but consciousness of a man's having done something praise worthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations, which a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views, be at all more satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving one's self a benefactor to mankind, is the noblest recompence for being so: doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage; notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless selfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst, is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that being seated in the intellectual

part, this laſt, though antecedent to reaſon, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwiſe a virtue than as it is ſo.

THUS have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of, and, after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude, againſt the motto of this paper, that there is ſuch a thing as generoſity in the world. Though if I were under a miſtake in this, I ſhould ſay, as Cicero in relation to the immortality of the ſoul, I willingly err, and ſhould believe it very much for the intereſt of mankind to lie under the ſame deluſion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to diſpirit the mind, and ſinks it into a meanneſs fatal to the godlike zeal of doing good: as, on the other hand, it teaches men to be ungrateful, by poſſeſſing them with a perſuaſion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they beſtow. Now he that baniſhes gratitude from among men, by ſo doing ſtops up the ſtream of beneficence. For though in conferring kindneſſes, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the perſon obliged, and as nothing renders a perſon more unworthy of a benefit, than his being without all reſentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige ſuch a man.

No. 589. Friday, September 3.

Perſequitur ſcelus ille ſuum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeros, adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit—— OVID. Met. l. 8. v. 774.

The impious axe he plies: loud ſtrokes reſound;
'Till dragg'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
The looſen'd tree comes ruſhing to the ground.

S I S,

'I AM ſo great an admirer of trees, that the ſpot of 'ground I have choſen to build a ſmall ſeat upon, in the country, is almoſt in the midſt of a large 'wood. I was obliged, much againſt my will, to cut 'down ſeveral trees, that I might have ſuch a thing 'as a walk in my garden; but then I have taken care 'to leave the ſpace, between every walk, as much a 'wood as I found it The moment you turn either 'to the right or left, you are in a foreſt, where nature 'preſents you with a much more beautiful ſcene than 'could have been raiſed by art.

'INSTEAD of tulips or carnations, I can ſhew you 'oaks in my gardens of four hundred years ſtanding, 'and a knot of elms that might ſhelter a troop of horſe 'from the rain.

'IT is not without the utmoſt indignation, that I 'obſerve ſeveral prodigal young heirs in the neighbourhood, felling down the moſt glorious monuments 'of their anceſtor's induſtry, and ruining, in a day, the 'product of ages.

'I AM mightily pleaſed with your diſcourſe upon 'planting, which put me upon looking into my books

'to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition, that 'Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar, 'and that these three incorporated into one tree, 'which was cut down for the building of the temple 'of Solomon.

'ISIDORUS, who lived in the reign of Constantius, 'assures us, that he saw, even in his time, that famous 'oak in the plains of Mamre, under which Abraham is 'reported to have dwelt, and adds that the people, 'looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserv-'ed it as a sacred tree.

'THE Heathens still went further, and regarded it 'as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees 'which they took to be protected by some deity. The 'story of Erisicthon, the grove of Dodona, and that at 'Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

'IF we consider the machine in Virgil, so much bla-'med by several critics, in this light, we shall hardly 'think it too violent.

'ÆNEAS, when he built his fleet in order to sail for 'Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount 'Ida, which however he durst not do till he had ob-'tained leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicat-'ed. The goddess could not but think herself oblig-'ed to protect these ships, which were made of conse-'crated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, 'and therefore desired Jupiter, that they might not 'be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds. Ju-'piter would not grant this, but promised her, that as 'many as came safe to Italy, should be transformed in-'to goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us was 'accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.

First, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung
A light that ſign'd the heavens, and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſounds,
Both hoſts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutilian may,
With hiſſing brands attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their haulſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.

DRYDEN'S VIRG.

'THE common opinion concerning the nymphs, 'whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to 'the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned. 'It was thought the fate of theſe nymphs had ſo near 'a dependance on ſome trees, more eſpecially oaks, 'that they lived and died together. For this reaſon 'they were extremely grateful to ſuch perſons who pre-'ſerved thoſe trees with which their being ſubſiſted. 'Apollonius tells us a very remarkable ſtory to this 'purpoſe, with which I ſhall conclude my letter.

'A CERTAIN man, called Rhœcus, obſerving an old 'oak ready to fall, and being moved with a ſort of 'compaſſion towards the tree, ordered his ſervants to 'pour in freſh earth at the roots of it, and ſet it up-'right. The Hamadryad or nymph, who muſt ne-

'ceſſarily have periſhed with the tree, appeared to 'him the next day, and after having returned him 'her thanks, told him, ſhe was ready to grant what-'ever he ſhould aſk. As ſhe was extremely beauti-'ful, Rhæcus deſired he might be entertained as her 'lover. The Hamadryad, not much diſpleaſed with 'the requeſt, promiſed to give him a meeting, but 'commanded him for ſome days to abſtain from the 'embraces of all other women, adding that ſhe would 'ſend a bee to him, to let him know when he was to 'be happy. Rhæcus was, it ſeems, too much addict-'ed to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill 'luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; 'ſo that inſtead of minding his kind invitation, he had 'like to have killed him for his pains. The Hama-'dryad was ſo provoked at her own diſappointment, 'and the ill uſage of her meſſenger, that ſhe deprived 'Rhæcus of the uſe of his limbs. However, ſays the 'ſtory, he was not ſo much a cripple, but he made a 'ſhift to cut down the tree, and conſequently to fell 'his miſtreſs.'

No. 590. Monday, September 6.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——————Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum
est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novan-
tur, OVID. Met. l. 15. v. 179.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than streams is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountain still supplies her store;
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new; for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.

DRYDEN.

The following discourse comes from the same hand with the essays upon infinitude.

WE consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infi-

nite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our ſpeculations of infinite ſpace, we conſider that particular place in which we exiſt, as a kind of center to the whole expanſion. In our ſpeculations of eternity, we conſider the time which is preſent to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reaſon many witty authors compare the preſent time to an iſthmus or narrow neck of land that riſes in the midſt of an ocean, immeaſurably diffuſed on either ſide of it.

PHILOSOPHY, and indeed common ſenſe, naturally throws eternity under two diviſions; which we may call in Engliſh, that eternity which is paſt, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *æternitas a parte ante*, and *æternitas a parte poſt*, may be more amuſing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by thoſe words, an eternity that is paſt, and an eternity that is to come. Each of theſe eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

LET us firſt of all conſider that eternity which is paſt, reſerving that which is to come for the ſubject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reaſon demonſtrates to us that it has been, but at the ſame time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with abſurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is paſt, than that all of it was once preſent; and whatever was once preſent, is at ſome certain diſtance from us, and whatever is at any certain diſtance from us, be the diſtance never ſo remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's being paſt, implies that it was once preſent; for the idea of being once preſent, is actually included in the idea of being paſt. This therefore is a depth not to be ſounded by human underſtanding. We are ſure

that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourſelves when we meaſure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

IF we go to the bottom of this matter, we ſhall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this ſingle reaſon, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourſelves, and all other created beings, do exiſt; which is, a ſucceſſive duration, made up of paſt, preſent, and to come. There is nothing which exiſts after this manner, all the parts of whoſe exiſtence were not once actually preſent, and conſequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may aſcend as high as we pleaſe, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the ſame time we are ſure, that whatever was once preſent, does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpoſe. We may as well ſay, that any thing may be actually preſent in any part of infinite ſpace, which does not lie at a certain diſtance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually preſent, and does not alſo lie at ſome determined diſtance from us. The diſtance in both caſes may be immeaſurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reaſon tells us that it cannot be ſo in itſelf. Here therefore is that difficulty which human underſtanding is not capable of ſurmounting. We are ſure that ſomething muſt have exiſted from eternity, and are at the ſame time unable to conceive, that any thing which exiſts according to our notion of exiſtence, can have exiſted from eternity.

IT is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this

thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

HAVING thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

FIRST, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

SECONDLY, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

THIRDLY, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

FOURTHLY, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, the ancient of days, who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I KNOW that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretend-

ed to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr Cowley alludes in his description of heaven.

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal NOW does always last.

FOR my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he intitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that *I am hath sent you*. Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence; and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists, whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I SHALL conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves, and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adopt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary? especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul,

than to be expreſſed by words. The ſupreme Being has not given us powers or faculties ſufficient to extol and magnify ſuch unutterable goodneſs.

IT is however ſome comfort to us, that we ſhall be always doing what we ſhall never be able to do, and that a work which cannot be finiſhed, will however be the work of an eternity.

No 591. Wedneſday, September 8.

——Tenerorum luſor amorum.

OVID. Triſt. eleg. 3. l. 3. v. 73.

Love the ſoft ſubject of his ſportive muſe.

ADDISON.

I HAVE juſt received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has obſerved, with no ſmall concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love; a ſubject which, when agreeably handled, can ſcarce fail of being well received by both ſexes.

IF my invention therefore ſhould be almoſt exhauſted on this head, he offers to ſerve under me in the quality of a Love caſuiſt; for which place he conceives himſelf to be thoroughly qualified, having made this paſſion his principal ſtudy, and obſerved it in all its different ſhapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

HE aſſures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not

doubt of giving judgment to the ſatisfaction of the parties concerned, on the moſt nice and intricate caſes which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers muſt be before it amounts to a ſqueeze by the hand.

WHAT can be properly termed an abſolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

WHAT advances a lover may preſume to make, after having received a pat upon his ſhoulder from his miſtreſs's fan.

WHETHER a lady, at the firſt interview, may allow an humble ſervant to kiſs her hand.

How far it may be permitted to careſs the maid in order to ſucceed with the miſtreſs.

WHAT conſtructions a man may put upon a ſmile, and in what caſes a frown goes for nothing.

ON what occaſions a ſheepiſh look may do ſervice, &c.

As a farther proof of his ſkill, he has alſo ſent me ſeveral maxims in love, which he aſſures me are the reſult of a long and profound reflexion, ſome of which I think myſelf obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have ſeen them before in any author.

'THERE are more calamities in the world ariſing 'from love than from hatred.

'LOVE is the daughter of idleneſs, but the mother 'of diſquietude.

'MEN of grave natures (ſays Sir Francis Bacon) are 'the moſt conſtant; for the ſame reaſon men ſhould be 'more conſtant than women.

'THE gay part of mankind is moſt amorous, the ſe-'rious moſt loving.

'A COQUETTE often loſes her reputation, while ſhe 'preſerves her virtue.

'A PRUDE often preſerves her reputation when ſhe 'has loſt her virtue.

'LOVE refines a man's behaviour, but makes a wo-
'man's ridiculous.

'LOVE is generally accompanied with good-will in
'the young, intereſt in the middle aged, and a paſſion
'too groſs to name in the old.

'THE endeavours to revive a decaying paſſion ge-
'nerally extinguiſh the remains of it.

'A WOMAN who from being a flattern becomes o-
'ver-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a flattern,
'is moſt certainly in love.'

I SHALL make uſe of this gentleman's ſkill as I ſee occaſion; and ſince I am got upon the ſubject of love, ſhall conclude this paper with a copy of verſes which were lately ſent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of ſonneteers.

THE author tells me they were written in one of his deſpairing fits; and, I find, entertains ſome hope that his miſtreſs may pity ſuch a paſſion as he has deſcribed, before ſhe knows that ſhe is herſelf Corinna.

CONCEAL, fond man, conceal thy mighty ſmart,
Nor tell Corinna ſhe has fir'd thy heart.
In vain wouldſt thou complain, in vain pretend
To aſk a pity which ſhe muſt not lend.
She's too much thy ſuperior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy paſſion die.
Languiſh in ſecret, and with dumb ſurpriſe
Drink the reſiſtleſs glances of her eyes.
At awful diſtance entertain thy grief:
Be ſtill in pain, but never aſk relief.
Ne'er tempt her ſcorn of thy conſuming ſtate;
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.
Thou muſt ſubmit to ſee thy charmer bleſs
Some happier youth that ſhall admire her leſs;

Who in that lovely form, that heav'nly mind,
Shall miſs ten thouſand beauties thou couldſt find;
Who with low fancy ſhall approach her charms,
While half enjoy'd ſhe ſinks into his arms.
She knows not, muſt not know, thy nobler fire,
Whom ſhe, and whom the muſes do inſpire;
Her image only ſhall thy breaſt employ,
And fill thy captiv'd ſoul with ſhades of joy;
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day;
And never, never from thy boſom ſtray.

No. 592. Friday, September 10.

[By Mr ADDISON]

———*Studium ſine divite vena.*

HOR. Ars poet. v. 409.

Art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein.

FRANCIS.

I LOOK upon the playhouſe as a world within itſelf. They have lately furniſhed the middle region of it with a new ſet of meteors, in order to give the ſublime to many modern tragedies. I was there laſt winter, at the firſt rehearſal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and ſonorous than any hitherto made uſe of. They have a Salmoneus behind the ſcenes, who plays it off with great ſucceſs. Their lightnings are made to flaſh more briſkly than heretofore: their clouds are alſo better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not a mention a violent ſtorm loo-

ked up in a great cheſt, that is deſigned for the Tempeſt. They are alſo provided with above a dozen ſhowers of ſnow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unſucceſsful poets artificially cut and ſhreaded for that uſe. Mr Rymer's Edgar is to fall in ſnow at the next acting of king Lear, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the diſtreſs of that unfortunate prince; and to ſerve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written againſt.

I DO not indeed wonder that the actors ſhould be ſuch profeſſed enemies to thoſe among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, ſince it is a rule among theſe gentlemen, to fall upon a play, not becauſe it is ill written, but becauſe it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, muſt of neceſſity be good for nothing; as though the firſt precept in poetry were *not to pleaſe*. Whether this rule holds good or not, I ſhall leave to the determination of thoſe who are better judges than myſelf; if it does, I am ſure it tends very much to the honour of thoſe gentlemen who have eſtabliſhed it; few of their pieces having been diſgraced by a run of three days, and moſt of them being ſo exquiſitely written that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great eſteem for a true critic, ſuch as Ariſtotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune, that ſome who ſet up for profeſſed critics among us are ſo ſtupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal ſo illiterate, that they have no taſte of the learned languages, and therefore criticiſe upon old authors only at ſecond hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions

they have of the authors themſelves. The words unity, action, ſentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, becauſe they are unintelligible. The antient critics are full of the praiſes of their contemporaries; they diſcover beauties which eſcaped the obſervation of the vulgar, and very often find out reaſons for palliating and excuſing ſuch little ſlips and overſights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, moſt of the ſmatterers in criticiſm who appear among us, make it their buſineſs to villify and depreciate every new production that gains applauſe, to deſcry imaginary blemiſhes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what paſs for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In ſhort, the writings of theſe critics compared with thoſe of the ancients, are like the works of the ſophiſts compared with thoſe of the old philoſophers.

ENVY and cavil are the natural fruits of lazineſs and ignorance; which was probably the reaſon, that in the Heathen mythology Momus is ſaid to be the ſon of Nox and Somnus, of darkneſs and ſleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accompliſh or diſtinguiſh themſelves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very ſubject to decry thoſe beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to diſcover. Many of our ſons of Momus, who dignify themſelves by the name of critics, are the genuine deſcendants of thoſe two illuſtrious anceſtors. They are often led into thoſe numerous abſurdities, in which they daily inſtruct the people, by not conſidering that, 1*ſt*, There is ſometimes a greater judgment ſhewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, 2*dly*, That there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant

of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but ſcrupulouſly obſerves them.

FIRST, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithſtanding chuſe to depart from them on extraordinary occaſions. I could give inſtances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have ſhewn their judgment in this particular, and purpoſely receded from an eſtabliſhed rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the obſervation of ſuch a rule would have been. Thoſe who have ſurveyed the nobleſt pieces of architecture and ſtatuary both antient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greateſt maſters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often ariſes from what the Italians call the *guſto grande* in theſe arts, which is what we call the ſublime in writing.

IN the next place, our critics do not ſeem ſenſible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in thoſe of a little genius who knows and obſerves them. It is of theſe men of genius that Terence ſpeaks, in oppoſition to the little artificial cavillers of his time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.

Whoſe negligence he would rather imitate, than thoſe men's obſcure diligence.

A CRITIC may have the ſame conſolation in the ill

ſucceſs of his play, as Dr South tells a phyſician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *ſecundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakeſpear is a ſtumbling-block to the whole tribe of theſe rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a ſingle rule of the ſtage obſerved, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated! Shakeſpear was indeed born with all the ſeeds of poetry, and may be compared to the ſtone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

No. 593. Monday, September 13.

Quale per incertam lunam ſub luce maligna
Eſt iter in ſylvis—— VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 270.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.

DRYDEN.

MY dreaming correſpondent, Mr Shadow, has ſent me a ſecond letter, with ſeveral curious obſervations on dreams in general, and the method to render ſleep improving: an extract of this letter will not, I preſume, be diſagreeable to my readers.

[By Dr BYROM of Manchester.]

'SINCE we have ſo little time to ſpare, that none 'of it may be loſt, I ſee no reaſon why we ſhould 'neglect to examine thoſe imaginary ſcenes we are 'preſented with in ſleep, only becauſe they have a leſs 'reality in them than our waking meditations. A 'traveller would bring his judgment in queſtion, who 'ſhould deſpiſe the directions of his map for want of 'real roads in it, becauſe here ſtands a dot inſtead 'of a town, or a cypher inſtead of a city; and it muſt 'be a long day's journey to travel through two or 'three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much ſuch 'another landſkip of life as that does of countries, and 'though its appearances may ſeem ſtrangely jumbled 'together, we may often obſerve ſuch traces and foot-'ſteps of noble thoughts, as, if carefully purſued,

'might lead us into a proper path of action. There 'is so much rapture and ecstasy in our fanced bliss, 'and something so dismal and shocking in our fanci- 'ed misery, that though the inactivity of the body 'has given occasion for calling sleep the image of 'death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong 'intimation of something within us that can never 'die.

'I HAVE wondered, that Alexander the Great, who 'came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his 'parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dream- 'ing, should often say, 'That sleep was one thing "which made him sensible he was mortal.' I who 'have not such fields of action in the day-time to di- 'vert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive, 'that in those operations of the mind, while the body 'is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception 'very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of 'the force of that divine part in our composition 'which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt 'but had we a true account of the wonders the hero 'last mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquer- 'ing this little globe would hardly be worth mention- 'ing. I may affirm, without vanity, that when I 'compare several actions in Quintus Curtius with some 'others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater he- 'ro of the two.'

I SHALL close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

IT is certain the imagination may be ſo differently affected in ſleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or puniſhed with a little age of happineſs or miſery. St Auſtin was of opinion, that if in paradiſe there was the ſame viciſſitude of ſleeping and waking as in the preſent world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

AND ſo far at preſent our dreams are in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts, ſo that it is not impoſſible to convey ourſelves to a concert of muſic, the converſation of diſtant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

MY readers, by applying theſe hints, will find the neceſſity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wiſh themſelves a good night.

I HAVE often conſidered Marcia's parayer, and Lucia's account of Cato, in this light.

Marc. O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul,
With eaſy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And ſhew mankind that goodneſs is your care.
Luc. Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have ſeen thy god-like father:
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, Cæſar, thou canſt not hurt me.

MR Shadow acquaints me in a poſtſcript, that he has no manner of title to the viſion which ſucceeded his firſt letter; but adds, that as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very ſenſibly, he ſhall be glad to meet him

ſome night or other, under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of ſleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

No. 594. Wedneſday, September 15.

——Abſentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger eſt: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

HOR. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 81.

He, who malignant tears an abſent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend;
Who trivial burſts of laughter ſtrives to raiſe,
And courts of prating petulance the praiſe;
Of things he never ſaw who tells his tale,
And friendſhip's ſecrets knows not to conceal,
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His ſoul is black, as his complexion's dark.

FRANCIS.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we ſhould find that a great part of them proceed from thoſe calumnies and reproaches which we ſpread abroad concerning one another.

THERE is ſcarce a man living who is not, in ſome degree, guilty of this offence; though at the ſame time, however we treat one another, it muſt be confeſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of the per-

ſons who are notoricus for this practice. It generally takes its riſe either from an ill will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourſelves eſteemed, an oſtentation of wit, and vanity of being in the ſecrets of the world, or from a deſire of gratifying any of theſe diſpoſitions of mind in thoſe perſons with whom we converſe.

THE publiſher of ſcandal is more or leſs odious to mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe reports, he ought to conſider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the perſon at whom they are aimed. The injury is the ſame though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himſelf with too much indulgence, when he paſſes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and, at the ſame time ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and ſearch into his own heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil diſpoſition of mind which I am here mentioning.

FIRST of all, Let him conſider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

SECONDLY, Whether he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good natured ſide.

THIRDLY, Whether he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

THESE are the ſeveral ſteps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into ſlander and defamation.

IN the firſt place a man who takes delight in hear-

ing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches that are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightned and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

IN the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

SUCH a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales, Falsehood is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.

THE fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded with a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man ſhould examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a ſecret inclination to propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

When the diſeaſe of the mind, which I have hitherto been ſpeaking of, ariſes to this degree of malignity, it diſcovers itſelf in its worſt ſymptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt upon the guilt in this laſt particular, which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever pleaſure any man may take in ſpreading whiſpers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater ſatisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the ſecret die within his own breaſt.

No. 595. Friday, September 17.

——Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

HOR. Ars poet. v. 12.

" Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
" Their daring equal, and their art the ſame."
I own th' indulgence——Such I give and take;
But not through nature's ſacred rules to break,
Monſtrous to mix the cruel and the kind,
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tygers join'd.

FRANCIS.

IF ordinary authors would condeſcend to write as they think, they would at leaſt be allowed the praiſe of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the ſtudied ornaments of ſtile, perfectly diſguiſe the little ſenſe they aim at. There is a grievance of this ſort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for ſome time reſolved to redreſs, and accordingly I have ſet this day apart for juſtice. What I mean is the *mixture of inconſiſtent metaphors*, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

IN order to ſet this matter in a clear light to every reader, I ſhall in the firſt place obſerve, that a metaphor is a ſimile in one word, which ſerves to convey the thoughts of the mind under reſemblances and images which affect the ſenſes. There is not any thing in the world, which may not be compared to ſeveral things, if conſidered in ſeveral diſtinct lights; or, in

other words, the ſame thing may be expreſſed by different metaphors. But the miſchief is, that an unſkilful auther ſhall run theſe metaphors ſo abſurdly into one another, that there ſhall be no ſimile, no agreeable picture, no apt reſemblance, but confuſion, obſcurity, and noiſe. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the ſea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuouſity, courage, or force. But by bad management it hath ſo happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed its banks; the lion hath been darted through the ſkies, and the billows have rolled out of the Lybian deſart.

THE abſurdity in this inſtance is obvious. And yet every time that claſhing metaphors are put together, this fault is committed more or leſs. It hath already been ſaid, that metaphors are images of things which affect the ſenſes. An image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the ſight, cannot without violence, be applied to the hearing; and ſo of the reſt. It is no leſs an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical ſtate which it could not do in its original. I ſhall illuſtrate what I have ſaid by an inſtance which I have read more than once in controverſial writers. *The heavy laſhes*, ſaith a celebrated author, *that have dropped from your pen*, &c. I ſuppoſe this gentleman having frequently heard of *gall dropping from a pen*, and *being laſhed in a ſatire*, he was reſolved to have them both at any rate, and ſo uttered this complete piece of nonſenſe. It will moſt effectually diſcover the abſurdity of theſe monſtrous unions, if we will ſuppoſe theſe metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and ſeveral laſhes of whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true repreſentation of this ſort of eloquence. I believe by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatſoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and

which heterogeneous; or, to ſpeak more plainly, which are conſiſtent, and which inconſiſtent.

THERE is yet one evil more which I muſt take notice of, and that is the running of metaphors into tedious allegories, which, tho' an error on the better hand, cauſes confuſion, as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the luſtre of one word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his ſubject for a page together. I remember a young fellow of this turn, who having ſaid by chance, that his miſtreſs had a world of charms, thereupon took occaſion to conſider her as one poſſeſſed of frigid and torrid zones, and purſued her from the one pole to the other.

I SHALL conclude this paper with a letter written in that enormous ſtile, which I hope my reader hath by this time ſet his heart againſt. The epiſtle hath heretofore received great applauſe; but after what hath been ſaid, let any man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'AFTER the many heavy *laſhes* that have fallen 'from your *pen*, you may juſtly expect in return 'all the *load* that my *ink* can lay upon your ſhoul-'ders. You have *quartered* all the foul *language* up-'on me that could be *raked* out of the air of Billingſ-'gate, without knowing who I am, or whether I de-'ſerve to be *cupped* and *ſcarified* at this rate. I tell 'you once for all, turn your *eyes* where you pleaſe, 'you ſhall never ſmell me out. Do you think that 'the *panics*, which you ſow about the pariſh, will e-'ver *build* a monument to your glory? No, Sir, you 'may *fight* theſe battles as long as you will, but when 'you come to *balance* the account, you will find that 'you have been *fiſhing* in troubled waters, and that

'an *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that in-
'deed you have *built* upon a ſandy foundation, and
'brought your *hogs* to a fair market.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

No. 596. Monday, Septrember 20.

Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis.

OVID. Ep. 15. v. 79.

Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move. POPE.

THE caſe of my correſpondent, who ſends me the following letter, has ſomewhat in it ſo very whimſical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

'I AM fully convinced that there is not upon earth
'a more impertinent creature than an importunate
'lover: we are daily complaining of the ſeverity of
'our fate to people who are wholly unconcerned in it;
'and hourly improving a paſſion, which we would
'perſuade the world is the torment of our lives. Not-
'withſtanding this reflexion, Sir, I cannot forbear ac-
'quainting you with my own caſe. You muſt know
'then, Sir, that even from my childhood, the moſt
'prevailing inclination I could perceive in myſelf, was
'a ſtrong deſire to be in favour with the fair ſex. I am

'at present in the one and twentieth year of my age,
'and should have made choice of a she bed-fellow ma-
'ny years since, had not my father, who has a pret-
'ty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the
'world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it
'down as a maxim, That nothing spoils a young fel-
'low's fortune so much as marrying early; and that
'no man ought to think of wedlock till six and twen-
'ty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I
'thought it in vain to apply myself to women of con-
'dition, who expect settlements; so that all my a-
'mours have hitherto been with ladies who had no
'fortunes; but I know not how to give you so good
'an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of
'my life.

'I CAN very well remember, that at my school mi-
'stress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for
'joining myself with the miss who *lay in*, and was
'constantly one of the first to make a party in the
'play of *husband and wife*. This passion for being
'well with the females still increased as I advanced in
'years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many
'quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for
'the partner I liked best, that upon a ball-night be-
'fore our mothers made their appearance, I was u-
'sually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a
'discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of
'softness to a school of discipline, where I learned La-
'tin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this
'place, till it was thought convenient to send me to
'the university; though, to confess the truth, I should
'not have arrived so soon at that seat of learning, but
'from the discovery of an intrigue between me and
'my master's housekeeper; upon whom I had employ-
'ed my rhetoric so effectually, that, though she was
'a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to con-
'sent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I

'found logic so dry, that, instead of giving attention 'to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. 'My first amour was with a pretty girl, whom I shall 'call Parthenope: her mother sold ale by the town-'wall. Being often caught there by the Proctor, I 'was forced at last, that my mistress's reputation 'might receive no blemish, to confess that my ad-'dresses were honourable. Upon this I was immedi-'ately sent home; but Parthenope soon after marry-'ing a shoemaker, I was again suffered to return. My 'next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who de-'serted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my 'complaining to one of my particular friends of this 'misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my 'calamity, and asked me with a smile, Where the nee-'dle should turn but to the pole? After this I was 'deeply in love with a millener, and at last with my 'bed-maker, upon which I was sent away, or, in the 'university-phrase, rusticated for ever.

'UPON my coming home, I settled to my studies so 'heartily, and contracted so great a reservedness by 'being kept from the company I most affected, that 'my father thought he might venture me at the 'temple.

'WITHIN a week after my arrival I began to shine 'again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty 'creature, who had every thing but money to recom-'mend her. Having frequent opportunities of utter-'ing all the soft things which an heart formed for 'love could inspire me with, I soon gained her con-'sent to treat of marriage; but, unfortunately for us 'all, in the absence of my charmer, I usually talked 'the same language to her elder sister, who is also ve-'ry pretty. Now, I assure you, Mr SPECTATOR, this 'did not proceed from any real affection I had con-'ceived for her; but being a perfect stranger to the 'conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associ-

'ciate with the women, I knew no other language 'but that of love. I ſhould however be very much 'obliged to you, if you could free me from the per-'plexity I am at preſent in. I have ſent word to my 'old gentleman in the country, that I am deſperately 'in love with the younger ſiſter; and her father, who 'knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the 'ſame poſt, that I had for ſome time made my ad-'dreſſes to the elder. Upon this old Teſty ſends me up 'word, that he has heard ſo much of my exploits, 'that he intends immediately to order me to the South 'Sea. Sir, I have occaſionally talked ſo much of dy-'ing, that I begin to think there is not much in it; 'and if the old ſquire perſiſts in his deſign, I do here-'by give him notice that I am providing myſelf with 'proper inſtruments for the deſtruction of deſpairing 'lovers; let him therefore look to it, and conſider 'that by his obſtinacy he may himſelf loſe the ſon of 'his ſtrength, the world an hopeful lawyer, my mi-'ſtreſs a paſſionate lover, and you, Mr SPECTATOR,

Your conſtant admirer,

Middle-Temple,
Sept. 18.

JEREMY LOVEMORE.

No. 597. Wednesday, September 22.

——Mens ſine pondere ludit. PETR.

The mind uncumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, ſeveral of my correſpondents have been pleaſed to ſend me an account how they have been employed in ſleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonſhine in the brain. I ſhall lay before my readers an abridgment of ſome few of their extravagancies, in hopes that they will in time accuſtom themſelves to dream a little more to the purpoſe.

ONE, who ſtiles himſelf Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconſtancy, and does not uſe him with half the kindneſs which the ſincerity of his paſſion may demand; the ſaid Gladio having by valour and ſtratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monſters, knights, *&c.* without number, and expoſed himſelf to all manner of dangers for her ſake and ſafety. He deſires in his poſtſcript to know, whether, from a conſtant ſucceſs in them, he may not promiſe himſelf to ſucceed in her eſteem at laſt.

ANOTHER who is very prolix in his narrative writes me word, that having ſent a venture beyond ſea, he took occaſion one night to fancy himſelf gone along with it, and grown on a ſudden the richeſt man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a guſt of wind that forced open his caſement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking

at ſix o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left ſide in order to a ſecond voyage; but ere he could get on ſhipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for ſtealing a horſe, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if ſome body ſtepping haſtily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr Shadow's advice, who, I dare ſay, would bid him be content to riſe after his firſt nap, and learn to be ſatisfied as ſoon as nature is.

THE next is a public ſpirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the ſecond of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to aſhes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the new river on his back, and happily extinguiſhed the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A LETTER dated September the ninth acquaints me, that the writer being reſolved to try his fortune, had faſted all that day; and that he might be ſure of dreaming upon ſomething at night, procured an handſome ſlice of bride-cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon ſearch reduced to a few crumbs, he is reſolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may poſſibly be ſomewhat of truth in them.

I HAVE received numerous complaints from ſeveral delicious dreamers, deſiring me to invent ſome method of ſilencing thoſe noiſy ſlaves, whoſe occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of miſchief, and working ſtrange

confuſion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me, how often they have been ſhook from their reſpective thrones by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheel barrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vaſt eſtates by fellows not worth three-pence. A fair lady was juſt upon the point of being married to a young, handſome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker paſſing by forbid the banns; and an hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobler to reſign all for an old ſong. It has been repreſented to me, that thoſe inconſiderable raſcals do nothing but go about diſſolving of marriages, and ſpoiling of fortunes, impoveriſhing rich, and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midſt of their conqueſts, and generals in the courſe of their victories. A boiſterous peripatetic hardly goes through a ſtreet without waking half a dozen kings and princes to open their ſhops or clean ſhoes, frequently transforming ſceptres into paring ſhovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young ſtateſman, who in five or ſix hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the great Turk, routed him horſe and foot, and was crowned lord of the univerſe in Conſtantinople: the concluſion of all his ſucceſſes is, that on the 12th inſtant, about ſeven in the morning, his imperial majeſty was depoſed by a chimney-ſweeper.

ON the other hand, I have epiſtolary teſtimonies of gratitude from many miſerable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A ſmall coal-man, by waking of one of theſe diſtreſſed gentlemen, ſaved him from ten years impriſonment. An honeſt watchman bidding a loud

good morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy, that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

INSTEAD therefore of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

PEOPLE may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures, that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, till after a strange run of ill luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone; which last proved a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition

of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oniroeritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagancies, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordinacy to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

No. 598. Friday, September 24.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?

JUV. Sat. 10. v. 28.

Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end pūrſued by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.

DRYDEN.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the ſerious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the ſpecies, ſo long as they keep their reſpective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroſeneſs, and in the other to a fantaſtic levity.

THE merry part of the world are very amiable, whilſt they diffuſe a chearfulneſs through converſation at proper ſeaſons and on proper occaſions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to ſociety, when they infect every diſcourſe with inſipid mirth, and turn into ridicule ſuch ſubjects as are not ſuited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philoſophers as the property of reaſon, the exceſs of it has been always conſidered as the mark of folly.

ON the other ſide ſerioufneſs has its beauty, whilſt it is attended with chearfulneſs and humanity, and

does not come in unſeaſonably to pall the good humour of thoſe with whom we converſe.

THESE two ſets of men, notwithſtanding they each of them ſhine in their reſpective characters, are apt to bear a natural averſion and antipathy to one another.

WHAT is more uſual than to hear men of ſerious tempers and auſtere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the ſpecies; whilſt they look with a kind of horror upon ſuch pomps and diverſions as are innocent in themſelves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I COULD not but ſmile upon reading a paſſage in the account which Mr Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he repreſents it as a great bleſſing, that in his youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a place at court.

IT muſt indeed be confeſſed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a paſs to his ſoul for any temptation that aſſaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the reſiſtance of virtue. For which reaſon a renowned ſtateſman in Queen Eliſabeth's days, after having retired from court and public buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this word of advice in his mouth, *Be ſerious*.

AN eminent Italian author of this caſt of mind, ſpeaking of the great advantage of a ſerious and compoſed temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his poſſeſſion; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houſes and Bridewells in Europe.

WE have a very particular deſcription of this cave in Pauſanias, who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumſtances, which diſpoſed the perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary; in-

ſomuch that no man was ever obſerved to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was uſual in thoſe times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloomineſs in his features, to tell him that he looked like one juſt come out of Trophonius's cave.

ON the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no leſs ſevere on the oppoſite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

AFTER all, if a man's temper was at his own diſpoſal, I think he would not chuſe to be of either of theſe parties; ſince the moſt perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chuſe to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not ſo miſerable, as that we ſhould be always melancholy; nor ſo happy, as that we ſhould be always merry. In a word, a man ſhould not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the ſame time, as if there were no men in it.

No. 599. Monday, September 27.

——*Ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor—— VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 369.

All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears.
DRYDEN.

IT has been my cuſtom, as I grew old, to allow myſelf in ſome little indulgences which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three laſt years paſt. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and riſe twice a-day freſh to my ſpeculations. It happens very luckily for me, that ſome of my dreams have proved inſtructive to my countrymen, ſo that I may be ſaid to ſleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yeſterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius. I was no ſooner fallen into my uſual ſlumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my poſſeſſion, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a ſerious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately reſorted to me. The firſt who made the experiment was a Merry Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring juſtice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor Pickleherring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a moſt rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching

for his return, aſked him, with a ſmile, how he liked the place? He replied, Prithee, friend, be not impertinent; and ſtalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then deſired me to give free ingreſs and egreſs to his wife, who was dreſſed in the gayeſt coloured ribbons I had ever ſeen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a ſmirking countenance, but came out with the ſeverity of a veſtal, and throwing from her ſeveral female gewgaws, told me with a ſigh, that ſhe reſolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the reſt of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their huſbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, deſiring them to divert themſelves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had ſeen a ſolemn proceſſion of religious marching out, one behind another, in the moſt profound ſilence and the moſt exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with ſo edifying a ſight, there came towards me a great company of males and females laughing, ſinging, and dancing, in ſuch a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I ſaw them. Upon my aſking their leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were French Proteſtants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that finding themſelves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themſelves to me in order to compoſe them for Britiſh converſation. I told them, that to oblige them I would ſoon ſpoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole ſhoal of them, who, after having taken a ſurvey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely Engliſh. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to ſee the Kelder, as he called it, but I could not obſerve that it had made any manner of alteration in him.

A COMEDIAN who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me, that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he ſhould ſucceed very well in it, if he could ſtrike two or three laughing features out of his face: he tried the experiment, but contracted ſo very ſolid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a *Timon of Athens*, or a mute in *The Funeral*.

I THEN clapt up an empty fantaſtic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was ſucceeded by a young rake of the Middle temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but to her great ſorrow and ſurpriſe, he came out a *Quāker*. Seeing myſelf ſurrounded with a body of *Freethinkers*, and ſcoffers at religion, who were making themſelves merry at the ſober looks and thoughtful brows of thoſe who had been in the cave; I thruſt them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked, as if they had been frighted out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within ſight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themſelves in their firſt ſerious thoughts; but knowing theſe would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the cuſtody of their friends till that happy change was wrought in them.

THE laſt that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the firſt ſight of my ſhort face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her ſides all the while her mother was ſpeaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and taking her daughter by the hand, Madam, ſaid I, be pleaſed to retire into my cloſet, while your mother tells me your caſe. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeneſs, told me, that ſhe often treated her father and the graveſt of her relations in the ſame manner;

that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance, and a low curtsy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and moving posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

No. 600. Wednesday September 29.

[By Mr ADDISON.]

——*Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.*

VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 641.

Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE always taken a particular pleaſure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the ſoul, and the ſtate of happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reaſon, or tradition from our firſt parents, has diſcovered to all people ſomething in theſe great points which bear analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately diſcourſing on this ſubject with a learned perſon, who has been very much converſant among the inhabitants of the more weſtern parts of Afric. Upon his converſing with ſeveral in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future ſtate of happineſs, is this, that every thing we there wiſh for will immediately preſent itſelf to us. We find, ſay they, our ſouls are of ſuch a nature, that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the ſame objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taſte of happineſs which he has planted in the ſoul of man, will raiſe up from time to time, ſay they,

every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleaſed with. If we wiſh to be in groves or bowers, among running ſtreams or falls of water, we ſhall immediately find ourſelves in the midſt of ſuch a ſcene as we deſire. If we would be entertained with muſic and the melody of ſounds, the concert ariſes upon our wiſh, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In ſhort, every deſire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be preſent with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wiſhes, or whether he only produces ſuch a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourſelves converſant among thoſe ſcenes which delight us. Our happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithſtanding this ſyſtem of belief be in general very chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime in its manner of conſidering the influence of a Divine Being on a human ſoul. It has alſo, like moſt other opinions of the Heathen world upon theſe important points, it has I ſay, its foundation in truth, as it ſuppoſes the ſouls of good men after this life to be in a ſtate of perfect happineſs, that in this ſtate there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitleſs wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular circumſtance which I am moſt pleaſed with in this ſcheme, and which ariſes from a juſt reflexion upon human nature, is that variety of pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the ſouls of good men will be poſſeſſed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reaſon and revelation. The ſoul conſiſts of many faculties, as the underſtanding, and the will, with all the ſenſes, both outward and inward; or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, the ſoul can exert herſelf in ma-

ny different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects: she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Dr Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life; it is not impossible, according to the opinion of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice, that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless

and unemployed. The happineſs is to be the happineſs of the whole man, and we may eaſily conceive to ourſelves the happineſs of the ſoul, whilſt any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happineſs may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is ſo; but as the whole ſoul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole ſoul is happy in the pleaſure which ariſes from any of its particular acts. For notwithſtanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greateſt modern philoſophers, we divide the ſoul into ſeveral powers and faculties, there is no ſuch diviſion in the ſoul itſelf, ſince it is the whole ſoul that remembers, underſtands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of conſidering the memory, underſtanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to expreſs ourſelves in ſuch abſtracted ſubjects of ſpeculation, not that there is any ſuch diviſion in the ſoul itſelf.

SEEING then that the ſoul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intenſely pleaſed, or made happy by all theſe different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with ſeveral latent faculties. which it is not at preſent in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the ſoul is endowed with any faculty which is of no uſe to it; that whenever any one of theſe faculties is tranſcendently pleaſed, the ſoul is in a ſtate of happineſs; and in the laſt place, conſidering that the happineſs of another world is to be the happineſs of the whole man; who can queſtion but that there is an infinite variety in thoſe pleaſures we are ſpeaking of; and that this fulneſs of joy will be made up of all thoſe pleaſures which the nature of the ſoul is capable of receiving?

WE ſhall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we obſerve the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The ſoul does not care to be always in the ſame bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleaſure from the novelty of thoſe objects about which they are converſant.

REVELATION likewiſe very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happineſs. In the deſcription of the throne of God, it repreſents to us all thoſe objects which are able to gratify the ſenſes and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happineſs which the underſtanding can poſſibly receive in that ſtate, where all things ſhall be revealed to us, and we ſhall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleaſure of converſing with our bleſſed Saviour, with an innumerable hoſt of angels, and with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, are likewiſe revealed to us in ſeveral parts of the holy writings. There are alſo mentioned thoſe hierarchies or governments, in which the bleſſed ſhall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be ſure a great part of our happineſs will likewiſe conſiſt; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and ſuperiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that ſtation the moſt proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been ſo happy in any other ſtation. Theſe, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the ſeveral ingredients of our happineſs in heaven, which all imply ſuch a variety of joys, and ſuch a gratification of the ſoul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

SOME of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a ſet of angels who know moſt, and the ſeraphims a ſet of angels who love moſt. Whether this diſtinction be not altogether imaginary, I ſhall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the ſpirits of

good men, there may be ſome who will be more pleaſed with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to thoſe innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepeſt root.

I MIGHT here apply this conſideration to the ſpirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they ſhall ſuffer in every one of their faculties, and the reſpective miſeries which ſhall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflexion of my readers, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has beſtowed upon us, for having made the ſoul ſuſceptible of pleaſure by ſo many different ways. We ſee by what a variety of paſſages, joy and gladneſs may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human ſpirit is framed, to imbibe its proper ſatisfactions, and taſte the goodneſs of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourſelves with rapture and amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our gratitude to him, who has encompaſſed us with ſuch a profuſion of bleſſings, and opened in us ſo many capacities of enjoying them.

THERE cannot be a ſtronger argument that God has deſigned us for a ſtate of future happineſs, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the ſoul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving ſo much bliſs. He would never have made ſuch faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on ſuch objects as are ſuited to them. It is very manifeſt, by the inward frame and conſtitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleaſures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We ſhould therefore at all times take care that we do not diſappoint this his gracious purpoſe and intention towards us, and make thoſe faculties which he formed as ſo many qualifications for

happineſs and rewards, to be the inſtruments of pain and puniſhment.

No. 601. Friday, October 1.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετικὸς φύσει. Antonin. lib. 9.

Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

THE following eſſay comes from an hand which has entertained my readers once before.

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains moſt in the world, we muſt not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteriſtic of mankind; becauſe there are ſome who delight in nothing ſo much as in doing good, and receive more of their happineſs at ſecond hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate ſenſation. Now though theſe heroic ſouls are but few, and to appearance ſo far advanced above the grovelling multitude, as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the ſame, moved by the ſame ſprings, and endowed with all the ſame eſſential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the ſame fluid body in winter and in ſummer; when it ſtands ſtiffened in ice, as when it flows along in gentle ſtreams, gladdening a thouſand fields in its progreſs. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffuſive; its kind wiſhes ſpread abroad over the face of the creation: and if there be thoſe, as we may obſerve too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear ſelves, without any viſible concern for their ſpecies, let us ſuppoſe that their good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of ſome contrary quality reſtrained in its operation. I ſhall therefore endeavour to aſſign ſome of the principal checks upon

this generous propenſion of the human ſoul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this moſt uſeful principle may be unfettered, and reſtored to its native freedom of exerciſe.

THE firſt and leading cauſe is an unhappy complexion of body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true ſource of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty mind, who, when he came to faſhion it into a world of beings, muſt take it as he found it. This notion, as moſt others of theirs, is a compoſition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that from the firſt union of a ſoul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himſelf, are all very great errors occaſioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and diſpoſitions of the ſoul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are ſome fools, others are knaves, by conſtitution; and particularly, it may be ſaid of many, that they are born with an illiberal caſt of mind; the matter that compoſes them is tenacious as bird-lime, and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unleſs to graſp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices, as it is to theſe men to perform them; that whereas perſons naturally beneficent often miſtake inſtinct for virtue, by reaſon of the difficulty of diſtinguiſhing when one rules them, and when the other, men of the oppoſite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that eaſe and frankneſs which are neceſſary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the oppoſition they ſurmount in doing it. The ſtrength of

their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature, and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty, they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible, than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits, and such as have their foundation in the body; that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits, in general, require longer time for their settlement than bad; and yet are sooner displaced; the reason is, that vicious habits (as drunkenness for instance) produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

ANOTHER thing which suspends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient into the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they

look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the reſt to be embarked in an intereſt, that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are thoſe eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's ſucceſs becomes another's diſappointment; and, like pretenders to the ſame miſtreſs, they can ſeldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally diſpoſed to quarrel and fall out, but it is natural for a man to prefer himſelf to all others, and to ſecure his own intereſt firſt. If that which men eſteem their happineſs were, like the light, the ſame ſufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thouſand enjoy the benefit of it, or but one, we ſhould ſee men's good-will, and kind endeavours, would be as univerſal.

Homo qui erranti comiter monſtrat viam,
Quaſi lumen de ſuo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipſe lucet, cum illi accenderit.

To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loſes none of its light by what the other gains.

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn therefore, like a wiſe man, the true eſtimate of things. Deſire not more of the world than is neceſſary to accommodate you in paſſing thro' it, look upon every thing beyond, not as uſeleſs only, but burdenſome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beſide them, and thereby making them your enemies, and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep, than ſatisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication, and ſo little reſembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular ſtock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together caſt a more

extenſive brightneſs, but each ſingle light burns with a ſtronger flame. And, laſtly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an inſtrument of pleaſure, the greateſt pleaſure it can put into your power, is that of doing good. It is worth conſidering, that the organs of ſenſe act within a narrow compaſs, and the appetites will ſoon ſay they have enough: which of the two therefore is the happier man? He, who confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of ſhort fits of pleaſure? or the man, who, reckoning himſelf a ſharer in the ſatisfactions of others, eſpecially thoſe which come to them by his means, enlarges the ſphere of his happineſs?

THE laſt enemy to benevolence I ſhall mention, is uneaſineſs of any kind. A guilty, or a diſcontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill fortune, diſconcerted by its own paſſions, ſoured by neglect, or fretting at diſappointments, hath not leiſure to attend to the neceſſity or reaſonableneſs of a kindneſs deſired, nor a taſte for thoſe pleaſures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to reliſh them. The moſt miſerable of all beings is the moſt envious; as, on the other hand, the moſt communicative is the happieſt. And if you are in ſearch of the ſeat of perfect love and friendſhip, you will not find it till you come to the region of the bleſſed, where happineſs, like a refreſhing ſtream, flows from heart to heart in an endleſs circulation, and is preſerved ſweet and untainted by the motion. It is an old advice, if you have a favour to requeſt of any one, to obſerve the ſofteſt times of addreſs, when the ſoul, in a fluſh of good humour, takes a pleaſure to ſhew itſelf pleaſed. Perſons conſcious of their own integrity, ſatisfied with themſelves, and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, ſurvey all about them with a flow of good-will. As trees which like their ſoil, they ſhoot out in expreſſions of kindneſs, and bend beneath their own precious load,

to the hand of the gatherer. Now, if the mind be not thus eaſy, it is an infallible ſign that it is not in its natural ſtate: place the mind in its right poſture, it will immediately diſcover its innate propenſion to beneficence.

No. 602. Monday, October 4.

——*Facit hoc illos hyacinthos.* Juv. Sat. 6. v. 110.

This makes them hyacinths.

THE following letter comes from a gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his obſervations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

SIR,

'IN order to execute the office of Love-caſuiſt to Great Britain, with which I take myſelf to be inveſted by your paper of September 8th, I ſhall make 'ſome further obſervations upon the two ſexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to 'have the upper hand. After having obſerved with 'much curioſity the accompliſhments which are apt 'to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no per'ſon ſo irreſiſtible as one who is a man of importance, 'provided it be in matters of no conſequence. One 'who makes himſelf talked of, though it be for the 'particular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud in 'the boxes at a play, is in a fair way of being a fa'vourite. I have known a young fellow make his 'fortune by knocking down a conſtable; and may ven'ture to ſay, though it may ſeem a paradox, that ma'ny a fair one has died by a duel in which both the 'combatants have ſurvived.

'ABOUT three winters ago I took notice of a youn

'lady at the theatre, who conceived a paſſion for a no-
'torious rake that headed a party of cat-calls; and
'am credibly informed, that the emperor of the Mo-
'hocks married a rich widow within three weeks af-
'ter having rendered himſelf formidable in the cities
'of London and Weſtminſter. Scouring and break-
'ing of windows have done frequent execution upon
'the ſex. But there is no ſet of theſe male charmers
'who make their way more ſucceſsfully, than thoſe
'who have gained themſelves a name for intrigue, and
'have ruined the greateſt number of reputations.
'There is a ſtrange curioſity in the female world to
'be acquainted with the dear man who has been lov-
'ed by others, and to know what it is that makes him
'ſo agreeable. His reputation does more than half
'his buſineſs. Every one that is ambitious of being
'a woman of faſhion, looks out for opportunities of be-
'ing in his company; ſo that, to uſe the old proverb,
'When his name is up he may lie a bed.

'I WAS very ſenſible of the great advantage of being
'a man of importance upon theſe occaſions on the day
'of the king's entry, when I was ſeated in a balcony
'behind a cluſter of very pretty country ladies, who
'had one of theſe ſhowy gentlemen in the midſt of
'them. The firſt trick I caught him at was bowing
'to ſeveral perſons of quality whom he did not know;
'nay, he had the impudence to hem at a blue garter
'who had a finer equipage than ordinary, and ſeemed
'a little concerned at the impertinent huzzas of the
'mob, that hindered his friend from taking notice of
'him. There was indeed one who pulled off his hat
'to him, and upon the ladies aſking who it was, he
'told them, it was a foreign miniſter that he had been
'very merry with the night before; whereas in truth
'it was the city common hunt.

'HE was never at a loſs when he was aſked any
'perſon's name, though he ſeldom knew any one un-
'der a peer. He found dukes and earls among the-

'aldermen, very good-natured fellows among the pri-
'vy-counſellors, with two or three agreeable old rakes
'among the biſhops and judges.

'IN ſhort, I collected from his whole diſcourſe, that
'he was acquainted with every body, and knew no
'body. At the ſame time, I am miſtaken if he did not
'that day make more advances in the affections of his
'miſtreſs, who ſat near him, than he could have done
'in half a year's courtſhip.

'OVID has finely touched this method of making
'love, which I ſhall here give my reader in Mr Dry-
'den's tranſlation.

Page the Eleventh.

Thus love in theatres did firſt improve,
And theatres are ſtill the ſcene of love:
Nor ſhun the chariots, and the courſer's race;
The circus is no inconvenient place.
Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand;
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide,
Cloſe as you can to hers, and ſide by ſide:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit;
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe,
Inquire whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe;
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what ſhe likes; from thence your court begin,
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come the day, by heav'n deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes, ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight,
O glorious object! O ſurpriſing ſight!
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!

On ſuch a day, if thou, and next to thee
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee;
If ſhe inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings;
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris, with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia; that, the Caſpian ſhore:
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth:
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

No. 603. Wedneſday, October 6.

[By Dr BYROM.]

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
VIRG. Ecl. 8. v. 68.

———Reſtore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms. DRYDEN.

THE following copy of verſes comes from one of my correſpondents, and has ſomething in it ſo original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.

I.

MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
When Phœbe went with me where-ever I went;
Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt:
Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find?
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the ſpring; but, alas! it was ſhe.

II.

With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am ſure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy the time,
When ſpring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime?
But now in their frolics when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
But now when he's fawning, I with a four look
Cry Sirrah; and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his maſter, when Phœbe's away?

VI.

When walking with Phœbe, what ſights have I ſeen?
How fair was the flower, how freſh was the green?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now ſhe has left me, though all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

VII.

Sweet muſic went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet.
But now ſhe is abſent, though ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

VIII.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its ſweetneſs the bloſſom beguile?
That meadow, thoſe daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for; a place in her breaſt:
You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
To be pluckt by her hand, on her boſom to die.

IX.

How ſlowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.

Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah, Colin! old time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

X.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove;
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair?
Take head, all ye ſwains, how you love one ſo fair.

No. 604. Friday, October 8.

Tu ne quæſieris (ſcire neſas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros—— HOR. Od. 11. l. 1. v. 1.

Strive not, Leuconoe, to pry
Into the ſecret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try,
To know our lives' uncertain date. FRANCIS.

THE deſire of knowing future events is one of the ſtrongeſt inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreſeeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wiſdom and prudence: but not ſatisfied with the light that reaſon holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiouſly into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of ſuperſtition, owe their riſe to this powerful cauſe. As this principle is founded in ſelf-love, every man is ſure to be ſolicitous in the

firſt place about his own fortune, the courſe of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

IF we conſider that we are free agents, we ſhall diſcover the abſurdity of ſuch inquiries. One of our actions which we might have performed or neglected, is the cauſe of another that ſucceeds it, and ſo the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary bleſſings are of good ones; ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleaſure ariſes from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreſeen. Upon all theſe, and ſeveral other accounts, we ought to reſt ſatisfied in this portion beſtowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more diſplayed his goodneſs in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

IT is not unworthy obſervation, that ſuperſtitious inquiries into future events prevail more or leſs, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and uſeful knowledge in the ſeveral parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their ſecond ſight, and ſeveral of our own countrymen have ſeen a bundance of fairies. In Aſia this credulity is ſtrong; and the greateſt part of refined learning there conſiſts in the knowledge of amulets, taliſmans, occult numbers, and the like.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured muſſulman, who promiſed me many good offices, which he deſigned to do me when he became the prime miniſter, which was a fortune beſtowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious ſciences. At his repeated ſolicitations I went to learn my deſtiny of this wonderful ſage. For a ſmall ſum I had his promiſe, but was deſired to wait in a dark apartment till he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a ſtrong propenſity,

even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the ſofa where I was placed, and had the following viſion, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I FOUND myſelf in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in ſeveral habits and with different tongues, was aſſembled. The multitude glided ſwiftly along, and I found in myſelf a ſtrong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly ſingled out ſome of the moſt ſplendid figures. Several in rich caſtans and glittering turbans buſtled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of thoſe they threw down; till to my great ſurpriſe I found that the great pace they went only haſtened them to a ſcaffold or a bowſtring. Many beautiful damſels on the other ſide moved forward with great gaiety; ſome danced till they fell all along; and others painted their faces till they loſt their noſes. A tribe of creatures with buſy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels, and when there was no room left for more, theſe wretches looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and diſcontent.

THIS proſpect of human miſery ſtruck me dumb for ſome miles. Then it was that, to diſburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath ſince happened under my office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing myſelf for the good of mankind, I was ſurpriſed to meet with very unſuitable returns from my fellow-creatures Never was poor author ſo beſet with pamphleteers, who ſometimes marched directly againſt me, but oftener ſhot at me from ſtrong bulwarks, or roſe up ſuddenly in ambuſh. They were of all characters and capacities, ſome with enſigns of dignity, and others in liveries; but what moſt ſurpriſed me, was

to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who, I found since, were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir ROGER in my sleep, and was the more diverted with WILL HONEYCOMB's gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted), because I had foreseen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was to late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I HAVE only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part till a more proper opportunity.

No. 605. Monday, October 11.

Exuerint ſylveſtrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quaſcunque voces artes, haud tarda ſequentur.

VIRG. Georg. 2. v. 51.

——They change their ſavage mind,
Their wildneſs loſe, and quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and diſcipline of art. DRYDEN.

HAVING peruſed the following letter, and finding it to run upon the ſubject of love, I referred it to the learned caſuiſt, whom I have retained in my ſervice for ſpeculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it, with both of which I ſhall here preſent my reader.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'FINDING that you have entertained an uſeful 'perſon in your ſervice in quality of Love-Caſuiſt, 'I apply myſelf to you under a very great difficulty, 'that hath for ſome months perplexed me. I have a 'couple of humble ſervants, one of which I have no a-'verſion to; the other I think of very kindly. The 'firſt hath the reputation of a man of good ſenſe, and 'is one of thoſe people that your ſex are apt to value. 'My ſpark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but 'is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of 'worth, as they call him, I ſhall oblige my parents 'and improve my fortune; but with my dear beau I 'promiſe myſelf happineſs, although not a jointure. 'Now I would aſk you, whether I ſhould conſent to 'lead my life with a man that I have only no objecti-'on to, or with him againſt whom all objections to me 'appear frivolous. I am determined to follow the 'caſuiſt's advice, and I dare ſay he will not put me

'upon ſo ſerious a thing as matrimony contrary to my 'inclination.

I am, &c.

FANNY FICKLE.

'*P. S.* I FORGOT to tell you, that the pretty gentle-'man is the moſt complaiſant creature in the world, 'and is always of my mind; but the other, forſooth, 'fancies he has as much wit as myſelf, ſlights my lap-'dog, and hath the inſolence to contradict me when 'he thinks I am not in the right. About half an hour 'ago, he maintained to my face, that a patch always 'implies a pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to ſide with the parents than the daughter, I ſhall propoſe ſome conſiderations to my gentle queriſt, which may incline her to comply with thoſe, under whoſe direction ſhe is: and at the ſame time convince her, that it is not impoſſible but ſhe may, in time, have a true affection for him who is at preſent indifferent to her; or, to uſe the old family maxim, that, *If ſhe marries firſt, love will come after.*

THE only objection, that ſhe ſeems to inſinuate againſt the gentleman propoſed to her, is his want of complaiſance, which, I perceive, ſhe is very willing to return. Now, I can diſcover from this very circumſtance, that ſhe and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether love delights more in giving pleaſure or pain. Let Miſs Fickle aſk her own heart, if ſhe doth not take a ſecret pride in making this man of good ſenſe look very ſilly. Hath ſhe ever been better pleaſed, than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himſelf? Or doth ſhe ever rejoice more, than when ſhe thinks ſhe hath driven him to the very brink of a purling ſtream? Let her conſider, at the ſame time, that it is not impoſſible but her lover may have diſcovered her tricks, and hath

a mind to give her as good as ſhe brings. I remember a handſome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, juſt come from Oxford, as if he had been a Barbarian. The firſt week, after ſhe had fixed him, ſhe took a pinch of ſnuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a profeſſed enemy to the arts and ſciences, and ſcarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully miſpelling his name. The young ſcholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as ſoon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleaſure of the town. After having irritated one another for the ſpace of five months, ſhe made an aſſignation with him fourſcore miles from London. But as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hoſtilities are now the ſubject of their mirth, being content at preſent with that part of love only, which beſtows pleaſure.

WOMEN, who have been married ſome time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their ſatisfaction in the poſſeſſion of one man's heart. I know very well, that ladies in their bloom deſire to be excuſed in this particular. But when time hath worn out their natural vanity, and taught them diſcretion, their fondneſs ſettles on its proper object. And it is probably for this reaſon, that among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime, than of theſe that are actually in the inſolence of beauty. My reader will apply the ſame obſervation to the other ſex.

I NEED not inſiſt upon the neceſſity of their purſuing one common intereſt, and their united care for their children, but ſhall only obſerve, by the way, that married perſons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred, than any others what-

ſoever. Mutual favours and obligations which may be ſuppoſed to be greater here than in any other ſtate, naturally beget an intenſe affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, perſons who have beſtowed ſuch favours, have a particular bitterneſs in their reſentments, when they think themſelves ill-treated by thoſe of whom they have deſerved ſo much.

BESIDES, Miſs Fickle may conſider, that as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, ſo there are ſometimes many virtues unobſerved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of cuſtom, and conſtant converſation, to produce a mutual friendſhip and benevolence in two perſons. It is a nice reflexion, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be ſure a woman loves a man, when ſhe uſes his expreſſions, tells his ſtories, or imitates his manner. This gives a ſecret delight; for imitation is a kind of artleſs flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of ſelf-love. It is certain, that married perſons, who are poſſeſſed with a mutual eſteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the ſame traces of thinking and liking. Nay, ſome have carried the remark ſo far as to aſſert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to reſemble one another. Let my fair correſpondent therefore conſider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which ſhe muſt not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear ſelf to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that perſon will not be the handſomeſt, that is the moſt like herſelf.

WE have a remarkable inſtance to our preſent purpoſe in the hiſtory of king Edgar, which I ſhall here relate, and leave it with my fair correſpondent to be applied to herſelf.

THIS great monarch, who is ſo famous in Britiſh ſtory, fell in love, as he made his progreſs through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter, who liv-

ed near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities, and the violence of his passion, were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she offered to rise a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection, insomuch that our chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone, till his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

No. 606 Wednesday, October 13.

——Longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas.

VIRG. Georg. 1. v. 294.

The good-wife shoots the shuttle through the loom,
And sings to drive the tedious hours away.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE a couple of nieces under my direction, 'who so often run gadding abroad, that I don't 'know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, 'and their visits, take up all their time, and they go 'to bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after 'quilting a whole under-petticoat. The only time

'they are not idle, is while they read your Spectators; 'which being dedicated to the intereſts of virtue, I de- 'ſire you to recommend the long neglected art of 'needle-work. Thoſe hours which in this age are thrown 'away in dreſs, plays, viſits, and the like, were em- 'ployed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or work- 'ing beds, chairs, and hangings, for the family. For 'my part, I have plied my needle theſe fifty years, 'and by my good-will would never have it out of my 'hand. It grieves my heart to ſee a couple of proud 'idle flirts ſipping their tea, for a whole afternoon, in 'a room hung round with the induſtry of their great- 'grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable myſtery 'of embroidery into your ſerious conſideration, and 'as you have a great deal of the virtue of the laſt age 'in you, continue your endeavours to reform the pre- 'ſent. *I am*, &c.

IN obedience to the commands of my venerable correſpondent, I have duly weighed this important ſubject, and promiſe myſelf, from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as ſoon as their mourning is over, to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

WHAT a delightful entertainment muſt it be to the fair ſex, whom their native modeſty, and the tenderneſs of men towards them, exempts from public buſineſs, to paſs their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and tranſplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dreſs, or raiſing a new creation in their cloſets and apartments? How pleaſing is the amuſement of walking among the ſhades and groves planted by themſelves, in ſurveying heroes ſlain by their needle, or little Cupids which they have brought into the world without pain?

THIS is, methinks, the moſt proper way wherein a lady can ſhew a fine genius, and I cannot forbear wiſhing, that ſeveral writers of that ſex had choſen to ap-

ply themſelves rather to tapeſtry than rhime. Your paſtoral poeteſſes may vent their fancy in rural landſkips, and place deſpairing ſhepherds under ſilken willows, or drown them in a ſtream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as ſucceſsfully, and enflame them with gold, or ſtain them with crimſon. Even thoſe who have only a turn to a ſong or an epigram, may put many valuable ſtitches into a purſe, and croud a thouſand graces into a pair of garters.

IF I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very aukwardly, I muſt nevertheleſs inſiſt upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

ANOTHER argument for buſying good women in works of fancy, is, becauſe it takes them off from ſcandal, the uſual attendant of tea-tables, and all other unactive ſcenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beaſts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children: and Whig and Tory will be but ſeldom mentioned, where the great diſpute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if ſhe would chuſe rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapeſtry, than ſignalize herſelf with ſo much vehemence againſt thoſe who are Frenchmen in their hearts.

A THIRD reaſon that I ſhall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where theſe pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifeſt that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expences, but is at the ſame time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who ſhould have it inſcribed upon her monument, 'That ſhe 'wrought out the whole Bible in tapeſtry, and died 'in a good old age, after having covered three hun-'dred yards of wall in the manſion houſe.'

THE premiſes being conſidered, I hu mbly ſubmit the following propoſals to all mothers in Great Britain.

I. THAT no young virgin whatſoeve be allowed to receive the addreſſes of her firſt lover but in a ſuit of her own embroidering.

II. THAT before every freſh ſer vant ſhe be obliged to appear with a new ſtomacher at the leaſt.

III. THAT no one be actuall y married, till ſhe hath the child-bed pillows, &c. re ady ſtitched, as likewiſe the mantle for the boy quite finiſhed.

THESE laws, if I miſtak e not, would effectually reſtore the decayed art of needle-work, and make the virgins of Great Britai n exceedingly nimble-fingered in their buſineſs.

THERE is a mem orable cuſtom of the Grecian ladies, in this parti cular, preſerved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect with my countrywomen. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a ſecond huſband, till ſhe had woven a ſhroud for her deceaſed lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly the chaſte Penelope, having, as ſhe thought, loſt Ulyſſes at ſea, ſhe employed her time in preparing a winding-ſheet for Laertes, the father of her huſband. The ſtory of her web being very famous, and yet not ſufficiently known in its ſeveral circumſtances, I ſhall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her wooers relate it.

Sweet hope ſhe gave to every youth apart,
With well-taught looks, and a deceitful heart:
A web ſhe wove of many a ſlender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplex'd deſign:
My youths, ſhe cry'd, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,
'Till I have woven, as ſolemn vows require,
This web, a ſhroud for poor Ulyſſes's ſire.
His limbs, when fate the hero's ſoul demands,
Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands:

Left all [illegible] he dames of Greece my name deſpiſe,
While th[illegible] great king without a covering lies.
Thus ſhe Nor did my friends miſtruſt the guile.
All day ſhe l[illegible]oed the long laborious toil:
But when the [illegible]burning lamps ſupply'd the ſun,
Each night unra[illegible]vell'd what the day begun.
Three live-long [illegible]ummers did the fraud prevail:
The fourth her ma[illegible]idens told th' amazing tale.
Theſe eyes beheld, a[illegible]s cloſe I took my ſtand,
The backward labours [illegible] of her faithleſs hand;
'Till watch'd at length, [illegible] and preſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
Her taſk ſhe ended, and co[illegible]mmenc'd a bride.

No 607. Friday, October 15.

Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in caſſes præda petita meos.

OVID. Ars am. l. I. v. 1.

Now Io Pæan ſing, now wreaths prepare,
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fallen in my ſucceſsful toils. ANON.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'HAVING in your paper of Monday laſt publiſhed my report on the caſe of Mrs Fanny Fickle, wherein I have taken notice, that love comes after marriage; I hope your readers are ſatisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, ſo it often happens that matrimony produces love.

'IT perhaps requires more virtues to make a good huſband or wife, than what go to the finiſhing any the moſt ſhining character whatſoever.

'DISCRETION ſeems abſolutely neceſſary, and accordingly we find that the beſt huſbands have been moſt famous for their wiſdom. Homer, who hath

'drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make 'it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the 'juſt returns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope; in- 'ſomuch that he refuſed the careſſes of a goddeſs for 'her ſake; and, to uſe the expreſſion of the beſt of Pa- 'gan authors, *Vetulam ſuam prætulit immortalitati.* 'His old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

'VIRTUE is the next neceſſary qualification for this 'domeſtic character, as it naturally produces conſtan- 'cy and mutual eſteem. Thus Brutus and Porcia 'were more remarkable for virtue and affection than 'any others of the age in which they lived.

'GOOD-NATURE is a third neceſſary ingredient in 'the marriage-ſtate, without which it would inevita- 'bly ſour upon a thouſand occaſions. When great- 'neſs of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it 'attracts the admiration and eſteem of all who behold 'it. Thus Cæſar, not more remarkable for his for- 'tune and valour than for his humanity, ſtole into the 'hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through 'the cuſtom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral 'of his firſt and beſt beloved wife.

'GOOD-NATURE is inſufficient unleſs it be ſteady 'and uniform, and accompanied with an evenneſs of 'temper, which is, above all things, to be preſerved 'in this friendſhip contracted for life. A man muſt 'be eaſy within himſelf, before he can be ſo to his o- 'ther ſelf. Socrates, and Marcus Aurelius, are in- 'ſtances of men, who, by the ſtrength of philoſophy, 'having entirely compoſed their minds, and ſubdued 'their paſſions, are celebrated for good huſbands, not- 'withſtanding the firſt was yoked with Xantippe, and 'the other with Fauſtina. If the wedded pair would 'but habituate themſelves for the firſt year to bear 'with one another's faults, the difficulty would be 'pretty well conquered. This mutual ſweetneſs of 'temper and complacency was finely recommended in 'the nuptial ceremonies among the Heathens, who,

'when they ſacrificed to Juno at that ſolemnity, al-
'ways tore out the gall from the entrails of the vic-
'tim, and caſt it behind the altar.

'I SHALL conclude this letter with a paſſage out of
'Dr Plot's Natural Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, not only
'as it will ſerve to fill up your preſent paper, but, if
'I find myſelf in the humour, may give riſe to ano-
'ther; I having by me an old regiſter belonging to
'the place here under-mentioned.

SIR Philip de Somervile held the manors of Whichenovre, Sciresſcot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowley, all in Com. Stafford, of the earls of Lancaſter, by this memorable ſervice: The ſaid Sir Philip ſhall find, maintain, and ſuſtain, one Bacon-flitch, hanging in his hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed all times of the year, but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be paſt, in form following.

WHENSOEVER that any one ſuch before named will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own perſon, they ſhall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordſhip of Whichenovre, and ſhall ſay to them in the manner as enſueth:

'BAYLIFF, or porter, I do you to know, that I am
'come for myſelf, to demand one Bacon Flyke hang-
'ing in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after
'the form thereunto belonging.'

AFTER which relation, the bailiff or porter ſhall aſſign a day to him, upon promiſe by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time the ſaid bailiff ſhall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordſhip of Whichenovre, and they three ſhall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there ſhall ſummon the aforeſaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to ſay, a horſe and a ſaddle, a ſack and a prick, for to

convey the ſaid bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his coſtages. And then the ſaid bailiff ſhall, with the ſaid freeholders, ſummon all the tenants of the ſaid manor, to be ready at the day appointed, at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the ſervices which they owe to the bacon. And at the day aſſigned, all ſuch as owe ſervices to the bacon, ſhall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the ſun riſing to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there ſhall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets; and to all thoſe which ſhall be there, to do their ſervices due to the bacon. And they ſhall lead the ſaid demandant with trumps and tabours, and other manner of minſtrelſey, to the hall-door, where he ſhall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his ſteward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

HE ſhall enquire of him, which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him; which muſt anſwer, *They be here ready.* And then the ſteward ſhall cauſe theſe two neighbours to ſwear, if the ſaid demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if ſince his marriage one year and a day be paſt; and if he be a freeman, or a villain. And if his ſaid neighbours make oath, that he hath for him all theſe three points rehearſed; then ſhall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall-door, and ſhall there be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon ſhall kneel upon his knee, and ſhall hold his right hand upon a book, which book ſhall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and ſhall make oath in this manner.

'HERE ye, Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne: that
'I A ſithe I wedded B my wyfe; and ſithe I hadd hyr
'in my kepyng, and at my wylle, by a year and a day

'after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for 'none other; fairer, ne fouler; richer, ne pourer; 'ne for none other deſcended of greater lynage; ſle-'pying ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the ſeyd B 'were ſole and I ſole, I would take hyr to be my wyfe 'before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condi-'ciones ſoever they be, good or evylle; as help me 'GOD and his ſeyntes, and this fleſh and all fleſhes.'

AND his neighbours ſhall make oath, that they truſt verily he hath ſaid truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there ſhall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheeſe; and if he be a villain, he ſhall have half a quarter of rye without cheeſe. And then ſhall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all theſe things before rehearſed; and the ſaid corn ſhall be laid on one horſe, and the bacon above it; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth ſhall aſcend upon his horſe, and ſhall take the cheeſe before him, if he have a horſe. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre ſhall cauſe him to have one horſe and ſaddle, to ſuch time as he be paſſed his lordſhip; and ſo ſhall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabourets, and other manner of minſtrelſey. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre ſhall conduct him to be paſſed the lordſhip of Whichenovre. And then ſhall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the coſts of his lord of Whichenovre.

No. 608. Monday, October 18.

——Perjuria ridet amantum.

OVID. Ars am. l. 1. v. 633.

——Forgiving with a ſmile
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile. DRYDEN.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'ACCORDING to my promiſe, I herewith tranſ-
'mit to you a liſt of ſeveral perſons, who from
'time to time demanded the *Flitch of bacon* of Sir Phi-
'lip de Somervile, and his deſcendants; as it is pre-
'ſerved in an ancient manuſcript under the title of
'*The regiſter of Whichenovre-hall, and of the bacon-*
'*flitch there maintained.*

'IN the beginning of this record is recited the law
'or inſtitution in form, as it is already printed in your
'laſt paper; to which are added two by-laws, as a
'comment upon the general law, the ſubſtance where-
'of is, that the wife ſhall take the ſame oath as the
'huſband, *mutatis mutandis;* and that the judges ſhall,
'as they think meet, interrogate or croſs examine the
'witneſſes. After this proceeds the regiſter in manner
'following.

'AUBRY de Falſtaff, ſon of Sir John Falſtaff, Knt.
'with dame Maude his wife, were the firſt that de-
'manded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his fa-
'ther's companions to ſwear falſely in his behoof,
'whereby he gained the flitch: but he and his ſaid
'wife falling immediately into a diſpute how the ſaid
'bacon ſhould be dreſſed, it was by order of the judg-
'es taken from him, and hung up again in the hall.

'ALISON the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her
'ſaid huſband along with her, and ſet forth the good
'conditions and behaviour of her conſort, adding with-

'al, that she doubted not but he was ready to attest
'the like of her, his wife; whereupon he the said Ste-
'phen, shaking his head, she turned short upon him,
'and gave him a box on the ear.

'PHILIP de Waverland, having laid his hand upon
'the book, when the clause, 'Were I sole and she sole,'
'was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in
'his mind, and stole it off again.

'RICHARD de Loveless, who was a courtier, and a
'very well bred man, being observed to hesitate at the
'words, 'after our marriage,' was thereupon requir-
'ed to explain himself. He replied, by talking very
'largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lo-
'ver; and alledged, that he had not in the least dis-
'obliged his wife for a year and a day beforemarriage,
'which he hoped was the same thing.

'Rejected.

'JOCELINE Jolly, Esq; making it appear by un-
'questionable testimony, that he and his wife had pre-
'served full and entire affection for the space of the
'first month, commonly called the honey-moon; he
'had in consideration thereof one rasher bestowed up-
'on him.

'AFTER this, says the record, many years passed o-
'ver, before any demandant appeared at Whiche-
'novre-hall; insomuch that one would have thought
'that the whole country were turned Jews, so little
'was their affection to the flitch of bacon.

'THE next couple enrolled had like to have carried
'it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that din-
'ing on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife
'had sat below the squire's lady at church, she the
'said wife dropped some expressions, as if she thought
'her husband deserved to be knighted; to which he
'returned a passionate pish! The judges taking the
'premises into consideration, declared the aforesaid
'behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in
'the wife, and anger in the husband.

'IT is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a 'certain wife, that speaking of her husband, she said, 'God forgive him.

'IT is likewise remarkable, that a couple were re-'jected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours; 'that the lady had once told her husband that it was 'her duty to obey; to which he replied, Oh! my 'dear, you are never in the wrong.

'THE violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog; 'the turning away of the old house-maid by another; 'a tavern-bill torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the 'husband; a quarrel about the kissing crust, spoiling 'of dinners, and coming in late of nights; are so ma-'ny several articles which occasioned the reprobation 'of some scores of demandants, whose names are re-'corded in the aforesaid register.

'WITHOUT enumerating other particular persons, 'I shall content myself with observing, that the sen-'tence pronounced against one Gervase Poacher is, '"That he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he "had not heretofore scolded his wife when they were "over-boiled." And the deposition against Dorothy 'Doolittle runs in these words: 'That she had "so far usurped the dominion of the coal-fire, (the "stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself), "that by her good-will she never would suffer the "poker out of her hand.'

'I FIND but two couples, in this first century, that 'were successful: the first was a sea-captain and his 'wife, who since the day of their marriage had not 'seen one another till the day of the claim. The se-'cond was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the 'husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peace-'able temper; the woman was dumb.

No. 609. Wednesday, October 20.

——*Farrago libelli.* Juv. sat. 1. v. 86.

The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some time desired to appear in your paper, and have therefore chosen a day to steal in-to the Spectator, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare minutes for speculations of your own. As I was the other day walking with an honest country-gentleman, he very often expressed his astonishment to see the town so mightily crouded with doctors of divinity: upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those gentlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to shew himself; and, on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassoc for his public appearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a scarf of the first magnitude to intitle him to the appellation of doctor from his landlady, and the boy at Child's. Now since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce adventurers of the town, I should be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagancies you have justly exposed in several of your papers: being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who are almost to a man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family, (for I must own myself of this

'order), he was pleaſed to ſay he took me as a friend
'and companion; and whether he looked upon the
'ſcarf like the lace and ſhoulder-knot of a foot-man,
'as a badge of ſervitude and dependance, I do not
'know, but he was ſo kind as to leave my wearing of
'it to my own diſcretion; and not having any juſt ti-
'tle to it from my degrees, I am content to be without
'the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to
'keep a certain number of chaplains are undiſputed,
'though perhaps not one in ten of thoſe reverend gen-
'tlemen have any relation to the noble families their
'ſcarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all
'chaplains, except the domeſtic, where there is one,
'being nothing more than the perquiſite of a ſteward's
'place, who, if he happens to outlive any conſiderable
'number of his noble maſters, ſhall probably, at one,
'and the ſame time, have fifty chaplains, all in their
'proper accoutrements, of his own creation; though,
'perhaps, there hath been neither grace nor prayer ſaid
'in the family ſince the introduction of the firſt coronet.

I am, &c.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I WISH you would write a philoſophical paper a-
'bout natural antipathies, with a word or two con-
'cerning the ſtrength of imagination. I can give you
'a liſt upon the firſt notice of a rational china cup, of
'an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart pot
'that ſings like a nightingale. There is in my neigh-
'bourhood a very pretty prattling ſhoulder of veal,
'that ſqualls out at the ſight of a knife. Then, as
'for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who
'was never conquered but by a ſmothered rabbit; and
'a wife that domineers over her huſband by the help
'of a breaſt of mutton. A ſtory that relates to my-
'ſelf on this ſubject may be thought not unentertain-
'ing, eſpecially when I aſſure you that it is literally
'true. I had long made love to a lady, in the poſ-

'ſeſſion of whom I am now the happieſt of mankind,
'whoſe hand I ſhould have gained with much difficul-
'ty without the aſſiſtance of a cat. You muſt know
'then, that my moſt dangerous rival had ſo ſtrong an
'averſion to this ſpecies, that he infallibly ſwooned a-
'way at the ſight of that harmleſs creature. My
'friend Mrs Lucy, her maid, having a greater reſpect
'for me and my purſe than ſhe had for my rival, al-
'ways took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown
'of her miſtreſs, whenever ſhe knew of his coming;
'which had ſuch an effect, that every time he entered
'the room, he looked more like one of the figures in
'Mrs Salmon's wax-work, than a deſirable lover. In
'ſhort, he grew ſick of her company; which the
'young lady taking notice of, (who no more knew
'why, than he did) ſhe ſent me a challenge to meet her
'in Lincoln's-inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted,
'and have (amongſt other pleaſures) the ſatisfaction
'of being praiſed by her for my ſtratagem.

I am, &c.

From the Hoop.

TOM NIMBLE.

'*Mr* SPECTATOR,

'THE virgins of Great Britain are very much ob-
'liged to you for putting them upon ſuch tedi-
'ous drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the
'Hilpa's and the Nilpa's that lived before the flood.
'Here is a ſtir indeed with your hiſtories in embroide-
'ry, your groves with ſhades of ſilk and ſtreams of mo-
'hair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill
'a hundred lovers before the beſt houſewife in Eng-
'land can ſtitch out a battle, and do not fear but to
'provide boys and girls much faſter than your diſciples
'can embroider them. I love birds and beaſts as well
'as you, but am content to fancy them when they
'are really made. What do you think of gilt leather
'for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for a

'chamber; and what is more, our own country is the
'only place in Europe where work of that kind is to-
'lerably done. Without minding your musty lessons,
'I am this minute going to Paul's church yard to be-
'speak a skreen and a set of hangings; and am re-
'solved to encourage the manufacture of my country.

Your's,

CLEORA.

No. 610. Friday, October 22.

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi. SENECA.

Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death:
While he, o'ertaken unprepar'd,
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews should contrive such a worthless greatness for the deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imagination, as making havoc amongst his creatures, and acted with the poor ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of im-

mortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little ſhowy grandeur, wherein the Jews made the glory of their Meſſiah to conſiſt!

"NOTHING," ſays Longinus, "can be great, the "contempt of which is great." The poſſeſſion of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatneſs, becauſe it is looked upon as a greatneſs of mind, to contemn theſe gifts of fortune, and to be above the deſire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the ſpecies, than thoſe who come out, and draw upon themſelves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domeſtic misfortunes driven him out of his obſcurity, and brought him to Rome.

IF we ſuppoſe that there are ſpirits or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reaſon and revelation; how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from thoſe which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their catalogue of ſuch worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own ſpecies would draw up?

WE are dazzled with the ſplendor of titles, the oſtentation of learning, the noiſe of victories: they, on the contrary, ſee the philoſopher in the cottage, who poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience and thankfulneſs, under the preſſures of what little minds call poverty and diſtreſs. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in ſhades and ſolitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wiſe man is more illuſtrious in their ſight, than the march of a general at the head of an hundred thouſand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of juſtice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are ſhed in ſilence for the miſery of others; a private de-

fire or reſentment broken and ſubdued; in ſhort, an unfeigned exerciſe of humility, or any other virtue; are ſuch actions as are glorious in their ſight, and denominate men great and reputable. The moſt famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while thoſe who are moſt obſcure among their own ſpecies, are regarded with love, with approbation, and eſteem.

THE moral of the preſent ſpeculation amounts to this, That we ſhould not be led away by the cenſures and applauſes of men, but conſider the figure that every perſon will make, at that time when wiſdom ſhall be juſtified of her children, and nothing paſs for great or illuſtrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

THE ſtory of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable inſtance to our preſent purpoſe. The oracle being asked by Gyges, who was the happieſt man, replied Aglaus. Gyges, who expected to have heard himſelf named on this occaſion, was much ſurpriſed, and very curious to know who this Aglaus ſhould be. After much inquiry he was found to be an obſcure countryman; who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his houſe.

COWLEY's agreeable relation of this ſtory ſhall cloſe this day's ſpeculation.

Thus Aglaus (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a name,
Aglaus, now conſign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphic ſeat,
Preſum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'ſt thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who ſcorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaus happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaus be?
We've heard as yet of no ſuch king as he.

And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of ſuch a name was to be found.
Is ſome old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it ſome man of endleſs wealth? ſaid he:
None, none of theſe; who can this Aglaus be?
After long ſearch, and vain inquiries paſt,
In an obſcure Arcadian vale at laſt,
(Th' Arcadian life has always ſhady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had ſeen)
This Aglaus, who monarchs envy drew,
Whoſe happineſs the gods ſtood witneſs to,
This mighty Aglaus was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among thoſe fooliſh gods to mention thee),
So let me act, on ſuch a private ſtage,
The laſt dull ſcenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toſs'd veſſel gain;
Of heav'nly reſt, this earneſt to me lend,
Let my life ſleep, and learn to love her end.

No. 611. Monday, October 25.

Perfide! ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hircanæque admorunt ubera tigres,

VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 366.

Thou wretch! thy ſire was Caucaſus's hard rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee ſuck.

I AM willing to poſtpone every thing, to do any the leaſt ſervice for the deſerving and unfortunate. Ac-

cordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I FLATTER myself, you will not only pity, but 'if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not 'be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my 'own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No! 'I am sensible how severely, in some of your former 'papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like 'mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and, I may 'say without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false 'perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, ren-'dered me the most unhappy of women. After he 'had deluded me from my parents, who were people 'of very good fashion, in less than three months he 'left me. My parents would not see, nor hear from 'me; and had it not been for a servant, who had li-'ved in our family, I must certainly have perished for 'want of bread. However, it pleased providence, in 'a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. 'A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My 'parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in 'the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, 'but for some things, that you shall know, which are 'insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much 'honour and compassion as to let those persons know, 'in some of your papers, how much they are in the 'wrong. I have been married near five years, and do 'not know that in all that time I ever went abroad 'without my husband's leave and approbation. I am 'obliged, through the importunities of several of my 'relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper. 'Then it is, I labour under insupportable agonies. 'That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I

'go to. Baſe villain! by reaſon I will not admit his
'nauſeous wicked viſits and appointments, he ſtrives
'all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me deſti-
'tute of friend or money, nor ever thought me worth
'inquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to ſee
'me in a front-box, ſparkling with jewels. Then his
'paſſion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to
'be a penitent. Then he practiſed all thoſe arts that
'helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived
'a ſecond time by him. I hate and abhor his odious
'paſſion; and, as he plainly perceives it, either out
'of ſpite or diverſion, he makes it his buſineſs to ex-
'poſe me. I never fail ſeeing him in all public com-
'pany, where he is always moſt induſtriouſly ſpiteful.
'He hath, in ſhort, told all his acquaintance of our
'unhappy affair; they tell theirs; ſo that it is no ſe-
'cret among his companions, which are numerous.
'They to whom he tells it, think, they have a title to
'be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of
'good manners return it, then I am peſtered with
'freedoms that are no ways agreeable to myſelf or
'company. If I turn my eyes from them, or ſeem
'diſpleaſed, they ſour upon it, and whiſper the next
'perſon; he his next, till I have at laſt the eyes of the
'whole company upon me. Nay, they report abo-
'minable falſehoods, under that miſtaken notion,
"She that will grant favours to one man, will to a
"hundred.' I beg you will let thoſe who are guilty
'know, how ungenerous this way of proceeding is.
'I am ſure he will know himſelf the perſon aimed at,
'and perhaps put a ſtop to the inſolence of others.
'Curſed is the fate of unhappy women! that men may
'boaſt and glory in thoſe things that we muſt think
'of with ſhame and horror! You have the art of mak-
'ing ſuch odious cuſtoms appear deteſtable. For my
'ſake, and I am ſure for the ſake of ſeveral others,
'who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the ſame
'misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boaſt of

'favours or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie or a 'box on the ear, and not resent it.

Your constant reader,

and admirer,

LESBIA.

'*P. S.* I AM the more impatient under this mis-'fortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wed-'nesday in the Abbey.'

I ENTIRELY agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances, is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given; which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

IT is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resenting of which would lead a man into danger; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature, that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it, the apellation of coward.

A MAN, that can so far descend from his dignity, as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances, in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult, more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows, that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A GENEROUS mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentment sink and vanish away, when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom-acquaintance, is apt to overflow with

tenderneſs and remorſe, when a creature that was once dear to him, undergoes any misfortune. What name then ſhall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he ſolicited with eagerneſs, and received with rapture) can inſult the miſeries that he himſelf cauſed, and make ſport with the pain to which he owes his greateſt pleaſure! There is but one being in the creation whoſe province it is to practiſe upon the imbecillities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know, thoſe who follow his example, will receive his reward.

LEAVING my fair correſpondent to the direction of her own wiſdom and modeſty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I ſhall conclude this paper with a memorable inſtance of revenge, taken by a Spaniſh lady upon a guilty lover, which may ſerve to ſhow what violent effects are wrought by the moſt tender paſſion, when ſoured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The ſtory, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

NOT many years ago an Engliſh gentleman, who in a rencounter by night in the ſtreets of Madrid had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church porch for ſanctuary. Leaning againſt the door, he was ſurpriſed to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly ſtartled at the ſight of a woman in white, who aſcended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and aſked him what he did there. He told her the truth without reſerve, believing that he had met a ghoſt: upon which ſhe ſpoke to him in the following manner: 'Stranger, thou art in my power; I am a 'murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a nun 'of a noble family. A baſe perjured man undid me, 'and boaſted of it. I ſoon had him diſpatched; but

'not content with the murder, I have bribed the ſexton 'to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out 'his falſe heart from his body; and thus I uſe a trai-'tor's heart.' At theſe words ſhe tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

No 612. Wedneſday, October 27.

Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua ſonantem
Nomina, per regeſque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem ſcopulo, atque ingentis turbine ſaxi
Excutit, effunditque ſolo.——

VIRG. Æn. 12. v. 529.

Murranus, boaſting of his blood, that ſprings
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the weight of an unwieldy ſtone.

DRYDEN.

IT is highly laudable to pay reſpect to men who are deſcended from worthy anceſtors, not only out of gratitude to thoſe who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the deſcendents of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their anceſtors, only put us upon making compariſons to their own diſadvantage. There is ſome pretence for boaſting of wit, beauty, ſtrength, or wealth, becauſe the communication of them may give pleaſure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any reſpect, becauſe our fathers acted well whether we would or no.

THE following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not diſagreeable light.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'WERE the genealogy of every family preſerved, 'there would probably be no man valued or 'deſpiſed on account of his birth. There is ſcarce a 'beggar in the ſtreets, who would not find himſelf 'lineally deſcended from ſome great man; nor any one 'of the higheſt title, who would not diſcover ſeveral baſe 'and indigent perſons among his anceſtors. It would 'be a pleaſant entertainment to ſee one pedigree of 'men appear together under the ſame characters they 'bore when they acted their reſpective parts among the 'living. Suppoſe therefore a gentleman, full of his 'illuſtrious family, ſhould, in the ſame manner as Vir-'gil makes Æneas look over his deſcendents, ſee the 'whole line of his progenitors paſs in a review before 'his eyes, with how many varying paſſions would he 'behold ſhepherds and ſoldiers, ſtateſmen and artifi-'cers, princes and beggars, walk in the proceſſion of 'five thouſand years! How would his heart ſink or 'flutter at the ſeveral ſports of fortune in a ſcene ſo di-'verſified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and 'ſceptres, enſigns of dignity, and emblems of diſgrace; 'and how would his fears and apprehenſions, his tranſ-'ports and mortifications, ſucceed one another, as the 'line of his genealogy appeared bright or obſcure?

'IN moſt of the pedigrees hung up in old manſion-'houſes, you are ſure to find the firſt in the catalogue 'a great ſtateſman, or a ſoldier with an honourable 'commiſſion. The honeſt artificer that begot him, and 'all his frugal anceſtors before him, are torn off from 'the top of the regiſter; and you are not left to ima-'gine, that the noble founder of the family ever had a 'father. Were we to trace many boaſted lines farther 'backwards, we ſhould loſe them in a mob of tradeſ-'men, or a croud of ruſtics, without hope of ſeeing 'them emerge again: not unlike the old Appian way,

'which after having run many miles in length, loſes it-
'ſelf in a bog.

'I LATELY made a viſit to an old country-gentle-
'man, who is very far gone in this ſort of family-mad-
'neſs. I found him in his ſtudy peruſing an old re-
'giſter of his family, which he had juſt then diſcover-
'ed, as it was branched out in the form of a tree, up-
'on a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have
'ſome of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to
'caſt my eye over the boughs of his venerable plant;
'and asked my advice in the reforming ſome of the
'ſuperfluous branches.

'WE paſſed ſlightly over three or four of our im-
'mediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but
'were ſoon ſtopped by an alderman of London, who, I
'preceived, made my kinſman's heart go pit a pat.
'His confuſion increaſed, when he found the alder-
'man's father to be a graſier; but he recovered his
'fright, upon ſeeing *juſtice of the quorum* at the end
'of his titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw
'our eyes occaſionally over the tree, when unfortunate-
'ly he perceived a merchant-tailor, perched on a
'bough, who was ſaid greatly to have increaſed the
'eſtate; he was juſt agoing to cut him off, if he had
'not ſeen Gent. after the name of his ſon; who was
'recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his
'honeſt father had purchaſed. A weaver who was
'burnt for his religion in the reign of queen Mary,
'was pruned away without mercy; as was likewiſe a
'yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But
'great was our triumph in one of the blood who was
'beheaded for high treaſon; which nevertheleſs was
'not a little allayed by another of our anceſtors who
'was hanged for ſtealing ſheep. The expectations of
'my good couſin were wonderfully raiſed by a match
'into the family of a knight, but unfortunately for
'us, this branch proved barren: on the other hand
'Margery the milk-maid being twined round a bough,

'it flouriſhed out into ſo many ſhoots, and bent with 'ſo much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of 'countenance. To comfort me, under this diſgrace, 'he ſingled out a branch ten times more fruitful than 'the other, which, he told me, he valued more than a-'ny in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. 'This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welſh 'heireſs, with ſo many Ap's upon it that it might have 'made a little grove by itſelf. From the trunk of the pedi-'gree, which was chiefly compoſed of labourers and 'ſhepherds, aroſe a huge ſprout of farmers; this was 'branched out into yeomen; and ended in a ſheriff of 'the county, who was knighted for his good ſervice 'to the crown, in bringing up an addreſs. Several of 'the names that ſeemed to diſparage the family, be-'ing looked upon as miſtakes, were lopped off as rot-'ten or withered; as, on the contrary, no ſmall num-'ber appearing without any titles, my couſin, to ſup-'ply the defects of the manuſcript, added Eſq; at the 'end of each of them.

'THIS tree ſo pruned, dreſſed, and cultivated, was, 'within a few days, tranſplanted into a large ſheet of 'vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it at-'tracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday 'morning, while they wait till his worſhip is ready to 'go to church; wondering that a man, who had ſo 'many fathers before him, ſhould not be made a 'knight, or at leaſt a juſtice of the peace.'

No. 613. Friday, October 29.

Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.

VIRG. Georg. 4. v. 564.

Affecting ſtudies of leſs noiſy praiſe. DRYDEN.

IT is reckoned a piece of ill breeding for one man to engroſs the whole talk to himſelf. For this reaſon, ſince I keep three viſiting-days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are ſeveral advantages hereby accruing both to my readers and to myſelf. As firſt, young and modeſt writers have an opportunity of getting into print: again, the town enjoys the pleaſure of variety; and poſterity will ſee the humour of the preſent age, by the help of theſe little lights into private and domeſtic life. The benefits I receive from thence, are ſuch as theſe: I gain more time for future ſpeculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redreſs grievances; and, by leaving commodious ſpaces between the ſeveral letters that I print, furniſh out a Spectator with little labour and great oſtentation.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I WAS mightily pleaſed with your ſpeculation of Friday. Your ſentiments are noble, and the whole worked up in ſuch a manner, as cannot but ſtrike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark: that while you write ſo pathetically on contentment, and a retired life, you ſooth the paſſion of melancholy, and depreſs the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue: we therefore ought to be affected with them: and though light minds are too much puffed

'up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is 'not as truly philosophical, to admire the glowing ru-'by, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fain-'ter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. 'If there are men of extraordinary capacities who lie 'concealed from the world, I should impute it to them 'as a blot in their character, did not I believe it ow-'ing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of 'their spirit. Cowley, who tells the story of Aglaus 'with so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts, 'nor insensible of praise.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

'was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not 'till after frequent disappointments, that he termed 'himself the melancholy Cowley; and he praised soli-'tude, when he despaired of shining in a court. The 'soul of a man is an active principle. He therefore, who 'withdraws himself from the scene before he has play-'ed his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and can-'not be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to an-'swer his end. I must own I am fired with an ho-'nest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. 'The battles of Blenheim and Ramillies have more 'than once made me wish myself a soldier. And when 'I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our 'poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distin-'guished class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with 'the desire of action. I am chained down in obscu-'rity, and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so 'many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights, to 'add to the splendor of the throne. Farewel then, 'dear SPEC, and believe me to be with great emula-'tion, and no envy,

Your professed admirer,

WILL HOPELESS.

SIR, Middle-Temple, October 26. 1714.

'THOUGH you have formerly made eloquence 'the subject of one or more of your papers, I do 'not remember that you ever considered it as possessed 'by a set of people, who are so far from making Quin-'tilian's rules their practice, that, I dare say for them, 'they never heard of such an author, and yet are no 'less masters of it than Tully or Demosthenes among 'the antients, or whom you please among the moderns. 'The persons I am speaking of are our common beg-'gars about this town; and that what I say is true, 'I appeal to any man who has a heart one degree sof-'ter than a stone. As for my part, who don't pre-'tend to more humanity than my neighbours, I have 'oftentimes gone from my chambers with money in 'my pocket, and returned to them not only pennileſs, 'but destitute of a farthing, without bestowing of it 'any other way than on these seeming objects of pity. 'In short, I have seen more eloquence in a look from 'one of those despicable creatures, than in the eye of 'the fairest she I ever saw, yet no one a greater admi-'rer of that sex than myself. What I have to desire 'of you is, to lay down some directions in order to 'guard against these powerful orators, or else I know 'nothing to the contrary, but I must myself be forced 'to leave the profession of the law, and endeavour to 'get the qualifications necessary to that more profita-'ble one of begging. But in whichsoever of these 'two capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your 'constant reader, and ever will be

Your most humble servant,

J. B

SIR,

'UPON reading a SPECTATOR last week, where 'Mrs Fanny Fickle submitted the choice of a 'lover for life to your decisive determination, and i-'magining I might claim the favour of your advice

'in an affair of the like, but much more difficult na-
'ture, I called for pen and ink, in order to draw the
'characters of ſeven humble ſervants, whom I have e-
'qually encouraged for ſome time. But, alas! while
'I was reflecting on the agreeable ſubject, and con-
'triving an advantageous deſcription of the dear per-
'ſon I was moſt inclined to favour, I happened to
'look into my glaſs. The ſight of the ſmall-pox,
'out of which I am juſt recovered, tormented me at
'once, with the loſs of my captivating arts, and my
'captives. The confuſion I was in, on this unhappy,
'unſeaſonable diſcovery, is inexpreſſible. Believe me,
'Sir, I was ſo taken up with the thoughts of your fair
'correſpondent's caſe, and ſo intent on my own de-
'ſign, that I fancied myſelf as triumphant in my con-
'queſts as ever.

'Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuſe
'myſelf on that pleaſing ſubject, I reſolved to apply
'myſelf to you, or your caſuiſtical agent, for advice
'in my preſent circumſtances. I am ſenſible the tinc-
'ture of my ſkin, and the regularity of my features,
'which the malice of my late illneſs has altered, are
'irrecoverable; yet don't deſpair but that loſs, by
'your aſſiſtance, may in ſome meaſure be reparable,
'if you'll pleaſe to propoſe a way for the recovery of
'one only of my fugitives.

'ONE of them is in a more particular manner be-
'holden to me than the reſt; he for ſome private
'reaſons being deſirous to be a lover incognito, always
'addreſſed me with billet-doux, which I was ſo care-
'ful of in my ſickneſs, that I ſecured the key of my
'love-magazine under my head, and hearing a noiſe
'of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my
'life by getting out of bed to prevent, if it had been
'attempted, the diſcovery of that amour.

'I HAVE formerly made uſe of all thoſe artifices which
'our ſex daily practiſes over yours, to draw, as it were
'undeſignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation to

'my pew; I have taken a pride in the number of ad-
'mirers at my afternoon levee; but am now quite
'another creature. I think, could I regain the at-
'tractive influence I once had, if I had a legion of
'suitors, I should never be ambitious of entertaining
'more than one. I have almost contracted an anti-
'pathy to the trifling discourses of impertinent lovers,
'though I must needs own, I have thought it very odd
'of late, to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual com-
'placencies, fall into disputes before me of politics,
'or else weary me with the tedious repetition of how
'thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recove-
'ry out of so dangerous a distemper: this, though I
'am very sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dis-
'like, because such advice from them rather seems to
'insult than comfort me, and reminds me too much
'of what I was; which melancholy consideration I
'cannot yet perfectly surmount, but hope your senti-
'ments on this head will make it supportable.

'To shew you what a value I have for your dic-
'tates, these are to certify the persons concerned, that
'unless one of them returns to his colours (if I may
'so call them now) before the winter is over, I'll vo-
'luntarily confine myself to a retirement, where I'll
'punish them all with my needle. I'll be revenged
'on them by decyphering them on a carpet, humbly
'begging admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If
'you disapprove of this, as favouring too much of ma-
'lice, be pleased to acquaint me with a draught you
'like better, and it shall be faithfully performed

By the unfortunate

MONIMIA.

No. 614. Monday, November 1.

Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque ſederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem ſociare jugali,
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte feſellit;
Si non pertæſum thalami, tædæque fuiſſet;
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ.

VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 15.

——Were I not reſolv'd againſt the yoke
Of hapleſs marriage; never to be curs'd
With ſecond love, ſo fatal was the firſt;
To this one error I might yield again. DRYDEN.

THE following account hath been tranſmitted to me by the love-caſuiſt.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'HAVING, in ſome former papers, taken care of the two ſtates of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people ſhould be ſerved in their turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows, where I met with ſeveral caſes, to each whereof I have returned ſatisfactory anſwers by the poſt. The caſes are as follow:

'Q. WHETHER Amoret be bound by a promiſe of marriage to Philander, made during her huſband's life?

'Q. WHETHER Sempronia, having faithfully given a promiſe to two ſeveral perſons during the laſt ſickneſs of her huſband, is not thereby left at liberty to chuſe which of them ſhe pleaſes, or to reject them both for the ſake of a new lover?

'CLEORA aſks me, whether ſhe be obliged to continue ſingle, according to a vow made to her huſband at the time of his preſenting her with a dia-

'mond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty 'young fellow of a good conscience, that such vows 'are in their nature sinful?

'ANOTHER inquires, whether she hath not the right 'of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman 'of great merit, who presses very hard; her husband 'being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

'AN unreasonable creature hath the confidence to 'ask, whether it be proper for her to marry a man 'who is younger than her eldest son?

'A SCRUPULOUS well-spoken matron, who gives 'me a great many good words, only doubts, whether 'she is not obliged in conscience to shut up her two mar-'riageable daughters, till such time as she hath com-'fortably disposed of herself?

'SOPHRONIA, who seems by her phrase and spelling 'to be a person of condition, sets forth, That where-'as she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she 'desires to be informed, whether she would not do pru-'dently to marry Camillus, a very idle tall young fel-'low, who hath no fortune of his own, and conse-'quently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers.'

BEFORE I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after, than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large thumb-ring supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

THE truth of it is, if we look into this set of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who raise love, and those who raise compassion.

BUT not to ramble from this subject, there are two

things in which conſiſts chiefly the glory of a widow; the love of her deceaſed huſband, and the care of her children: to which may be added a third, ariſing out of the former, ſuch a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A WIDOW poſſeſſed of all theſe three qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a ſublime character.

THERE is ſomething ſo great and ſo generous in this ſtate of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the ſubject of one of the fineſt among our modern tragedies in the perſon of Andromache; and hath met with an univerſal and deſerved applauſe, when introduced upon our Engliſh ſtage by Mr Philips.

THE moſt memorable widow in hiſtory is Queen Artemiſia, who not only erected the famous Mauſoleum, but drank up the aſhes of her dead lord; thereby incloſing them in a nobler monument than that which ſhe had built, though deſervedly eſteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

THIS laſt lady ſeems to have had a better title to a ſecond huſband than any I have read of, ſince not one duſt of her firſt was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a huſband a very bitter draught, and would have good reaſon to complain, if they might not accept of a ſecond partner, till they had taken ſuch a troubleſome method of loſing the memory of the firſt.

I SHALL add to theſe illuſtrious examples out of ancient ſtory, a remarkable inſtance of the delicacy of our anceſtors in relation to the ſtate of widowhood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's interpreter. 'At Eaſt 'and Weſt Enborne, in the county of Berks, if a cu-'ſtomary tenant die, the widow ſhall have what the 'law calls her free-bench, in all his copy-hold lands, '*dum ſola et caſta fuerit*; that is, *while ſhe lives ſingle* '*and chaſte*; but if ſhe commit incontinency, ſhe for-'feits her eſtate: yet if ſhe will come into the court 'riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in 'her hand, and ſay the words following, the ſteward

'is bound by the cuſtom to re-admit her to her free-'bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And, for my *Crincum Crancum*,
Have loſt my *Bincum Bancum*;
And, for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly ſhame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr Steward, let me have my land again.

THE like cuſtom there is in the manor of Torre in Devonſhire, and other parts of the Weſt.

IT is not impoſſible but I may in a little time preſent you with a regiſter of Berkſhire ladies, and other weſtern dames, who rode publicly upon this occaſion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows.

No. 615. Wedneſday, November 3.

——Qui deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

HOR. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 47.

Not he, of wealth immenſe poſſeſt,
Taſteleſs who piles his maſſy gold,
Among the number of the bleſt
Should have his glorious name inroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wiſdom to enjoy what heaven beſtows:

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its loweſt, laſt extreme;
Yet can with conſcious virtue ſear,
Far worſe than death, a deed of ſhame;
Undaunted, for his country or his friend,
To ſacrifice his life—O glorious end. FRANCIS.

IT muſt be owned that fear is a very powerful paſſion, ſince it is eſteemed one of the greateſt of virtues to ſubdue it. It being implanted in us for our preſervation, it is no wonder that it ſticks cloſe to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preſerve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be ſcarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of loſing them; it is the buſineſs of religion and philoſophy to free us from all unneceſſary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

IF we conſider the painfulneſs of this paſſion, and the violent effects it produces, we ſhall ſee how dangerous it is to give way to it upon ſlight occaſions. Some have frightened themſelves into madneſs, others have given up their lives to theſe apprehenſions. The ſtory of a man who grew grey in the ſpace of one night's anxiety is very famous.

O! nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una ſenem!

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old.

THESE apprehenſions, if they proceed from a conſciouſneſs of guilt, are the ſad warnings of reaſon; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is viſibly lifted againſt the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withſtand him. We have this paſſion ſublimely repreſented in the puniſhment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkneſs, in the apocryphal book of Wiſdom, aſcribed to Solomon.

'FOR when unrighteous men thought to oppreſs
'the holy nation; they being ſhut up in their houſes,

'the priſoners of darkneſs, and fettered with the bonds
'of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal
'providence. For while they ſuppoſed to lie hid in
'their ſecret ſins, they were ſcattered under a dark
'veil of forgetfulneſs, being horribly aſtoniſhed and
'troubled with ſtrange apparitions.—For wickedneſs,
'condemned by her own witneſs, is very timorous,
'and being oppreſſed with conſcience, always forecaſt-
'eth grievous things. For fear is nothing elſe but a
'betraying of the ſuccours which reaſon offereth.—
'For the whole world ſhined with clear light, and
'none were hindered in their labour. Over them on-
'ly was ſpread a heavy night, an image of that dark-
'neſs which ſhould afterwards receive them; but yet
'were they unto themſelves more grievous than the
'darkneſs.

To fear, ſo juſtly grounded, no remedy can be propoſed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of juſtice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of ſerious reflexion, ſuffers himſelf to be moved by this abject and unmanly paſſion) would do well to conſider, that there is nothing which deſerves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought ſtrongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are ſure of the approbation of him who will repay the diſgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What ſharpneſs is there in pain and diſeaſes, when they only haſten us on to pleaſures that will never fade? What ſting is in death, when we are aſſured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives ſo, as not to fear to die, is inconſiſtent with himſelf, if he delivers himſelf up to any incidental anxiety.

THE intrepidity of a juſt good man is ſo nobly ſet forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours, and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

THE vanity of fear may be yet farther illuſtrated, if we reflect,

FIRST, What we fear may not come to paſs. No human ſcheme can be ſo accurately projected, but ſome little circumſtance intervening may ſpoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleaſure, and underſtands the thoughts long before, may by ten thouſand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own ſervants.

IN the next place we ſhould conſider, though the evil we imagine ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous ſtate of life without its calamities, ſo there is no adverſity without its benefits. Aſk the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Inquire of the poor and needy, if they have not taſted the ſweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of

friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance, but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

IN the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration; that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased in his tender severity to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

IF we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

No. 616. Friday, November 5.

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

MART. Epig. 10. l. 1.

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

CICERO hath observed, that a jest is never uttered with a better grace, than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the features, before it discovers itself in words, it raises too great an expectation, and loses the advan-

tage of giving ſurpriſe. Wit and humour are no leſs poorly recommended by a levity of phraſe, and that kind of language which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Cant*. Ridicule is never more ſtrong, than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and ariſes from the repreſentation of images in odd circumſtances, and uncommon lights. A pleaſant thought ſtrikes us by the force of its natural beauty: and the mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous phraſeology, which is ſo much in faſhion among the pretenders to humour and pleaſantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man a wit, by putting him in a fantaſtic habit.

OUR little burleſque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in theſe pert phraſes, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I LATELY ſaw an inſtance of this kind of writing, which gave me ſo lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who ſhewed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occaſion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

Paſt two o'clock and a froſty morning.

Dear JACK,

'I HAVE juſt left the right worſhipful and his myr-
'midons about a ſneaker of five gallons. The
'whole magiſtracy was pretty well diſguiſed before I
'gave them the ſlip. Our friend the alderman was
'half ſeas over before the bonefire was out. We had
'with us the attorney, and two or three other bright
'fellows. The doctor plays leaſt in ſight.

'AT nine o'clock in the evening we ſet fire to the
'whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a
'miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We e-
'quipp'd the young dog with a teſter a-piece. Honeſt
'old Brown of England was very drunk, and ſhewed

'his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The 'mob drank the king's health on their marrow-bones, 'in mother Day's double. They whipped us half a 'dozen hogsheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have 'been demolished with the end of a sky-rocket, that 'fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking 'the king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob 'were very loyal till about midnight, when they grew 'a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like 'to have dumfounded the justice; but his clerk came 'in to his assistance, and took them all down in black 'and white.

'WHEN I had been huzza'd out of my seven senses, 'I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very 'comfortably. Mrs Mayoress clipped the king's Eng-'lish. Clack was the word.

'I FORGOT to tell thee, that every one of the posse 'had his hat cocked with a distich: the senators sent 'us down a cargo of ribbon and metre for the occasion.

'SIR Richard, to shew his zeal for the Protestant 'religion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. 'I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very 'pretty bevy of spinsters. My dear relict was amongst 'them, and ambled in a country-dance as notably as 'the best of them.

'MAY all his Majesty's liege subjects love him as 'well as his good people of this his ancient borough.

'Adieu.'

No 617. Monday, November 8.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura ſuperbo
Baſſaris, et lyncem Mænas ſtexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat; reparabilis adſonat echo.

PERS. ſat. I. v. 104.

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris, who ſlew
The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes ſound.

DRYDEN.

THERE are two extremes in the ſtile of humour; one of which conſiſts in the uſe of that little pert phraſeology which I took notice of in my laſt paper; the other in the affectation of ſtrained and pompous expreſſions, fetched from the learned languages. The firſt ſavours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illuſtrates better than example, I ſhall here preſent my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the univerſity to his friend, on the ſame occaſion, and from the ſame place, as the lively epiſtle publiſhed in my laſt Spectator.

'*Dear Chum,*

'IT is now the third watch of the night, the great-
'eſt part of which I have ſpent round a capacious
'bowl of china, filled with the choiceſt products of
'both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular ta-

'ble, diametrically oppoſite to the mace-bearer. The 'viſage of that venerable herald was, according to 'cuſtom, moſt glorioufly illuminated on this joyful ac-'caſion. The mayor and aldermen, thoſe pillars of 'our conſtitution, began to totter; and if any one at 'the board could have ſo far articulated, as to have 'demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the 'whole aſſembly had been by this time extended under 'the table.

'The celebration of this night's ſolemnity was op-'ened by the obſtreperous joy of drummers, who, with 'their parchment thunder, gave a ſignal for the ap-'pearance of the mob under their ſeveral claſſes and de-'nominations. They were quickly joined by the me-'lodious clank of marrow-bone and cleaver, whilſt a 'chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid of 'ſtack-faggots cheared the hearts of the populace with 'the promiſe of a blaze: the guns had no ſooner ut-'tered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened 'with artificial meteors, and ſtars of our own making; 'and all the high ſtreet lighted up from one end to 'another, with a galaxy of candles. We collected a 'largeſs for the multitude who tippled elemoſynary 'till they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a 'paſte-board pontiff, with a little ſwarthy dæmon at 'his elbow, who, by his diabolical whiſpers and inſi-'nuations, tempted his holineſs into the fire, and then 'left him to ſhift for himſelf. The mobile were very 'ſarcaſtic with their clubs, and gave the old gentle-'man ſeveral thumps upon his triple head piece. Tom 'Tyler's phiz is ſomething damaged by the fall of a 'rocket, which hath almoſt ſpoiled the gnomon of his 'countenance. The mirth of the commons grew ſo 'very outrageous, that it found work for our friend 'of the Quorum, who, by the help of his Amanuenſis, 'took down all their names and their crimes, with a 'deſign to produce his manuſcript at the next quar-'ter-ſeſſions, *&c. &c. &c.*'

I SHALL ſubjoin to the foregoing piece of a letter, the following copy of verſes tranſlated from an Italian poet, who was the Cleveland of his age, and had multitudes of admirers. The ſubject is an accident that happened under the reign of pope Leo, when a firework that had been prepared upon the caſtle of St Angelo, began to play before its time, being kindled by a flaſh of lightning. The author hath written his poem in the ſame kind of ſtile, as that I have already exemplified in proſe. Every line in it is a riddle, and the reader muſt be forced to conſider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the Cynic's tenement is a tub, and Bacchus his caſt-coat a hogſhead, *&c.*

'Twas night, and heav'n, a Cyclops all the day,
An Argus now did countleſs eyes diſplay;
In ev'ry window Rome her joy declares,
All bright, and ſtudded with terreſtrial ſtars.
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,
And round her neck the mingled luſtre ſhines;
The Cynic's rolling tenement conſpires,
With Bacchus his caſt-coat, to feed the fires.

The pile, ſtill big with undiſcover'd ſhows,
The Tuſcan pile did laſt its freight diſcloſe,
Where the proud tops of Rome's new Ætna riſe,
Whence giants ſally, and invade the ſkies.

Whilſt now the multitude expect the time,
And their tir'd eyes the lofty mountain climb,
A thouſand iron mouths their voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful harmony;
In treble notes the ſmall artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd cannon bellows in the baſs:
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and having giv'n
Proofs of its travail, ſighs in flames to heaven.

The clouds invelop'd heav'n from human ſight,
Quench'd ev'ry ſtar, and put out ev'ry light;

Now real thunder grumbles in the skies,
And in diſdainful murmurs Rome defies;
Nor doth its anſwer'd challenge Rome decline;
But whilſt both parties in full concert join,
While heav'n and earth in rival peals reſound,
The doubtful cracks the hearers ſenſe confound;
Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,
Or elſe the burſt of cannon wounds their ear;
Whether clouds raged by ſtruggling metals rent,
Or ſtruggling clouds in Roman metals pent.
But O, my muſe, the whole adventure tell,
As ev'ry accident in order fell.

Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tow'r ſurround,
Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.
Theſe knew no ſpring, but when their bodies ſprout
In fire, and ſhoot their gilded bloſſoms out;
When blazing leaves appear above their head,
And into branching flames their bodies ſpread,
Whilſt real thunder ſplits the firmament,
And heav'n's whole roof in one vaſt cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd tongue amidſt the rupture lolls,
Then drops and on the airy turret falls.
The trees now kindle, and the garland burns,
And thouſand thunderbolts for one returns:
Brigades of burning archers upward fly,
Bright ſpears and ſhining ſpearmen mount on high,
Flaſh in the clouds, and glitter in the ſky,
A ſev'n-fold ſhield of ſpheres doth heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted weapons ſend;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their ſouls, their ſulph'rous ſouls, and groan.

With joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous ſhow,
While heav'n that fat ſpectator ſtill till now,
Itſelf turn'd actor, proud to pleaſure you.
And ſo 'tis fit, when Leo's fires appear,
That heav'n itſelf ſhould turn an engineer;
That heav'n itſelf ſhould all its wonders ſhow,
And orbs above conſent with orbs below.

No. 618. Wednesday, November 10.

——Neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque ſiquis ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe poetam.

HOR. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 40.

'Tis not enough to cloſe a flowing line,
And in ten ſyllables your ſenſe confine,
Or write in meer proſaic rhimes like me,
That can deſerve the name of poetry. FRANCIS.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOU having, in your two laſt Spectators, given the town a couple of remarkable letters, in very different ſtiles; I take this opportunity to offer to you ſome remarks upon the epiſtolary way of writing in verſe. This is a ſpecies of poetry by itſelf; and has not ſo much as been hinted at in any of the arts of poetry, that have ever fallen into my hands; neither has it in any age, or any nation, been ſo much cultivated, as the other ſeveral kinds of poeſy. A man of genius may, if he pleaſes, write letters in verſe upon all manner of ſubjects, that are capable of being embelliſhed with wit and language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper turn to them. But in ſpeaking at preſent of epiſtolary poetry, I would be underſtood to mean only ſuch writings in this kind, as have been in uſe among the ancients, and have been copied from them by ſome moderns. Theſe may be reduced into two claſſes; in the one I ſhall range love-letters, letters of friendſhip, and letters upon mournful occaſions: in the other I ſhall place ſuch epiſtles in verſe, as may properly be called familiar, critical, and moral; to which may be added letters of mirth and humour. Ovid for the firſt, and Horace for the latter, are the beſt originals we have left.

'HE that is ambitious of ſucceeding in the Ovidian 'way, ſhould firſt examine his heart well, and feel whe-'ther his paſſions (eſpecially thoſe of the gentler kind) 'play eaſy; ſince it is not his wit, but the delicacy 'and tenderneſs of his ſentiments, that will affect his 'readers. His verſification likewiſe ſhould be ſoft, 'and all his numbers flowing and querulous.

THE qualifications requiſite for writing epiſtles, af-'ter the model given us by Horace, are of a quite dif-'ferent nature. He that would excel in this kind muſt 'have a good fund of ſtrong maſculine ſenſe: to this 'there muſt be joined a thorough knowledge of man-'kind, together with an inſight into the buſineſs, and 'the prevailing humours of the age. Our author 'muſt have his mind well ſeaſoned with the fineſt pre-'cepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflexions 'upon the bright and the dark ſides of human life; 'he muſt be a maſter of refined raillery, and underſtand 'the delicacies, as well as the abſurdities of converſa-'tion: he muſt have a lively turn of wit, with an eaſy 'and conciſe manner of expreſſion: every thing he 'ſays, muſt be in a free and diſengaged manner. He 'muſt be guilty of nothing that betrays the air of a 'recluſe, but appear a man of the world throughout. 'His illuſtrations, his compariſons, and the greateſt 'part of his images muſt be drawn from common life. 'Strokes of ſatire and criticiſm, as well as panegyric, 'judiciouſly thrown in, and as it were by the by, give 'a wonderful life and ornament to compoſitions of this 'kind. But let our poet, while he writes epiſtles, though 'never ſo familiar, ſtill remember, that he writes in 'verſe, and muſt for that reaſon have a more than or-'dinary care not to fall into proſe and a vulgar dic-'tion, excepting where the nature and humour of the 'thing does neceſſarily require it. In this point Horace 'hath been thought by ſome critics to be ſometimes 'careleſs, as well as too negligent of his verſification; 'of which he ſeems to have been ſenſible himſelf.

'ALL I have to add is, that both theſe manners of

'writing may be made as entertaining, in their way,
'as any other ſpecies of poetry, if undertaken by per-
'ſons duly qualified; and the latter ſort may be ma-
'naged ſo as to become in a peculiar manner inſtruc-
'tive.

I am, &c.

I SHALL add an obſervation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correſpondent, and, in the firſt place, take notice, that ſubjects of the moſt ſublime nature are often treated in the epiſtolary way with advantage, as in the famous epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus. The poet ſurpriſes us with his pomp, and ſeems rather betrayed into his ſubject, than to have aimed at it by deſign. He appears, like the viſit of a king *incognito*, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the ſubject hurries the poet into deſcriptions and ſentiments, ſeemingly unpremeditated, by a ſort of inſpiration, it is uſual for him to recollect himſelf, and fall back gracefully into the natural ſtile of a letter.

I MIGHT here mention an epiſtolary poem, juſt publiſhed by Mr Euſden, on the king's acceſſion to the throne; wherein, amongſt many other noble and beautiful ſtrokes of poetry, his reader may ſee this rule very happily obſerved.

No 619. Friday, November 12.

——Dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compeſce fluentes.
VIRG. Georg. 2. v. 369.

——Exert a rigorous ſway,
And lop the too luxuriant boughs away.

I HAVE often thought, that if the ſeveral letters, which are written to me under the character of

SPECTATOR, and which I have not made uſe of, were publiſhed in a volume, they would not be an unentertaining collection. The variety of the ſubjects, ſtiles, ſentiments, and informations, which are tranſmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle reader, inſenſibly along, through a great many pages. I know ſome authors, who would pick up a ſecret hiſtory out of ſuch materials, and make a bookſeller an alderman by the copy. I ſhall therefore carefully preſerve the original papers in a room ſet apart for that purpoſe, to the end that they may be of ſervice to poſterity; but ſhall at preſent content myſelf with owning the receipt of ſeveral letters, lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an anſwer.

CLARISSA, whoſe letter is dated from Cornhill, deſires to be eaſed in ſome ſcruples relating to the ſkill of aſtrologers. Referred to the dumb man for an anſwer.

J. C. who propoſes a love-caſe, as he calls it, to the love-caſuiſt, is hereby deſired to ſpeak of it to the miniſter of the pariſh; it being a caſe of conſcience.

THE poor young lady, whoſe letter is dated October 26, who complains of a harſh guardian, and an unkind brother, can only have my good wiſhes, unleſs ſhe pleaſes to be more particular.

THE petition of a certain gentleman, whoſe name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to the cenſor of ſmall wares.

THE remonſtrance of T. C. againſt the profanation of the Sabbath by barbers, ſhoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offered to the ſociety of reformers.

A LEARNED and laborious treatiſe upon the art of fencing, returned to the author.

To the gentleman of Oxford, who deſires me to inſert a copy of latin verſes, which were denied a place in the univerſity book. Anſwer, *Nonum prematur in annum.*

To my learned correſpondent who writes againſt maſters' gowns, and poke ſleeves, with a word in defence of large ſcarves. Anſwer, I reſolve not to raiſe animoſities amongſt the clergy.

To the lady, who writes with rage againſt one of her own ſex, upon the account of party-warmth. Anſwer, Is not the lady ſhe writes againſt reckoned handſome?

I DESIRE Tom Truelove (who ſends me a ſonnet upon his miſtreſs, with a deſire to print it immediately) to conſider that it is long ſince I was in love.

I SHALL anſwer a very profound letter from my old friend the upholſterer, who is ſtill inquiſitive whether the king of Sweden be living or dead, by whiſpering him in the ear, That I believe he is alive.

LET Mr Dapperwit conſider, What is that long ſtory of the cuckoldom to me?

AT the earneſt deſire of Monimia's lover, who declares himſelf very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of the faithful Caſtalio.

THE petition of Charles Cockſure, which the petitioner ſtiles *very reaſonable*,——Rejected.

THE memorial of Philander, which he deſires may be diſpatched out of hand,——Poſtponed.

I DESIRE S. R. not to repeat the expreſſions *under the ſun* ſo often in his next letter.

THE letter of P. S. who deſires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames.——Not to be printed entire.

No 620. Monday, November 15.

Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis.
VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 791.

Behold the prince oft promis'd you before!

HAVING lately preſented my reader with a copy of verſes full of the falſe ſublime, I ſhall here communicate to him an excellent ſpecimen of the true: though it hath not been yet publiſhed, the judicious reader will readily diſcern it to be the work of a maſter: and if he hath read that noble poem on *The proſpect of the peace*, he will not be at a loſs to gueſs at the author.

THE *ROYAL PROGRESS.*

WHEN Brunſwick firſt appear'd, each honeſt heart,
Intent on verſe, diſdain'd the rules of art;
For him the ſongſters, in unmeaſur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turbant from the Sultan's head.
One, in old fables and the Pagan ſtrain,
With Nymphs and Tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes ſome Druid, to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
My Muſe th' expected hero ſhall purſue
From clime to clime, and keep him ſtill in view:
His ſhining march deſcribe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;

Their charms, if charms they have, the truth ſupplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.

By longing nations for the throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human kind;
With ſecret grief his god-like ſoul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
While prayers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
And crouds of mourners choke their ſov'reign's way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
In ſcenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverſe legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
His frontiers paſs'd, the Belgian bounds he views,
And croſs the level fields his march purſues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
O'er the thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
Tranſplanted woods, and borrowed verdure riſe;
Where ev'ry meadow, won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants, and the raging flood,
With fruits and flow'rs the careful hind ſupplies,
And clothes the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heav'n decree,
And ſuch thy gifts, celeſtial liberty!

Through ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with inſatiate eyes.

In Haga's tow'rs he waits, till eaſtern gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendſhips of the neighb'ring kings;
Mature in wiſdom, his extenſive mind
Takes in the blended int'reſts of mankind:

The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy reſt:
Henceforth thy kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By rocks or ſtreams, the mounds which heav'n deſign'd:
The Alps their new-made monarchs ſhall reſtrain,
Nor ſhall thy hills, Pyrene, riſe in vain.

But ſee! to Britain's iſle the ſquadrons ſtand,
And leave the ſinking towers, and leſſening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vaſt deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watry proſpect bounded by the ſkies:
Ten thouſand veſſels, from ten thouſand ſhores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's ſtores:
Behold the tributes haſt'ning to thy throne,
And ſee the wide horizon all thy own.

Still it is thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs, juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe reſounding main.

As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide,
He views his kingdom in its rural pride:
A various ſcene the wide-ſpread landſkip yields,
O'er rich incloſures and luxuriant fields:
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
(Shade above ſhade) now riſes to the ſight:
His woods ordain'd to viſit ev'ry ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.

The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crouded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the eaſt breath'd out a proſp'rous breeze,
Bright were the ſuns, and gently ſwell'd the ſeas.
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.

So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſign'd
At one ſoft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtrangers which is which enquire;
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.

From that fair * hill, where hoary ſages boaſt
To name the ſtars, and count the heav'nly hoſt,
By the next dawn doth great Auguſta riſe,
Proud town! the nobleſt ſcene beneath the ſkies.
O'er Thames her thouſand ſpires their luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt navy hides his ample bed,
A floating foreſt. From the diſtant ſtrand
A line of golden cars ſtrikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright proceſſion, ſhines along the plain.

* *Mr Flamſtead's houſe.*

So haply through the heav'n's wide pathleſs ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze;
From eaſt to weſt burns through th' ethereal frame,
And half heav'n's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Reſumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and reſtores the brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her ſong?
Thee, Haſifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth conſign'd.
Her coin (while Naſſau fought) debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we ſee,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in ev'ry ſcene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with eaſe:
Though call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on arts thyſelf did once adorn:
For this thy name ſucceeding times ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy garter, than thy bays.

The muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler ſtrain,
And ſing the op'ning wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heav'nly beauties trace,
Her valiant conſort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love ſupplies,
A glorious ſcene to Albion's raviſh'd eyes;
Who ſees by Brunſwick's hand her ſceptre ſway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

No. 621. Wednesday, November 17.

——Postquam se lumine puro
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur et astra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria——

LUCAN. l. 9. v. 11.

Now to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The sun and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.

ROWE.

THE following letter having in it some observations out of the common road, I shall make it the entertainment of this day.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE common topics against the pride of man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory 'writers, are taken from the baseness of his original, 'the imperfections of his nature, or the short duration 'of those goods in which he makes his boast. Tho' 'it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought 'to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our own 'merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly there-'fore lies here: we are apt to pride ourselves in worth-'less, or perhaps shameful things; and, on the other 'hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest glory.

'HENCE it is, that the lovers of praise take wrong 'measures to attain it. Would a vain man consult his 'own heart, he would find, that if others knew his 'weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not 'have the impudence to expect the public esteem. 'Pride therefore flows from want of reflexion, and ig-

'norance of ourſelves. Knowledge and humility come 'upon us together.

'THE proper way to make an eſtimate of ourſelves, 'is to conſider ſeriouſly what it is we value or deſpiſe 'in others. A man who boaſts of the goods of fortune, 'a gay dreſs or a new title, is generally the mark of ri-'dicule. We ought therefore not to admire in our-'ſelves what we are ſo ready to laugh at in other men.

'MUCH leſs can we with reaſon pride ourſelves in 'thoſe things, which at ſome time of our life we ſhall 'certainly deſpiſe. And yet, if we will give ourſelves 'the trouble of looking backward and forward on the 'ſeveral changes which we have already undergone, 'and hereafter muſt try, we ſhall find that the great-'er degrees of our knowledge and wiſdom ſerve only 'to ſhew us our own imperfections.

'As we riſe from childhood to youth, we look with 'contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have 'hitherto been ſet upon. When we advance to man-'hood, we are held wiſe in proportion to our ſhame 'and regret for the raſhneſs and extravagance of 'youth. Old age fills us with mortifying reflexions 'upon a life miſ-ſpent in the purſuit of anxious wealth 'or uncertain honour. Agreeable to this grada-'tion of thought in this life, it may be reaſonably 'ſuppoſed, that in a future ſtate, the wiſdom, the 'experience, and the maxims of old age, will be 'looked upon by a ſeparate ſpirit in much the ſame 'light as an antient man now ſees the little follies and 'toyings of infants. The pomps, the honours, the 'policies, and arts of mortal men, will be thought as 'trifling as hobby-horſes, mock-battles, or any other 'ſports that now employ all the cunning, and ſtrength, 'and ambition of rational beings from four years old 'to nine or ten.

'IF the notion of a gradual riſe in beings, from the 'meaneſt to the Moſt High, be not a vain imagination, 'it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a

'man, as a man doth upon a creature which approach-
'es the neareſt to the rational nature. By the ſame
'rule (if I may indulge my fancy in this particular) a
'ſuperior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of
'an inferior ſpecies. If they could reflect, we might
'imagine from the geſtures of ſome of them, that they
'think themſelves the ſovereigns of the world, and
'that all things were made for them. Such a thought
'would not be more abſurd in brute creatures, than
'one which men are apt to entertain, namely, that all
'the ſtars in the firmament were created only to pleaſe
'their eyes, and amuſe their imaginations. Mr Dry-
'den, in his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a
'ſpeech for his hero the cock, which is a pretty in-
'ſtance for this purpoſe.

Then turning, ſaid to Partlet, ſee, my dear,
How laviſh nature hath adorn'd the year;
How the pale primroſe and the violet ſpring,
And birds eſſay their throats, diſus'd to ſing:
All theſe are ours, and I with pleaſure ſee
Man ſtrutting on two legs, and aping me.

'WHAT I would obſerve from the whole is this,
'that we ought to value ourſelves upon thoſe things
'only which ſuperior beings think valuable, ſince that
'is the only way for us not to ſink in our own eſteem
'hereafter.'

No 622. Friday, November 19.

——————Fallentis ſemita vitæ.

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 103.

Or down through life unknown to ſtray,
Where lonely leads the ſilent way. FRANCIS.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'IN a former ſpeculation you have obſerved, that true greatneſs doth not conſiſt in that pomp and noiſe wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice, that virtue in obſcurity often appears more illuſtrious in the eye of ſuperior beings, than all that paſſes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

'WHEN we look back upon the hiſtory of thoſe who have born the parts of kings, ſtateſmen, or commanders, they appear to us ſtripped of thoſe outſide ornaments that dazzled their contemporaries; and we regard their perſons as great or little, in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wiſe ſayings, generous ſentiments, or diſintereſted conduct of a philoſopher under mean circumſtances of life, ſet him higher in our eſteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long proſpect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obſcure man, who lived up to the dignity of his nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we ſhould find nothing in ſuch a character which might not ſet him on a level with men of the higheſt ſtations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honeſt country gentleman will ſet this matter in a clear light. Your reader will perhaps conceive a greater idea of him from theſe actions done in ſecret, without a witneſs, than

'of thoſe which have drawn upon them the admirati-
'on of multitudes.'

MEMOIRS.

IN my 22d year I found a violent affection for my couſin Charles's wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of ſucceeding, if I had not upon that account begun my travels into foreign countries.

A LITTLE after my return into England, at a private meeting with my uncle Francis, I refuſed the offer of his eſtate, and prevailed upon him not to diſinherit his ſon Ned.

Mem. Never to tell this to Ned, leaſt he ſhould think hardly of his deceaſed father; though he continues to ſpeak ill of me for this very reaſon.

PREVENTED a ſcandalous law-ſuit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her underhand, out of my own pocket, ſo much money yearly as the diſpute was about.

PROCURED a benefice for a young divine, who is ſiſter's ſon to the good man who was my tutor, and hath been dead twenty years.

GAVE ten pounds to poor Mrs——, my friend H——'s widow.

Mem. To retrench one diſh at my table, till I have fetched it up again.

Mem. To repair my houſe and finiſh my gardens, in order to employ poor people after harveſt-time.

ORDERED John to let out Goodman D——'s ſheep that were pounded, by night: but not to let his fellow ſervants know it.

PREVAILED upon M. T. Eſq; not to take the law of the farmer's ſon for ſhooting a partridge, and to give him his gun again.

PAID the apothecary for curing an old woman that confeſſed herſelf a witch.

GAVE away my favourite dog for biting a beggar.

MADE the miniſter of the pariſh and a whig juſtice of one mind, by putting them to explain their notions to one another.

Mem. To turn off Peter for ſhooting a doe while ſhe was eating acorns out of his hand.

WHEN my neighbour John, who hath often injured me, comes to make his requeſt to-morrow:

Mem. I HAVE forgiven him.

LAID up my chariot, and ſold my horſes, to relieve the poor in a ſcarcity of corn.

IN the ſame year remitted to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

AS I was airing to day, I fell into a thought that warmed my heart, and I ſhall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

Mem. To charge my ſon in private to erect no monument for me; but not to put this in my laſt will.

No. 623. Monday, November 22.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum ſervetque ſepulchro.

VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 24.

But firſt let yawning earth a paſſage rend,
And let me through the dark abyſs deſcend;
Firſt let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether ſky,
Condemn'd with ghoſts in endleſs night to lie;
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave.

DRYDEN.

I AM obliged to my friend, the love-caſuiſt, for the following curious piece of antiquity, which I ſhall communicate to the public in his own words.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOU may remember, that I lately tranſmitted to 'you an account of an antient cuſtom, in the 'manors of Eaſt and Weſt Enborne, in the county of 'Berks, and elſewhere. If a cuſtomary tenant die, 'the widow ſhall have what the law calls her free-'bench, in all his copy-hold lands, *dum ſola et caſta 'fuerit*; that is, *while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte*; but 'if ſhe commits incontinency, ſhe forfeits her eſtate; 'yet if ſhe will come into the court riding backward 'upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and ſay 'the words following, the ſteward is bound by the 'cuſtom to re-admit her to her free-bench.

Here I am
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And, for my *Crincum Crancum*,
Have loſt my *Bincum Bancum*;
And, for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly ſhame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr Steward, let me have my land again.

'AFTER having informed you, that my lord Coke 'obſerves, that this is the moſt frail and ſlippery te-'nure of any in England, I ſhall tell you ſince the 'writing of that letter, I have, according to my pro-'miſe, been at great pains in ſearching out the records 'of the black ram; and have at laſt met with the pro-'ceedings of the court-baron, held in that behalf for 'the ſpace of a whole day. The record ſaith, that a 'ſtrict inquiſition having been made into the right of 'the tenants to their ſeveral eſtates, by a crafty old 'ſteward, he found that many of the lands of the ma-'nor were, by default of the ſeveral widows, forfeited 'to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on 'the premiſes: upon which the good women demanded

'the benefit of the ram. The ſteward, after having pe-
'ruſed their ſeveral pleas, adjourned the court to Bar-
'naby-bright, that they might have day enough be-
'fore them.

'THE court being ſet, and filled with a great con-
'courſe of people, who came from all parts to ſee the
'ſolemnity, the firſt who entered was the widow Front-
'ly, who had made her appearance in the laſt year's
'cavalcade. The regiſter obſerves, that finding it
'an eaſy pad-ram, and for eſeeing ſhe might have fur-
'ther occaſion for it, ſhe purchaſed it of the ſteward.

'MRS Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr John Dainty, (who
'was the greateſt prude in the pariſh), came next in
'the proceſſion. She at firſt made ſome difficulty of
'taking the tail in her hand; and was obſerved in
'pronouncing the form of penance, to ſoften the two
'moſt emphatical words into clincum clancum: but the
'ſteward took care to make her ſpeak plain Engliſh,
'before he would let her have her land again.

THE third widow that was brought to this world-
'ly ſhame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had
'the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which ſhe
'hoped to be excuſed from going through the reſt of
'the ceremony: but the ſteward being well verſed in
'the law, obſerved very wiſely upon this occaſion,
'that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the
'execution of the criminal.

'THE fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle,
'a famous coquette, who had kept half a ſcore young
'fellows off and on for the ſpace of two years; but
'having been more kind to her carter John, ſhe was
'introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

'MRS Sable, appearing in her weeds, which were
'very new and freſh, and of the ſame colour with her
'whimſical palfry, made a very decent figure in the
'ſolemnity.

'ANOTHER, who had been ſummoned to make her
'appearance, was excuſed by the ſteward, as well

'knowing in his heart, that the good ſquire himſelf 'had qualified her for the ram.

'MRS Quick, having nothing to object againſt the 'indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remember-'ed that ſhe made the ſame excuſe the year before. 'Upon which the ſteward obſerved, that ſhe might ſo-'contrive it, as never to do the ſervice of the manor.

'THE widow Fidget being cited into court, inſiſted 'that ſhe had done no more ſince the death of her 'huſband, than what ſhe uſed to do in his lifetime; 'and withal deſired Mr Steward to conſider his own 'wife's caſe, if he ſhould chance to die before her.

'THE next in order was a dowager of a very cor-'pulent make, who would have been excuſed as not 'finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon 'which the ſteward commuted her puniſhment, and or-'dered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

'THE widow Maskwell, a woman who had long 'lived with a moſt unblemiſhed character, having turn-'ed off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that re-'vengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine 'times the ſame day.

'SEVERAL widows of the neighbourhood, being 'brought upon their trial, ſhewed that they did not hold 'of the manor, and were diſcharged accordingly.

'A PRETTY young creature who cloſed the proceſſion 'came ambling in, with ſo bewitching an air, that the 'ſteward was obſerv'd to caſt a ſheep's eye upon her, and 'married her within a month after the death of his wife.

N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to ſum-'mons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having 'lived irreproachably ſince the deceaſe of her huſband, 'who left her a widow in the ſixty ninth year of her age.

I am, SIR, &c.

No. 624. Wednesday, November 24.

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria—— HOR. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 77.

Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,
With luxury, or superstition's gloom. FRANCIS.

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means, as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world, nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr Tillotson, *fools at large*. They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue, but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that *labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust*.

THE pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall therefore compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engage men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men, in their cool reason-

ings, are willing to allow, that a courſe of virtue will in the end be rewarded the moſt amply; but repreſent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men ſtruggle through as many troubles to be miſerable, as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be perſuaded to be good, when they find they ſhall loſe nothing by it.

FIRST, for avarice. The miſer is more induſtrious than the ſaint: the pains of getting, the fears of loſing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of ſatire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his ſorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a ſum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make ſo many different Chriſtian graces and virtues. He may apply to himſelf a great part of St Paul's catalogue of ſufferings. *In journeying often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among falſe brethren. In wearineſs and painfulneſs, in watchings often, in hunger and thirſt, in faſtings often*—At how much leſs expence might he *lay up to himſelf treaſures in heaven?* Or if I may, in this place, be allowed to add the ſaying of a great philoſopher, he may *provide ſuch poſſeſſions, as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himſelf.*

IN the ſecond place, if we look upon the toils of ambition, in the ſame light as we have conſidered thoſe of avarice, we ſhall readily own that far leſs trouble is requiſite to gain laſting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more eaſe deſerve honour, than obtain it. The ambitious man ſhould remember Cardinal Wolſey's complaint. 'Had I ſerved God with the ſame application wherewith I ſerved my king, he would not have 'forſaken me in my old age.' The cardinal here ſoftens his ambition by the ſpecious pretence of *ſerving his king:* whereas his words, in the proper conſtruction, imply, that if inſtead of being acted by ambition, he

had been acted by religion, he ſhould now have felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

THIRDLY, Let us compare the pains of the ſenſual, with thoſe of the virtuous, and ſee which are heavier in the balance. It may ſeem ſtrange, at the firſt view, that the men of pleaſure ſhould be adviſed to change their courſe, becauſe they lead a painful life. Yet when we ſee them ſo active and vigilant in queſt of delight; under ſo many diſquiets, and the ſport of ſuch various paſſions; let them anſwer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two ſexes, and the caprices on the other, the debaſement of reaſon, the pangs of expectation, the diſappointments in poſſeſſion, the ſtings of remorſe, the vanities and vexations attending even the moſt refined delights that make up the buſineſs of life, render it ſo ſilly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wiſe till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himſelf from it.

THE ſum of all this is. Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is ſure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience, and excite his induſtry. The ſame, if not greater labour, is required in the ſervice of vice and folly, as of virtue and wiſdom: and he hath this eaſy choice left him, whether, with the ſtrength he is maſter of, he will purchaſe happineſs or repentance.

No. 625. Friday, November 26.

——Amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
HOR. Od. 6. l. 3. v. 23.

Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd.

THE love caſuiſt hath referred to me the following letter of queries, with his anſwers to each queſtion, for my approbation. I have accordingly conſidered the ſeveral matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his anſwers, and require the gentle queriſt to conform herſelf thereunto.

SIR,

'I WAS thirteen the ninth of November laſt, and 'I muſt now begin to think of ſettling myſelf in the 'world, and ſo I would humbly beg your advice, what 'I muſt do with Mr Fondle, who makes his addreſſes 'to me. He is a very pretty man, and hath the black-'eſt eyes and whiteſt teeth you ever ſaw. Though 'he is but a younger brother, he dreſſes like a man 'of quality, and nobody comes into a room like him. 'I know he hath refuſed great offers, and if he can-'not marry me, he will never have any body elſe. 'But my father hath forbid him the houſe, becauſe he 'ſent me a copy of verſes; for he is one of the great-'eſt wits in town. My eldeſt ſiſter, who, with her 'good-will, would call me Miſs as long as I live, muſt 'be married before me, they ſay. She tells them, that 'Mr Fondle makes a fool of me, and will ſpoil the 'child, as ſhe calls me, like a confident thing as ſhe is. 'In ſhort, I am reſolved to marry Mr Fondle, if it be 'but to ſpite her. But becauſe I would do nothing 'that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your an-

'ſwers to ſome queſtions I will write down, and de-
'ſire you to get them printed in the SPECTATOR,
'and I do not doubt but you will give ſuch advice,
'as, I am ſure, I ſhall follow.

'WHEN Mr Fondle looks upon me for half an hour
'together, and calls me *angel*, is he not in love?

Anſwer, *No*.

'MAY I not be certain he will be a kind huſband,
'that has promiſed me half my portion in pin-money,
'and to keep me a coach and ſix into the bargain?

No.

'WHETHER I, who have been acquainted with him
'this whole year almoſt, am not a better judge of his
'merit, than my father and mother, who never heard
'him talk but at table?

No.

'WHETHER I am not old enough to chuſe for my-
'ſelf?

No.

'WHETHER it would not have been rude in me
'to refuſe a lock of his hair?

No.

'SHOULD not I be a very barbarous creature, if I did
'not pity a man who is always ſighing for my ſake?

No.

'WHETHER you would not adviſe me to run away
'with the poor man?

No.

'WHETHER you do not think, that if I won't have
'him, he won't drown himſelf?

No.

'WHAT ſhall I ſay to him the next time he aſks
'me if I will marry him?

No.

THE following letter requires neither introduction nor anſwer.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I WONDER that, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, 'you can take pleaſure in writing any thing but 'news: for in a word, who minds any thing elſe? 'The pleaſure of increaſing in knowledge, and learn-'ing ſomething new every hour of life, is the nobleſt 'entertainment of a rational creature. I have a very 'good ear for a ſecret, and am naturally of a commu-'nicative temper; by which means I am capable of 'doing you great ſervices in this way. In order to 'make myſelf uſeful, I am early in the antichamber, 'where I thruſt my head into the thick of the preſs, 'and catch the news, at the opening of the door, while 'it is warm. Sometimes I ſtand by the beef-eaters, 'and take the buz as it paſſes by me. At other times 'I lay my ear cloſe to the wall, and ſuck in many a 'valuable whiſper, as it runs in a ſtraight line from 'corner to corner. When I am weary with ſtanding, 'I repair to one of the neighbouring coffee-houſes, 'where I ſit ſometimes for a whole day, and have the 'news as it comes from court freſh and freſh. In 'ſhort, Sir, I ſpare no pains to know how the world 'goes. A piece of news loſes its flavour when it hath 'been an hour in the air. I love, if I may ſo ſpeak, 'to have it freſh from the tree; and to convey it to 'my friends before it is faded. Accordingly my ex-'pences in coach-hire make no ſmall article; which 'you may believe, when I aſſure you, that I poſt a-'way from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe, and foreſtal 'the evening-poſt by two hours. There is a certain 'gentleman, who hath given me the ſlip twice or 'thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at Child's. 'But I have played him a trick. I have purchaſed a 'pair of the beſt coach horſes I could buy for money, 'and now let him outſtrip me if he can. Once more, 'Mr SPECTATOR, let me adviſe you to deal in news. 'You may depend on my aſſiſtance. But I muſt break 'off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to write.

Yours in haſte, THO. QUIDNUNC.

No. 626. Monday November 29.

——Dulcique animos novitate teneho.

OVID. Met. l. 4. v. 248.

With ſweet novelty your taſte I'll pleaſe. EUSDEN.

I HAVE ſeen a little work of a learned man, conſiſting of extemporary ſpeculations, which owed their birth to the moſt trifling occurrences of life. His uſual method was, to write down any ſudden ſtart of thought which aroſe in his mind upon the ſight of any odd geſticulation in a man, any whimſical mimicry of reaſon in a beaſt, or whatever appeared remarkable in any object of the viſible creation. He was able to moralize upon a ſnuff-box, would flouriſh eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full-bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuſe, for my ingenious correſpondent, who hath introduced the following letter by an image, which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in ſo ſerious and noble a ſpeculation.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'WHEN I have ſeen young puſs playing her wanton gambols, and, with a thouſand antic ſhapes, expreſs her own gaiety, at the ſame time that ſhe moved mine, while the old grannum hath ſat by with a moſt exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that paſſed; it hath made me reflect what ſhould be the occaſion of humours ſo oppoſite in two creatures, between whom there was no viſible difference but that of age; and I have been able to reſolve it into nothing elſe but the force of novelty.

'IN every ſpecies of creatures, thoſe who have been
'leaſt time in the world, appear beſt pleaſed with their
'condition: for, beſides that to a new-comer the
'world hath a freſhneſs on it that ſtrikes the ſenſe af-
'ter a moſt agreeable manner, being itſelf, unattended
'with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a ſen-
'ſation of pleaſure. But as age advances every thing
'ſeems to wither, the ſenſes are diſguſted with their
'old entertainments, and exiſtence turns flat and in-
'ſipid. We may ſee this exemplified in mankind:
'the child, let him be free from pain, and gratified
'in his change of toys, is diverted with the ſmalleſt
'trifle. Nothing diſturbs the mirth of the boy, but a
'little puniſhment or confinement. The youth muſt
'have more violent pleaſures to employ his time; the
'man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to
'the purſuits of wealth or ambition, and laſtly, old age,
'having loſt its capacity for theſe avocations, becomes
'its own inſupportable burden. This variety may in
'part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the
'faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that
'the longer we have been in poſſeſſion of being, the
'leſs ſenſible is the guſt we have of it; and the more
'it requires of adventitious amuſement to relieve us
'from the ſatiety and wearineſs it brings along with it.

'AND as novelty is of a very powerful, ſo of a moſt
'extenſive influence. Moraliſts have long ſince obſerv-
'ed it to be the ſource of admiration, which leſſens in
'proportion to our familiarity with objects, and up-
'on a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguiſhed.
'But I think it hath not been ſo commonly remarked,
'that all the other paſſions depend conſiderably on the
'ſame circumſtances. What is it but novelty that a-
'wakens deſire, enhances delight, kindles anger, pro-
'vokes envy, inſpires horror? To this cauſe we muſt
'aſcribe it, that love languiſhes with fruition, and
'friendſhip itſelf is recommended by intervals of ab-

'ſence: hence monſters, by uſe, are beheld without
'loathing, and the moſt enchanting beauty without rap-
'ture. That emotion of the ſpirits in which paſſion
'conſiſts, is uſually the effect of ſurpriſe, and as long as
'it continues, heightens the agreeable or diſagreeable
'qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceaſes,
'(and it ceaſes with the novelty) things appear in an-
'other light, and affect us even leſs than might be ex-
'pected from their proper energy, for having moved
'us too much before.

'IT may not be an uſeleſs inquiry how far the love
'of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and
'in what reſpect it is peculiarly adapted to the preſent
'ſtate. To me it ſeems impoſſible, that a reaſonable
'creature ſhould reſt abſolutely ſatisfied in any acqui-
'ſitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for
'after its higheſt improvements, the mind hath an i-
'dea of an infinity of things ſtill behind worth know-
'ing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot
'be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midſt
'of a wide plain, a man hath his proſpect enlarged, and,
'together with that, the bounds of his deſires. Upon
'this account, I cannot think he detracts from the
'ſtate of the bleſſed, who conceives them to be per-
'petually employed in freſh ſearches into nature, and
'to eternity advancing into the fathomleſs depths of
'the divine perfections. In this thought there is no-
'thing but what doth honour to theſe glorified ſpirits;
'provided ſtill it be remembered, that their deſire of
'more proceeds not from their diſreliſhing what they
'poſſeſs; and the pleaſure of a new enjoyment is not
'with them meaſured by its novelty, (which is a thing
'merely foreign and accidental), but by its real intrin-
'ſic value. After an acquaintance of many thouſand
'years with the works of God, the beauty and mag-
'nificence of the creation fills them with the ſame
'pleaſing wonder and profound awe, which Adam felt

'himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon
'this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrow-
'ed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfacti-
'on will always do it: in all which they have mani-
'festly the advantage of us, who are so much govern-
'ed by fickly and changeable appetites that we can
'with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous dis-
'plays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the
'puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations
'of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into
'some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for
'new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired
'of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain;
'and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author,
'to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and
'reputation are established.

'OUR being thus formed serves many useful purposes
'in the present state. It contributes not a little to the
'advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice,
'that which makes men willing to undergo the fa-
'tigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much
'the greatnss of objects as their novelty. It is not e-
'nough that there is field and game for the chace, and
'that the understanding is prompted with a restless
'thirst of knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul,
'sunk into a state of sloth and indolence; it is also ne-
'cessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annex-
'ed to the first appearance of truth in the mind. This
'pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but tran-
'sient, it hereby comes to pass that the mind grows
'into an indifference to its former notions, and passes
'on after new discoveries, in hope of repeating the de-
'light. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the plea-
'sure of which lies more in making endless additions,
'than in taking a review of our old store. There are
'some inconveniencies that follow this temper, if not
'guarded against, particularly this, that through a

'too great eagerneſs of ſomething new, we are many
'times impatient of ſtaying long enough upon a queſ-
'tion that requires ſome time to reſolve it; or, which
'is worſe, perſuade ourſelves that we are maſters of
'the ſubject before we are ſo, only to be at the liber-
'ty of going upon a freſh ſcent; in Mr Locke's words,
'*We ſee a little, preſume a great deal, and ſo jump to*
'*the concluſion.*

'A FARTHER advantage of our inclination for no-
'velty, as at preſent circumſtantiated, is, that it an-
'nihilates all the boaſted diſtinctions among mankind.
'Look not up with envy to thoſe above thee. Sound-
'ing titles, ſtately buildings, fine gardens, gilded cha-
'riots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle
'every one but the poſſeſſor: to him that is accuſtom-
'ed to them they are cheap and regardleſs things: they
'ſupply him not with brighter images, or more ſub-
'lime ſatisfactions than the plain man may have, whoſe
'ſmall eſtate may juſt enable him to ſupport the charge
'of a ſimple unencumbered life. He enters heedleſs
'into his rooms of ſtate, as you or I do under our poor
'ſheds. The noble paintings and coſtly furniture are
'loſt on him; he ſees them not: as how can it be o-
'therwiſe, when by cuſtom, a fabric infinitely more
'grand and finiſhed, that of the univerſe, ſtands un-
'obſerved by the inhabitants, and the everlaſting
'lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any no-
'tice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent
'nature, which not only placed her children original-
'ly upon a level, but ſtill, by the ſtrength of this prin-
'ciple, in a great meaſure preſerves it, in ſpite of all
'the care of man to introduce artificial diſtinctions.

'To add no more, Is not this fondneſs for novelty,
'which makes us out of conceit with all we already
'have, a convincing proof of a future ſtate? Either
'man was made in vain, or this is not the only world
'he was made for: for there cannot be a greater in-

'ſtance of vanity, than that to which man is liable,
'to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleet-
'ing ſhadows of happineſs. His pleaſures, and thoſe
'not conſiderable neither, die in the poſſeſſion, and
'freſh enjoyments do not riſe faſt enough to fill up half
'his life with ſatisfaction. When I ſee perſons ſick of
'themſelves any longer than they are called away by
'ſomething that is of force to chain down the preſent
'thought; when I ſee them hurry from country to
'town, and then from town back again into the coun-
'try; continually ſhifting poſtures, and placing life
'in all the different lights they can think of; 'Sure-
"ly,' ſay I to myſelf, 'life is vain, and the man be-
"yond expreſſion ſtupid or prejudiced, who from the
"vanity of life cannot gather, he is deſigned for im-
"mortality."

No. 627. Wedneſday, December 1.

Tantum inter denſas umbroſa cacumina fagos
Aſſidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita ſolus
Montibus, et ſylvis ſtudio jactabat inani.

VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 3.

He, underneath the beechen ſhade alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

DRYDEN.

THE following account, which came to my hands ſome time ago, may be no diſagreeable entertainment to ſuch of my readers as have tender hearts, and nothing to do.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'A FRIEND of mine died of a fever laſt week, 'which he caught by walking too late in a dewy 'evening amongſt his reapers. I muſt inform you, that 'his greateſt pleaſure was in husbandry and garden-'ing. He had ſome humours which ſeemed inconſiſ-'tent with that good ſenſe he was otherwiſe maſter of. 'His uneaſineſs in the company of women was very 'remarkable in a man of ſuch perfect good breeding, 'and his avoiding one particular walk in his garden, 'where he had uſed to paſs the greateſt part of his time, 'raiſed abundance of idle conjectures in the village 'where he lived. Upon looking over his papers we 'found out the reaſon, which he never intimated to 'his neareſt friends. He was, it ſeems, a paſſionate 'lover in his youth, of which a large parcel of letters 'he left behind him are a witneſs. I ſend you a copy 'of the laſt he ever wrote upon that ſubject, by which 'you will find that he concealed the true name of his 'miſtreſs under that of Zelinda.'

'A LONG month's abſence would be inſupportable 'to me, if the buſineſs I am employed in were 'not for the ſervice of my Zelinda, and of ſuch a na-'ture as to place her every moment in my mind. I 'have furniſhed the houſe exactly according to your 'fancy, or, if you pleaſe, my own; for I have long 'ſince learned to like nothing but what you do. The 'apartment deſigned for your uſe is ſo exact a copy of 'that which you live in, that I often think myſelf in 'your houſe when I ſtep into it, but ſigh when I find 'it without its proper inhabitant. You will have the 'moſt delicious proſpect from your cloſet-window that 'England affords: I am ſure I ſhould think it ſo, if the 'landſkip that ſhews ſuch variety did not at the ſame 'time ſuggeſt to me the greatneſs of the ſpace that lies 'between us.

'THE gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have 'dreſſed up every hedge in woodbines, ſprinkled bowers 'and arbours in every corner, and made a little para-'diſe round me; yet I am ſtill like the firſt man in his 'ſolitude, but half bleſt without a partner in my hap-'pineſs. I have directed one walk to be made for two 'perſons, where I promiſe ten thouſand ſatisfactions 'to myſelf in your converſation. I already take my 'evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the 'edge of this little alley, while I ſoothed myſelf 'with the thought of your walking by my ſide. I have 'held many imaginary diſcourſes with you in this re-'tirement; and when I have been weary, have ſat 'down with you in the midſt of a row of jeſſamines. 'The many expreſſions of joy and rapture I uſe in 'theſe ſilent converſations have made me, for ſome 'time, the talk of the pariſh, but a neighbouring young 'fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, 'hath found me out, and made my caſe known to the 'whole neighbourhood.

'IN planting of the fruit-trees, I have not forgot the 'peach you are ſo fond of. I have made a walk of 'elms along the river-ſide, and intend to ſow all the 'place about with cowſlips, which I hope you will 'like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your 'father's houſe in the country.

'OH! Zelinda, what a ſcheme of delight have I 'drawn up in my imagination! What day-dreams do 'I indulge myſelf in! When will the ſix weeks be at 'an end, that lie between me and my promiſed hap-'pineſs?

'How could you break off ſo abruptly in your laſt, 'and tell me you muſt go and dreſs for the play? If 'you loved as I do, you would find no more company 'in a croud than I have in my ſolitude.

I am, &c.

ON the back of this letter is written, in the hand of the deceaſed, the following piece of hiſtory.

'*Mem.* HAVING waited a whole week for an an-
'ſwer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found
'the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will
'bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out
'happineſs for myſelf in that retirement, which I had
'prepared in vain for a falſe ungrateful woman.

I am, &c.

No. 628. Friday, December 3.

[*The Latin tranſlation of Cato, Act* 5. *ſc.* 1. *ſaid to be done by a late learned maſter of Eaton ſchool.*]

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 43.

———*but lo!*
Ceaſeleſs it flows, and will for ever flow. FRANCIS.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your ſpeculations which
'pleaſe me more than thoſe upon infinitude and
'eternity. You have already conſidered that part of
'eternity which is paſt, and I wiſh you would give us
'your thoughts upon that which is to come.

'YOUR readers will perhaps receive greater plea-
'ſure from this view of eternity than the former, ſince
'we have every one of us a concern in that which is to
'come: whereas a ſpeculation on that which is paſt is
'rather curious than uſeful.

'BESIDES, we can eaſily conceive it poſſible for ſuc-

'ceſſive duration never to have an end; though, as
'you have juſtly obſerved, that eternity which never
'had a beginning is altogether incomprehenſible; that
'is, we can conceive an eternal duration which may
'be, though we cannot an eternal duration which hath
'been; or, if I may uſe the philoſophical terms, we
'may apprehend a potential though not an actual e-
'ternity.

THIS notion of a future eternity, which is natural to
'the mind of man, is an unanſwerable argument that
'he is a being deſigned for it; eſpecially if we conſi-
'der that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious
'here; that he hath faculties improveable to all eter-
'nity; and by a proper or wrong employment of them,
'may be happy or miſerable throughout that infinite
'duration. Our idea indeed of this eternity is not of
'an adequate or fixed nature, but is perpetually grow-
'ing and enlarging itſelf toward the object, which is
'too big for human comprehenſion. As we are now
'in the beginnings of exiſtence, ſo ſhall we always ap-
'pear to ourſelves as if we were for ever entering up-
'on it. After a million or two of centuries, ſome con-
'ſiderable things already paſt, may ſlip out of our me-
'mory; which, if it be not ſtrengthened in a wonder-
'ful manner, may poſſibly forget that ever there was
'a ſun or planets. And yet, notwithſtanding the long
'race that we ſhall then have run, we ſhall ſtill ima-
'gine ourſelves juſt ſtarting from the goal, and find no
'proportion between that ſpace which we know had a
'beginning, and what we are ſure will never have an
'end.

'BUT I ſhall leave this ſubject entirely to your own
'management, and queſtion not but you will throw it
'into ſuch lights as ſhall at once improve and enter-
'tain your reader.

'I HAVE incloſed ſent you a tranſlation of the ſpeech
'of Cato on this occaſion, which hath accidentally

'fallen into my hands, and which for conciſeneſs, pu-
'rity, and elegance of phraſe cannot be ſufficiently
'admired.,

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

CATO *solus*, &c.

SIC, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis?
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique succinit, tua est æternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine?

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus,
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaqua patent
Immensa: sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clara vult videri singula.
Figendus hic pes; certa sunt hæc hactenus:
Si quod gubernet, numen humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia).
Virtute non gaudere certe non potest:
Nec esse non beata, qua gaudet potest.
Sed qua beata sede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor,

[Ensi manum admovens.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, &c.

IT muſt be ſo——Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well——
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us,
'Tis heav'n itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man,
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect, lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when! or where!——This world was made for
Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures——This muſt end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

In utramquæ partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas, sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens it se sol, obscurius
Emittet orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis; annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta divum est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage rupta, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæsa tu sedebis extra fragmina.

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.

The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter and the cruſh of worlds.

No. 629. Monday, December 6.

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.
Juv. Sat. 1. v. 170.

——Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead. Dryden.

NEXT to the people who want a place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain answer, with a denial in it, is looked upon as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretensions of people upon these occasions. Every thing a man hath suffered, while his enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the malice of the opposite party. A bad cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the bench; nor a profligate youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every night by toasting an outed ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a court of justice for a prank that deserved the pillory, desired upon the merit of it to be made a justice of peace when his friends came into power; and shall never forget a whig criminal, who, upon being indicted for a rape, told his friends, *You see what a man suffers for sticking to his principles.*

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in a party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen upon a man undeservedly, they have a right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other pretensions; but when they rise out of rashness or indiscretion, and the pursuit of such measures as have rather ruined, than promoted the interest they aim at, (which hath always been the case of a great many sufferers), they only serve

to recommend them to the children of violence and folly.

I HAVE by me a bundle of memorials presented by several cavaliers upon the restoration of King Charles II. which may serve as so many instances to our present purpose.

AMONG several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who for having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hogshead upon king Charles's birth day, desired to be provided for, as his majesty in his great wisdom shall think fit.

ANOTHER put in to be prince Henry's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A THIRD petitioned for a colonel's commission, for having cursed Oliver Cromwell the day before his death on a public bowling green.

BUT the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. Esq; who desired the honour of knighthood, for having cuckolded Sir T. W. a notorious round head.

THERE is likewise the petition of one, who, having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of king Charles I. till the restoration of king Charles II. desired, in consideration thereof, to be made a privy-counsellor.

I MUST not omit a memorial, setting forth, that the memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made postmaster-general.

A CERTAIN gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words *gallantry* and *gentleman-like* very often in his petition, begs, that (in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the loyal cavalier cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I SHALL close my account of this collection of memorials, with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

The petition of E. H. *Esq; humbly sheweth,*

'THAT your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, colonel W. H. lost the third finger of his left 'hand, at Edgehill fight.

'THAT your petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his fortune, (he being a younger brother), 'always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the 'roundheads in half a score bumpers every Sunday in 'the year, as several honest gentlemen (whose names 'are underwritten) are ready to testify.

'THAT your petitioner is remarkable in his country for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cursed sequestrator, and three members of the assembly of divines, with brawn and minced pies upon new-year's 'day.

'THAT your said humble petitioner hath been five 'times imprisoned in five several county-goals, for having been a ringleader in five different riots; into 'which his zeal for the royal cause hurried him, when 'men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.

'THAT he, the said E. H. hath had six duels, and 'four and twenty boxing matches in defence of his 'majesty's title; and that he received such a blow upon the head at a bonfire in Stratford upon Avon, as 'he hath been never the better for from that day to 'this.

'THAT your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune in the late damnable times, that 'he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, 'that if he had been master of an estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.

'YOUR petitioner, in consideration of his said merits and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have 'the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the cus-

'ſtoms, clerk of the peace, deputy lieutenant, or what-
'ſoever elſe he ſhall be thought qualified for.

And your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

No. 630. Wedneſday, December 8.

Favete linguis—— HOR. Od. 1. l. 3. v. 2.

With mute attention wait.

HAVING no ſpare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is ſent me by others, I have thought fit to publiſh the following letters.

'*SIR*, *Oxford, November* 22.

'IF you would be ſo kind to me, as to ſuſpend that 'ſatisfaction, which the learned world muſt receive 'in reading one of your ſpeculations, by publiſhing 'this endeavour, you will very much oblige and im-'prove one, who has the boldneſs to hope, that he 'may be admitted into the number of your correſpon-'dents.

'I HAVE often wondered to hear men of good ſenſe 'and good nature profeſs a diſlike to muſic, when at 'the ſame time they do not ſcruple to own, that it has 'the moſt agreeable and improving influences over 'their minds: it ſeems to me an unhappy contradic-'tion, that thoſe perſons ſhould have an indifference 'for an art, which raiſes in them ſuch a variety of ſub-'lime pleaſures.

'HOWEVER, though ſome few, by their own or the 'unreaſonable prejudices of others, may be led into a 'diſtaſte of thoſe muſical ſocieties, which are erected 'merely for entertainment; yet ſure I may venture to 'ſay, that no one can have the leaſt reaſon for diſaf-'fection to that ſolemn kind of melody which conſiſts 'of the praiſes of our Creator.

'YOU have, I preſume, already prevented me in an

'argument upon this occaſion, (which ſome divines
'have ſucceſsfully advanced upon a much greater),
'that muſical ſacrifice and adoration has claimed a
'place in the laws and cuſtoms of the moſt different
'nations; as the Grecians and Romans of the profane,
'the Jews and Chriſtians of the ſacred world, did as
'unanimouſly agree in this, as they diſagreed in all o-
'ther parts of their œconomy.

'I KNOW there are not wanting ſome who are of
'opinion, that the pompous kind of muſic which is in
'uſe in foreign churches is the moſt excellent, as it
'moſt affects our ſenſes. But I am ſwayed by my
'judgment to the modeſty which is obſerved in the mu-
'ſical part of our devotions. Methinks there is ſome-
'thing very laudable in the cuſtom of a voluntary be-
'fore the firſt leſſon; by this we are ſuppoſed to be
'prepared for the admiſſion of thoſe divine truths
'which we are ſhortly to receive. We are then to
'caſt all worldly regards from off our hearts, all tu-
'mults within are then becalmed, and there ſhould
'be nothing near the ſoul but peace and tranquillity.
'So that in this ſhort office of praiſe, the man is rai-
'ſed above himſelf, and is almoſt loſt already amidſt
'the joys of futurity.

'I HAVE heard ſome nice obſervers frequently com-
'mend the policy of our church in this particular, that
'it leads us on by ſuch eaſy and regular methods, that
'we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the ſpi-
'rits begin to languiſh (as they too often do) with a
'conſtant ſeries of petitions, ſhe takes care to allow
'them a pious reſpite, and relieves them with the rap-
'tures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the ſub-
'limeſt poetry, ſoftened in the moſt moving ſtrains of
'muſic, can never fail of humbling or exalting the
'ſoul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the
'terrors of the Lord of hoſts deſcribed in the moſt ex-
'preſſive melody, without being awed into a venera-
'tion? Or who can hear the kind and endearing at-

'tributes of a merciful father, and not be softened in-
'to love towards him?

'As the raising and sinking of the passions, the cast-
'ing soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural
'privilege of music in general, so more particularly of
'that kind which is employed at the altar. Those im-
'pressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more
'deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it re-
'ceives its authority are founded more upon reason.
'It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop
'all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be
'an hindrance to us in the performance of that great
'duty of thanksgiving, which, as we are informed by
'our almighty benefactor, is the most acceptable re-
'turn which can be made for those infinite stores of
'blessings which he daily condescends to pour down
'upon his creatures. When we make use of this pa-
'thetical method of addressing ourselves to him, we
'can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warm-
'ed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety
'and all love!

'How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to
'behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his
'dread sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they
'themselves might not be ashamed of!

'I SHALL close these reflexions with a passage taken
'out of the third book of Milton's Paradise Lost, where
'those harmonious beings are thus nobly described.

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side,
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No one exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part; such concord is in heaven.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE town cannot be unacquainted, that in di-
vers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men

'who are called rattling clubs; but what ſhocks me
'moſt is, they have now the front to invade the church,
'and inſtitute thoſe ſocieties there, as a clan of them
'have in late times done, to ſuch a degree of inſolence,
'as has given the partition, where they reſide in a
'church near one of the city-gates, the denominati-
'on of the rattling-pew. Theſe gay fellows, from
'humble lay-profeſſions, ſet up for critics without any
'tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to
'think they can lay hold of ſomething from the par-
'ſon, which may be formed into ridicule.

'IT is needleſs to obſerve, that the gentlemen, who
'every Sunday have the hard province of inſtructing
'theſe wretches in a way they are in no preſent diſpoſi-
'tion to take, have a fixt character for learning and e-
'loquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this
'contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the
'pulpit is taken by theſe gentlemen, or any ſtrangers
'their friends, the way of the club is this: If any ſen-
'timents are delivered too ſublime for their concepti-
'on; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in
'uſe new modified with the fineſt judgment and dex-
'terity; or any controverted point be never ſo ele-
'gantly handled; in ſhort, whatever ſurpaſſes the nar-
'row limits of their theology, or is not ſuited to their
'taſte, they are all immediately upon their watch, fix-
'ing their eyes upon each other, with as much warmth
'as our gladiators of Hockley in the Hole, and waiting
'like them for a hit; if one touches, all take fire, and
'their noddles inſtantly meet in the centre of the pew;
'then, as by beat of drum, with exact diſcipline, they
'rear up into a full length of ſtature, and with odd
'looks and geſticulations confer together in ſo loud
'and clamorous a manner, continued to the cloſe of
'the diſcourſe, and during the after-pſalm, as is not
'to be ſilenced but by the bells. Nor does this ſuffice
'them, without aiming to propagate the noiſe through
'all the church, by ſignals given to the adjoining ſeats,

'where others designed for this fraternity are some-
'times placed upon trial to receive them.

'THE folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in
'nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that
'follows in the sermon is lost; for whenever our sparks
'take alarm, they blaze out, and grow so tumultuous,
'that no after explanation can avail, it being impos-
'sible for themselves or any near them to give an ac-
'count thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced,
'how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking,
'to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these
'would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

'LAUGHTER, where things sacred are transacted,
'is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle;
'the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where
'the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint whol-
'some lessons on the sincere; but the first has no ex-
'cuse, breaking through all the rules of order and de-
'cency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those
'important matters, which require the strictest compo-
'sure and steadiness of thought; a proof of the great-
'est folly in the world.

'I SHALL not here enter upon the veneration due
'to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the
'minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a
'whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them,
'that as the Spanish cobler, to reclaim a profligate son,
'bid him have some regard to the dignity of his fa-
'mily, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to
'be such one day in a week) are bound for the future
'to repent of, and abstain from the gross abuses here
'mentioned, whereof they have been guilty in con-
'tempt of heaven and earth, and contrary to the laws
'in this case made and provided.'

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

R. M.

No 631. Friday, December 10.

Simplex munditiis—— HOR. Od. 5. l. 1. v. 5.

Charms neat without the help of art.

I HAD occaſion to go a few miles out of town, ſome days ſince, in a ſtage-coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young Quaker-woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them, and pick a ſpeculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dreſſed in a ſuit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from ſome few ſpaces that had eſcaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greateſt part of his coat: his periwig, which coſt no ſmall ſum, was after ſo ſlovenly a manner caſt over his ſhoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spaniſh from the chin to the loweſt button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the rubbiſh of the mine, where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanlineſs. Not a ſpeck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval face, juſt edged about with little thin plaits of the pureſt cambric, received great advantages from the ſhade of her black hood; as did the whiteneſs of her arms from that ſober-coloured ſtuff, in which ſhe had clothed herſelf. The plainneſs of her dreſs was very well ſuited to the ſimplicity of her phraſes, all which put together, though they could not give me a

great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

THIS adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few hints upon cleanlineſs, which I ſhall conſider as one of the half virtues, as Ariſtotle calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following heads. As it is a mark of politeneſs; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

FIRST, It is a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot, and an Engliſh beauty, to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

IN the next place, cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter-mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty ſlattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied; like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is cankered with ruſt.

I MIGHT obſerve further, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflexions I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.

WE find from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the firſt appearance of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as to our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

IN the Eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewiſh law (and the Mahometan, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanneſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the deſart, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I SHALL conclude this eſſay, with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere read in an account of Mahometan ſuperſtitions.

A DERVISE of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in, ſometime after, he ſtretched out his hands to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As

the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from Mecca. The derviſe approached it to beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected, that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands.

No. 632. Monday, December 13.

——Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 545.

——The number I'll complete,
Then to obſcurity well pleas'd retreat.

THE love of ſymmetry and order, which is natural to the mind of man, betrays him ſometimes into very whimſical fancies. 'This noble principle,' ſays a French author, 'loves to amuſe itſelf on the 'moſt trifling occaſions. You may ſee a profound 'philoſopher,' ſays he, 'walk for an hour together in 'his chamber, and induſtriouſly treading, at every ſtep, 'upon every other board in the flooring.' Every reader will recollect ſeveral inſtances of this nature without my aſſiſtance. I think it was Gregorio Leti, who had publiſhed as many books as he was years old; which was a rule he had laid down, and punctually obſerved to the year of his death. It was, perhaps, a thought of the like nature, which determined Homer himſelf to divide each of his poems into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus has in the ſame manner adapted his books to the number of the muſes, for which reaſon many a learned man hath wiſhed there had been more than nine of that ſiſterhood.

SEVERAL epic poets have religiously followed Virgil as to the number of his books; and even Milton is thought by many to have changed the number of his books from ten to twelve, for no other reason; as Cowley tells us, it was his design, had he finished his *Davedeis*, to have also imitated the Æneid in this particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a perfection of this nature hath no foundation in reason; and, with due respect to these great names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I MENTION these great examples in defence of my bookseller, who occasioned this eighth volume of Spectators, because, as he said, he thought seven a very odd number. On the other side, several grave reasons were urged on this important subject; as, in particular, that seven was the precise number of the wise men, and that the most beautiful constellation in the heavens was composed of seven stars. This he allowed to be true, but still insisted that seven was an odd number; suggesting at the same time, that if he were provided with a sufficient stock of leading papers, he should find friends ready enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

THE close of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each sheet to its proper author.

IT were no hard task to continue this paper a considerable time longer, by the help of large contributions sent from unknown hands.

I CANNOT give the town a better opinion of the SPECTATOR's correspondents, than by publishing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verses upon a subject perfectly new.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Dublin, Nov.* 30. 1714.

'YOU lately recommended to your female readers
'the good old custom of their grandmothers,

'who used to lay out a great part of their time in 'needle-work: I entirely agree with you in your sen-'timents, and think it would not be of less advantage 'to themselves, and their posterity, than to the repu-'tation of many of their good neighbours, if they pas-'sed many of those hours in this innocent entertain-'ment, which are lost at the tea-table. I would, 'however, humbly offer to your consideration the case 'of the poetical ladies; who, though they may be wil-'ling to take any advice given them by the SPECTA-'TOR, yet can't so easily quit their pen and ink, as you 'may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and 'then, to indulge themselves in other amusements of 'fancy, when they are tired with stooping to their 'tapestry. There is a very particular kind of work, 'which of late several ladies here in our kingdom are 'very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a 'poetical genius: it is the making of grottos. I know 'a lady who has a very beautiful one, composed by 'herself, nor is there one shell in it not stuck up by her 'own hands. I here send you a poem to the fair ar-'chitect, which I would not offer to herself, till I 'knew whether this method of a lady's passing her 'time were approved of by the British Spectator, which, 'with the poem, I submit to your censure, who am,

Your constant reader,
and humble servant,
A. B.

To Mrs——on her grotto.

A grotto so complete, with such design,
What hands, Calypso, could have form'd but thine?
Each chequer'd pebble, and each shining shell,
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprising lustre from thy thought receive,
Assuming beauties more than nature gave.
To her their various shapes, and glossy hue,
Their curious symmetry they owe to you.

Not fam'd Amphion's lute, whoſe pow'rful call
Made willing ſtones dance to the Theban wall,
In more harmonious ranks could make them fall.
Not ev'ning cloud a brighter arch can ſhow,
Not richer colours paint the heav'nly bow.

Where can unpoliſh'd nature boaſt a piece,
In all her moſſy cells, exact as this?
At the gay parti-colour'd ſcene we ſtart,
For chance too regular, too rude for art.

Charm'd with the ſight, my raviſh'd breaſt is fir'd
With hints like thoſe which ancient bards inſpir'd;
All the feign'd tales by ſuperſtition told,
All the bright train of fabled nymphs of old,
Th' enthuſiaſtic muſe believes are true,
Thinks the ſpot ſacred, and its genius you.
Loſt in wild rapture, would ſhe fain diſcloſe,
How by degrees the pleaſing wonder roſe:
Induſtrious in a faithful verſe to trace
The various beauties of the lovely place;
And while ſhe keeps the glowing work in view,
Through ev'ry maze thy artful hand purſue.

Oh were I equal to the bold deſign,
Or could I boaſt ſuch happy art as thine!
That could rude ſhells in ſuch ſweet order place,
Give common objects ſuch uncommon grace!
Like them my well-choſe words in ev'ry line,
As ſweetly temper'd ſhould as ſweetly ſhine.
So juſt a fancy ſhould my numbers warm,
Like the gay piece ſhould the deſcription charm.
Then with ſuperior ſtrength my voice I'd raiſe,
The echoing grotto ſhould approve my lays,
Pleas'd to reflect the well-ſung founder's praiſe.

No. 633. Wednesday, December 15.

Omnia profecto, cum se a cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet.

CICERO.

When a man descends from the contemplation of heavenly bodies to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner.

THE following discourse is printed, as it came to my hands, without variation.

Cambridge, December 11.

'IT was a very common inquiry among the ancients, 'why the number of excellent orators, under all the 'encouragements the most flourishing states could give 'them, fell so far short of the number of those who 'excelled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used 'merrily to apply to this case an observation of Hero-'dotus, who says, that the most useful animals are the 'most fruitful in their generation; whereas the species 'of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to 'mankind are but scarcely continued. The histo-'rian instances in a hare, which always either breeds 'or brings forth; and a lionness, which brings forth 'but once, and then loses all power of conception. But, 'leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion, that 'in these later ages we have greater cause of complaint 'than the ancients had. And since that solemn festi-'val is approaching, which calls for all the power of 'oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the 'pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design 'of this paper shall be to show, that our moderns have 'greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence,

'than any which the celebrated ſpeakers of antiquity
'enjoyed.

'THE firſt great and ſubſtantial difference is, that
'their common places, in which almoſt the whole force
'of amplification conſiſts, were drawn from the profit
'or honeſty of the action, as they regarded only this
'preſent ſtate of duration. But Chriſtianity, as it ex-
'alts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the
'conſideration of another life into the queſtion, as it
'propoſes rewards and puniſhments of a higher nature,
'and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect
'the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to
'purſue what it imagines its greateſt intereſt and con-
'cern. If Pericles, as hiſtorians report, could ſhake
'the firmeſt reſolutions of his hearers, and ſet the paſ-
'ſions of all Greece in a ferment, when the preſent
'welfare of his country, or the fear of hoſtile invaſions,
'was the ſubject; what may be expected from that or-
'ator, who warns his audience againſt thoſe evils which
'have no remedy, when once undergone, either from
'prudence or time? As much greater as the evils in
'a future ſtate are than theſe at preſent, ſo much are
'the motives to perſuaſion under Chriſtianity greater
'than thoſe which mere moral conſiderations could
'ſupply us with. But what I now mention relates on-
'ly to the power of moving the affections. There is
'another part of eloquence, which is indeed its maſ-
'ter-piece; I mean the marvellous or ſublime. In
'this the Chriſtian orator has the advantage beyond
'contradiction. Our ideas are ſo infinitely enlarged by re-
'velation, the eye of reaſon has ſo wide a proſpect in-
'to eternity, the notions of a deity are ſo worthy and
'refined, and the accounts we have of a ſtate of hap-
'pineſs or miſery ſo clear and evident, that the con-
'templation of ſuch objects will give our diſcourſe a
'noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power
'of any human conſideration. Tully requires in his
'perfect orator, ſome ſkill in the nature of heavenly

'bodies, becauſe, ſays he, his mind will become more 'extenſive and unconfined; and when he deſcends to 'treat of human affairs, he will both think and write 'in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the 'ſame reaſon that excellent maſter would have recom-'mended the ſtudy of thoſe great and glorious myſte-'ries which revelation has diſcovered to us; to which 'the nobleſt parts of this ſyſtem of the world are as 'much inferior, as the creature is leſs excellent than 'its Creator. The wiſeſt and moſt knowing among 'the Heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of 'a future ſtate. They had indeed ſome uncertain hopes, 'either received by tradition, or gathered by reaſon, 'that the exiſtence of virtuous men would not be de-'termined by the ſeparation of ſoul and body: but 'they either disbelieved a future ſtate of puniſhment 'and miſery; or, upon the ſame account that Apelles 'painted Antigonus with one ſide only towards the 'ſpectator, that the loſs of his eye might not caſt a ble-'miſh upon the whole piece; ſo theſe repreſented the 'condition of man in its faireſt view, and endeavour-'ed to conceal what they thought was a deformity to 'human nature. I have often obſerved, that whene-'ver the above-mentioned orator in his philoſophical 'diſcourſes is led by his argument to the mention of 'immortality, he ſeems like one awaked out of ſleep: 'rouſed and alarmed with the dignity of the ſubject, 'he ſtretches his imagination to conceive ſomething 'uncommon, and, with the greatneſs of his thought, 'caſts, as it were, a glory round the ſentence. Uncer-'tain and unſettled as he was, he ſeems fired with the 'contemplation of it. And nothing but ſuch a glo-'rious proſpect could have forced ſo great a lover of 'truth, as he was, to declare his reſolution never to 'part with his perſuaſion of immortality, though it 'ſhould be proved to be an erroneous one. But had 'he lived to ſee all that Chriſtianity has brought to 'light, how would he have laviſhed out all the force of

'eloquence in thoſe nobleſt contemplations which hu-
'man nature is capable of, the reſurrection and the
'judgment that follows it? How had his breaſt glow-
'ed with pleaſure, when the whole compaſs of futuri-
'ty lay open and expoſed to his view! How would his
'imagination have hurried him on in the purſuit of the
'myſteries of the incarnation! How would he have en-
'tered, with the force of lightning, into the affections
'of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in ſpite of
'all the oppoſition of corrupt nature, upon thoſe glo-
'rious themes which his eloquence hath painted in ſuch
'lively and laſting colours!

'This advantage Chriſtians have; and it was with
'no ſmall pleaſure I lately met with a fragment of
'Longinus, which is preſerved, as a teſtimony of that
'critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuſcript
'of the New Teſtament in the Vatican library. Af-
'ter that author has numbered up the moſt celebrat-
'ed orators among the Grecians, he ſays, *Add to theſe*
'Paul *of* Tarſus, *the patron of an opinion not yet fully*
'*proved.* As a Heathen, he condemns the Chriſtian
'religion; and, as an impartial critic, he judges
'in favour of the promoter and preacher of it. To
'me it ſeems, that the latter part of his judgment adds
'great weight to his opinion of St Paul's abilities, ſince,
'under all the prejudice of opinions directly oppoſite,
'he is conſtrained to acknowledge the merit of that
'apoſtle. And, no doubt, ſuch as Longinus deſcribes
'St Paul, ſuch he appeared to the inhabitants of thoſe
'countries which he viſited and bleſſed with thoſe doc-
'trines he was divinely commiſſioned to preach. Sa-
'cred ſtory gives us, in one circumſtance, a convincing
'proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lyſtra cal-
'led him Mercury, *becauſe he was the chief ſpeaker*,
'and would have paid divine worſhip to him, as to the
'god who invented and preſided over eloquence. This
'one account of our apoſtle ſets his character, conſider-
'ed as an orator only, above all the celebrated relati-

'ons of the ſkill nnd influence of Demoſthenes and
'his contemporaries. Their power in ſpeaking was
'admired, but ſtill it was thought human: their elo-
'quence warmed and raviſhed the hearers, but ſtill it
'was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God.
'What advantage then had St Paul above thoſe of
'Greece or Rome? I confeſs I can aſcribe this excel-
'lence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he
'delivered, which may have ſtill the ſame influence on
'the hearers; which have ſtill the power, when preach-
'ed by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the
'ſame expreſſions, as the diſciples, who met our Savi-
'our in their way to Emmaus, made uſe of; *Did not*
'*our hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the*
'*way, and while he opened to us the ſcripture?* I may
'be thought bold in my judgment by ſome; but I muſt
'affirm, that no one orator has left us ſo viſible marks
'and footſteps of his eloquence as our apoſtle. It may
'perhaps be wondered at, that in his reaſoning upon
'idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and
'flouriſhed, he confines himſelf to ſtrict argument on-
'ly; but my reader may remember what many au-
'thors of the beſt credit have aſſured us, that all at-
'tempts upon the affections, and ſtrokes of oratory,
'were expreſsly forbidden by the law of that country,
'in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence therefore
'here, was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws.
'But his diſcourſe on the reſurrection to the Corinthi-
'ans, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own con-
'verſion, and the neceſſity of that of others, are tru-
'ly great, and may ſerve as full examples to thoſe ex-
'cellent rules for the ſublime, which the beſt of critics
'have left us. The ſum of all this diſcourſe is, that
'our clergy have no farther to look for an example of
'the perfection they may arrive at, than to St Paul's
'harangues; that when he, under the want of ſeve-
'ral advantages of nature, (as he himſelf tells us),
'was heard, admired, and made a ſtandard to ſucceed-

'ing ages by the beſt judge of a different perſuaſion
'in religion: I ſay, our clergy may learn, that how-
'ever inſtructive their ſermons are, they are capable of
'receiving a great addition; which St Paul has given
'them a noble example of, and the Chriſtian religion
'has furniſhed them with certain means of attaining to.'

No. 634. Friday, December 17.

Ο ελαχίστων δεομενος εγγιστα θεῶν. Socrates *apud* Xen.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we reſemble the gods.

IT was the common boaſt of the Heathen philoſophers, that by the efficacy of their ſeveral doctrines, they made human nature reſemble the divine. How much miſtaken ſoever they might be in the ſeveral means they propoſed for this end, it muſt be owned that the deſign was great and glorious. The fineſt works of invention and imagination are of very little weight, when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuſes Homer very handſomely, when he ſays the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods: but it muſt be allowed that ſeveral of the ancient philoſophers acted, as Cicero wiſhes Homer had done: they endeavoured rather to make men like gods, than gods like men.

ACCORDING to this general maxim in philoſophy, ſome of them have endeavoured to place men in ſuch a ſtate of pleaſure, or indolence at leaſt, as they vainly imagined the happineſs of the ſupreme Being to conſiſt in. On the other hand, the moſt virtuous ſect of philoſophers have created a chimerical wiſe man, whom they made exempt from paſſion and pain, and

thought it enough to pronounce him all sufficient.

THIS last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul, as to have a perpetual source of pleasures in himself.

THE Christian religion requires, that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the divine nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it, as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I SHALL only instance a remarkable passage to this purpose, out of Julian's Cæsars. That emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and, in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, inquire, by Mercury, into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them, that his aim was to conquer; Julius Cæsar, that his aim was to gain the highest post in his country; Augustus, to govern well; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modesty, 'That it had always 'been his care to imitate the gods.' This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place

in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares, that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties; and, in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

AMONG the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a Heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there was scarce any crime that might not be countenanced by those notions of the deity which prevailed among the common people in the Heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation, in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

WHILE we remain in this life, we are subject to innumerable temptations, which, if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, *viz.* 'Our 'happiness in this world proceeds from the suppressi-'on of our desires, but in the next world from the 'gratification of them.'

No. 635. Monday, December 20.

Sentio te ſedem hominum ac domum contemplari; quæ ſi tibi parva (ut eſt) ita videtur, hæc cæleſtia ſemper ſpectato; illa humana contemnito. CIC Somn. Scip.

I perceive you contemplate the ſeat and habitation of men; which if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and deſpiſe earthly.

THE following eſſay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon *novelty*, printed in a late Spectator: the notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but as they contribute to raiſe the mind, and may inſpire noble ſentiments of our own future grandeur and happineſs, I think it well deſerves to be preſented to the public.

IF the univerſe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himſelf in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence, to be informed what effects were within its reach: the world as exiſting in his eternal idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immenſe abyſs of his eſſence are contained far brighter ſcenes than will be ever ſet forth to view; it being impoſſible that the great Author of nature ſhould bound his own power by giving exiſtence to a ſyſtem of creatures ſo perfect, that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeaſured interval, not to be filled up in endleſs ages; for which reaſon, the moſt excellent of all God's works muſt be equally ſhort of what his power is able

to produce as the moſt imperfect, and may be exceeded with the ſame eaſe.

THIS thought hath made ſome imagine, (what, it muſt be confeſſed, is not impoſſible) that the unfathomed ſpace is ever teeming with new births, the younger ſtill inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my preſent view, I ſhall content myſelf with taking notice, that the conſideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the divine underſtanding yield a proſpect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do: and that therefore as it is not to be ſuppoſed that God ſhould make a world merely of inanimate matter, however diverſified, or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes; ſo the end for which he deſigned his reaſonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himſelf, and in both to be happy; having, to this purpoſe, endowed them with correſpondent faculties and deſires. He can have no greater pleaſure from a bare review of his works, than from the ſurvey of his own ideas; but we may be aſſured that he is well pleaſed in the ſatisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and, for whoſe entertainment, he hath erected this immenſe theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who when conſidered as on his probation for a happy exiſtence hereafter, is the moſt remarkable inſtance of divine wiſdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the moſt wonderful and unaccountable compoſition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will be ever maſter of, and an unſatisfied curioſity to tread the ſecret paths of nature and providence: but, with this, his organs, in their preſent ſtructure, are rather fitted to ſerve the neceſſities of a vile body, than to miniſter to his underſtanding; and from the little ſpot to which he is chained, he can

frame but wandering gueſſes concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompaſs him, which, tho' in themſelves of a prodigious bigneſs, do but juſt glimmer in the remote ſpaces of the heavens; and, when with a great deal of time and pains he hath laboured a little way up the ſteep aſcent of truth, and beholds with pity the grovelling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot ſlides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

THINKING on this, I am obliged to believe, in juſtice to the Creator of the world, that there is another ſtate when man ſhall be better ſituated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with ſenſes, and other helps, for making the quickeſt and moſt amazing diſcoveries. How doth ſuch a genius as Sir Iſaac Newton, from amidſt the darkneſs that involves human underſtanding, break forth, and appear like one of another ſpecies? The vaſt machine we inhabit, lies open to him; he ſeems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and while with the tranſport of a philoſopher he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. But, alas! how narrow is the proſpect even of ſuch a mind? and how obſcure to the compaſs that is taken in by the ken of an angel; or of a ſoul but newly eſcaped from its impriſonment in the body? For my part, I freely indulge my ſoul in the confidence of its future grandeur; it pleaſes me to think that I who know ſo ſmall a portion of the works of the Creator, and with ſlow and painful ſteps creep up and down on the ſurface of this globe, ſhall ere long ſhoot away with the ſwiftneſs of imagination, trace out the hidden ſprings of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a ſpectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, viſit the ſeveral a-

partments of the creation, know how they are furnished, and how inhabited, comprehend the order, and measure the magnitudes and distances of those orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependence of the parts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition; for besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

THE other, and that the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering, nor hiding himself; by which means the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their hearts prefer every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come, when the free-thinker shall see his impious schemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates; when deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits, and the few wise who followed the guidance of heaven, and, scorning the blandishments of sense, and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the vision of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his presence; when, in the instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the object eludes its expectations, and it

falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtleſs there is ſome more perfect way of converſing with heavenly beings. Are not ſpirits capable of mutual intelligence, unleſs immerſed in bodies, or by their intervention? Muſt ſuperior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of ſociable beings, that of converſing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had matter never been created? I ſuppoſe, not have lived in eternal ſolitude. As incorporeal ſubſtances are of a nobler order, ſo, be ſure, their manner of intercourſe is anſwerably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication, we call intellectual viſion, as ſomewhat analagous to the ſenſe of ſeeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this viſible world. And in ſome ſuch way can God make himſelf the object of immediate intuition to the bleſſed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will, always condeſcending, in the circumſtances of doing it, to the weakneſs and proportion of finite minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections; it is a ſecond-hand knowledge: to have a juſt idea of him, it may be neceſſary that we ſee him as he is. But what is that? It is ſomething that never entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet, what we can eaſily conceive, will be a fountain of unſpeakable, of everlaſting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his preſence. Perhaps it will be my happineſs to compare the world with the fair exemplar of it in the divine mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of thoſe wiſe deſigns that have been executing in a long ſucceſſion of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works, and contemplating their author, how ſhall I fall proſtrate and adoring, my body ſwallowed up in the immenſity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections!

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